

THE
HEBREW PSALTER
A METRICAL TRANSLATION



W. DIGBY SEYMOUR

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The Hebrew Psalter

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The Hebrew Psalter

OR

‘BOOK OF PRAISES’

סֵפֶר תְּהִלִּים

COMMONLY CALLED

THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

A NEW METRICAL TRANSLATION.

BY

WILLIAM DIGBY SEYMOUR, Q.C. LL.D.

RECORDER OF NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

‘If we keep vigil in the church, David comes first, last,
and midst.’

S. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM.

‘This book am I wont to style an anatomy of all parts
of the soul, for no one will discover in himself a single
feeling whereof the image is not reflected in this mirror.’

CALVIN.

LONDON :

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1882.



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TO THE
NOBLE AND LEARNED EDITOR OF
'THE BOOK OF PRAISE,'

THIS TRANSLATION OF THE

'Book of Praises.'

AN ATTEMPT TO REALISE HIS LORDSHIP'S IDEAL OF
HYMNAL COMPOSITION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

IT is not without very great misgiving and reluctance that this version of the Psalms is published—such misgiving as would yield to no sanction short of what it has been honoured with.’

So, under date and address of ‘Oxford, May 29, 1839,’ wrote the Rev. J. Keble, M.A., poet, scholar, and divine, in the preface to the ‘Oxford Psalter,’ by which title Keble’s version of the Book of Psalms is generally known; and among the ‘sanctions’ under which he wrote was that of a great and venerable name, for he adds, ‘The whole has had the benefit of Dr. Pusey’s most kind and thoughtful revision.’

In 1854 another eloquent writer and theologian published another translation of the Book of

Psalms. The Venerable Edward Churton, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland, presented to the public in that year the version which is known as the 'Cleveland Psalter.'

In an elaborate preface the Archdeacon reviews the various metrical versions of the Book of Psalms which have from time to time appeared in England, pointing out the reasons for the proposition he broadly maintains that 'none are so successful as to preclude an attempt after higher perfection.'

Coming down to the period of the 'Oxford Psalter,' the Archdeacon thus notices Mr. Keble's volume: 'But as a period of fifteen years has elapsed since the appearance of this learned and able work, without its having made much progress towards general acceptance, it may be allowed to enquire why it has not become more popular.' After enumerating many considerations which would predispose the public to a favourable reception of such a book from such a pen, the Archdeacon assigns the following as the reason for Mr. Keble's want of success:—

'His reverential regard to the Hebrew verity has been such as to induce him to sacrifice his own poetical liberty and powers of diction in a rigid adherence to the ancient and foreign idioms of the original.'

The Archdeacon then explains with great fulness of detail the lines on which *he* proposes to work in preparing a new translation of the sacred lyrics. His version is not to be so diluted as that of Tate and Brady, nor so rigidly literal as that of Rous in the Scotch, or Sternhold and Hopkins in the English Church. He means to be as true to the Hebrew as Keble, but not withal to sacrifice harmony to mere fidelity. Proposing to himself a sort of *via media*, his book aims to be a metaphrase rather than a paraphrase.

Nearly thirty years have elapsed since the 'Cleveland Psalter' was published. That it possesses merits, and those of a very high order, no one can question; but how many of the general public have heard of the Archdeacon's version? or in what collection of Psalms and Hymns are any of his refined and scholarly renderings quoted? Can it be that he himself fell into the opposite extreme and sacrificed 'verity' to 'liberty'?

Other versions besides those of these two eminent divines have from time to time appeared, but with no happier result. In the 'Prolegomena' to the admirable commentary on the Psalms by the Rev. A. C. Jennings, M.A., assisted by the Rev. W. H. Lowe, M.A. (Macmillan & Co., 1877), the following judgment is pronounced, the severity

of which is as unsparing as its truth is indisputable :
'All attempts of translators to reproduce the sense
[of David's psalms] and at the same time introduce
such uniform rhythm as is required by musical
schemes, have as yet proved failures. Our Prayer
Book version [Tate and Brady] RECKLESSLY
SACRIFICES THE SENSE TO SOUND.'

From this general conclusion I think it is only
fair to indicate two exceptions. The 'Book of
Psalms, literally rendered in Verse,' by the
Marquis of Lorne, and which issued in the course
of the same year, under the auspices of the
same eminent publishers, was undertaken by its
noble author for an expressly limited purpose.
'My reason,' writes Lord Lorne, 'for the publica-
tion of this book is the following : Many of the
words of the authorised [Scottish] version (written
in 1650 by Rous), which might formerly have
been considered as rhyming together, cannot with
modern pronunciation be now held to do so ; and
as the want of true rhyme is often not agreeable, it
seems probable that there is room for a new version,
which is therefore here attempted.' Had Lord
Lorne allowed himself more liberty of action the
melody and fervour of his 'freer renderings,' of
which he wrote seventy-five as 'a further experi-
ment,' show that he might have produced a version

fit to be offered as a substitute for the rugged and inharmonious translation which, endeared by the memories of ages and consecrated by the piety of generations, still holds a reverential place in the churches and households of Scotland.

Another version may also be fairly excluded from the range of Mr. Jennings's adverse judgment. The 'Book of Psalms in English Verse,' by John Burton (London, John Snow & Co., 1871), does not profess to be in any proper sense a faithful rendering of the original Hebrew. His avowed object is to give expression to David's sentiments in New Testament language. His book is, as he himself calls it, 'A New Testament Paraphrase.'

That while self-fettered by this plan he should have produced many happy renderings, sometimes attaining great beauty of diction and felicity of rhythm, only suggests the regret that he preferred the task of an illustrator to that of a translator.

Dr. Isaac Watts had long before, in his 'Psalms of David Imitated in the Language of the New Testament,' left little room for any follower in the paraphrastic treatment of the Psalter, while the version of the Rev. James Merrick, a poet of the same school, should have warned Mr. Burton that even Addisonian grace cannot compensate for a

departure from the true meaning of the Hebrew text.

Since the date of the 'Prolegomena' of Messrs. Jennings and Lowe, another work of the highest merit has appeared, 'Songs of the Hebrew Poets in English Verse,' by the Rev. John Benthall, M.A. (London, Sampson Low and Co., 1879).

Mr. Benthall states in his introduction that his object is to supply 'a long-felt want,' viz. a literal rendering of the Old Testament poems, which, while retaining the special characteristic of Hebrew verse, should yet satisfy the ear accustomed in poetry to the musical effect of metre and rhyme.

The method of his work is, in fact, to produce a life of David, from his anointing by Samuel to his death, illustrated by the psalms and songs of the Hebrew poets. As a translation of the Book of Psalms it is fragmentary and incomplete, but his versions, which are numerous, are always scholarly and accurate, and frequently rise to a high standard of poetical excellence.

I have said enough to make good the proposition that a translation of the Hebrew Psalter combining the two qualities of FIDELITY and HARMONY is still an admitted want, and that the task I have proposed to myself cannot be open to the objection of being unnecessary or superfluous.

Without professing to be a skilled Hebraist I have, from the time I won a college prize as a youth, cultivated a better and deeper knowledge of the sublime beauties of the language in which David sung and Isaiah prophesied.

My acquaintance with roots and stem-words, with vowel-points and reading-signs, with *dāghē'sh lene* and *forte*, with *pīēl* and *pūāl*, with *hīphīl* and *hōphāl*, and the other phenomena of ancient or Biblical Hebrew, is not as deep as I could wish ; but a man may know the sacred language sufficiently to follow the arguments of rival commentators without being either a Gesenius or a Reuchlin, and I am sanguine enough to believe that few Hebrew scholars will complain of my treatment of the most vexed and difficult passages of the Psalter.

I regret that considerations of expense and bulk have obliged me to dispense with notes in explanation of my reasons for the renderings I have adopted of many remarkable phrases or passages, and I must be satisfied with assuring my readers that from the first line of this translation to the last I have not taken a single word upon trust, or from mere deference to its place in our Bible or Prayer Book, or to the authority of any particular commentator, and only in some very few instances

where the lights were dim or absolutely irreconcilable have I ventured on an interpretation for which I am alone responsible.

How far I have satisfied the demands of harmony in the flow, structure, and rhythm of my verses is a matter as to which I feel greater diffidence, and as to which I can only derive some hope from the fact that a few of my psalms which have appeared in the 'Sunday at Home,' under the encouraging auspices of such a scholar and critic as Dr. Macaulay, and others which have been submitted in manuscript to the judgment of private friends, have met with a reception that I think fairly justified me in entertaining the idea of writing a complete translation of the Psalter.

Among the friends, some of whom I would be proud to name but whom it might be invidious to particularise, are theologians and scholars of high rank and repute ; but this work owes its completion more than anything else to the warm and generous sympathy, suggestions, and encouragement of members of my own circuit who have seen the progress of my labour with interest, and have often noticed with kindly appreciation the works of Ewald, Delitzsch, Perowne, and Horne, taking the place on my Sunday afternoons of Pollock and Bruce, Lindley, Cave, and Benjamin.

In Dean Stanley's critical introduction to the selections from the poems of John and Charles Wesley, in Mr. Ward's beautiful edition of the 'English Poets' (Macmillan & Co., London, 1880), occurs the following remarkable and interesting passage :—

'The question why poetry, as applied to sacred subjects, has not had a greater success has been often debated. A distinguished critic of our times, in his professorial chair, is reported one day to have held out in one hand the "Golden Treasury of English Lyrics," collected by Francis Palgrave, and in the other the "Book of Praise," collected from all English hymnody by Lord Selborne, and to have asked, "Why is it that the 'Golden Treasury' contains almost nothing that is bad, and why is it that the 'Book of Praise' contains almost nothing that is good?" The complaint does not apply exclusively to the hymns of Protestant Churches.'

Considering that Lord Selborne's careful and happy selection embraces the finest lyrics of Addison and Cowper, of Doddridge and Toplady, of Newton and Heber, of Montgomery and Lyte, of Kelly and Bonar, the professor's joviality is more obvious than his justice, and the force of his antithesis than the soundness of his taste ! Pro-

ceeding to deal with the general question, the Dean quotes Milman's 'Latin Christianity' to show that the fame of the Latin hymns of the Mediæval Church rested on a few well-known examples, and he eulogises the poetical glow and artistic finish of Cardinal Newman's translations in Lord Bute's edition of the Roman Breviary, adding that 'the rest are couched in the uniform, pedestrian style which is unfortunately familiar to English Churchmen in the vast mass of the verses contained in "Hymns Ancient and Modern."' "

The Dean gives the reasons for this comparative failure, which may be summarised as follows : First, that the moment poetry is made a vehicle of theological argument it becomes essentially prosaic ; second, that the very greatness of the words which, either from Biblical or ecclesiastical usage, have been consecrated to the sublime thoughts of religion, misleads the writer into the belief that they are of themselves sufficient to carry on the poetic 'afflatus'—that they become, in fine, the watchwords of a party, degenerating into 'sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal' ; third, that there is a temptation of pursuing Biblical metaphors into unnecessary detail, of which the Dean cites the Wesleyan hymns as affording an illustration in the 'luxuriance of their phraseology.'

Here are three valuable cautions which I have tried to keep before me in the course of my labours, I trust not without some success.

Nor was I forgetful of Lord Selborne's striking and exhaustive definition of a 'good hymn.' In the preface of the 'Book of Praise' his Lordship, writing as Roundell Palmer (1865), says :—

'A good hymn should have simplicity, freshness, and reality of feeling, a consistent elevation of tone, and a rhythm easy and harmonious, but not jingling or trivial. Its language may be homely, but should not be slovenly or mean. Affectation or visible artifice is worse than excess of homeliness ; a hymn is easily spoiled by a single falsetto note. Nor will the most exemplary soundness of doctrine atone for doggerel, or redeem from failure a prosaic, didactic style.'

A psalm may be defined as a hymn with an instrumental accompaniment, and a translator of the sacred lyrics of the Hebrews should endeavour to realise the characteristics of a 'good hymn,' so lucidly expressed by Lord Selborne ; otherwise he will fail to convey the sense and spirit of the oldest, the purest, the most simple yet most sublime collection of hymns, national, devotional, public, and personal, the world has ever seen. Great indeed shall be my reward if an honest

resolution to profit by his Lordship's advice has enabled me in his judgment to approach in any of my translations the standard he has proposed.

To enumerate the books that I have consulted in the course of my labour would be to extend this preface by a couple of pages.

To those to whom I am most indebted let me freely offer my thanks and my acknowledgment. I have always had by my side (1) the 'Book of Psalms,' &c., by J. J. Stewart Perowne, D.D., &c. (fourth edition ; London, George Bell and Sons) ; (2) the 'Biblical Commentary on the Psalms,' by Franz Delitzsch, D.D., professor of Old and New Testament exegesis, Leipsic, translated by the Rev. Francis Bolton, B.A. (three volumes ; Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark) ; (3) 'The Psalms, with Introductions and Critical Notes,' by the Revs. Messrs. Jennings and Lowe, to which I have before referred ; (4) 'A Commentary on the Psalms from Primitive and Mediæval Writers,' by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D., and the Rev. R. F. Littledale, D.D. (London, Joseph Masters and Co., 1874).

For the rest, I have denied myself no source of assistance from the German of Ewald and Hupfield to Hengstenberg and Bunsen, or the

English of Bishops Horne and Horsley to the 'Speaker's Commentary' and the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's 'Treasury of David.' The last eloquent divine has not yet finished his remarkable work. It has already reached five ponderous volumes, and the fifth, published a few months ago, only brings the work down to the 118th Psalm. It is indeed itself a 'Treasury,' full of precious wealth of learning, and of sparkling, original thought, and surprises the reader as much by the variety as it instructs him by the wisdom of its contents.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than exclaim with Calvin, 'Even if I have not succeeded to the full extent of my endeavours, still the attempt itself merits some indulgence; and all I ask is that each, according to the advantage he shall himself derive therefrom, will be an impartial and candid judge of my labours.'

Whatever time I have devoted to this work, it is something to feel that it could not have been better spent, and whether I have failed or succeeded in the object at which I aimed it is a priceless reward to be so imbued with the spirit and the sense of the sweet psalmist of Israel that to my latest hour those exquisite Hebrew melodies will lend a charm to every joy, and afford a solace in every affliction, like those

mysterious 'links' of which Horatius Bonar sings
so touchingly :—

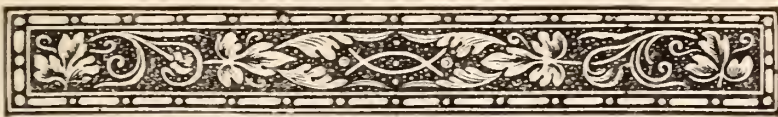
Are there not voices strangely sweet
And tones of music strangely dear ?
So lovingly the soul they greet,
So kindly steal they on the ear !

Linked with some scene of sacred calm,
Of holy places, holy days ;
Linked with the prayer, the hymn, the psalm,
The multitude's glad voice of praise.

THE TEMPLE :

August 21, 1882.





THE HEBREW PSALTER.

OR

PSALMS OF DAVID.



PSALM I.

THE CONTRASTED LOT OF THE GODLY AND THE GODLESS.



HAPPY he who walks not whither
Godless counsels tempt his feet,
Stands not in the haunts of sinners,
Sits not in the scorner's seat !

Who the statutes of Jehovah
Makes his study and delight,
Pondering upon them inly
Day by day and night by night !

As a tree by running waters,
Fed with moisture, charms the scene,
Bringing forth its fruit in season,
Mantled in unfading green,

So the good man shall not wither,
So his leaf shall not decay ;
Mark his work—it always prospers,
Head or hand, do what he may !

Not such blessings for the godless—
They are like the chaff and dust,
Carried hither, carried thither,
Sport of every fitful gust.

They, when summon'd to the judgment,
Shall not stand to hear their fate,
Nor shall join the bright assemblage
Where the saints their Lord await.

For Jehovah marks a lifetime
In the way of virtue pass'd ;
But the way of the ungodly
Only perisheth at last.

PSALM I.

ANOTHER VERSION.



HAT joys are his whose steps discreet
No godless guides entice,
Who never stands where sinners meet
In pleasure-grounds of vice !

Who shuns the jesting scoffer's chair,
But, to his soul's delight,
Revolves with meditative care
God's law by day and night !

Like some fair tree with nourished root
By streams of water seen,
Whose branches bend with timely fruit,
Whose leaves are ever green,

So thrive all-prosperous the just :
But, without root or stay,
Like chaff before the driving gust
The wicked flee away.

The sapless sinner shall not stand
When cited to his doom ;
'Mid waiting saints, a glorious band,
His foot shall not presume.

God marks with an approving smile
A life in virtue pass'd ;
A life of sin may please awhile,
But perishes at last.

PSALM II.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD AND OF MESSIAH, TO WHICH
EVERYTHING MUST BOW.



HY this rage of the heathen like tempest-
tossed sea ?

Why the people's vain fancies for changes
to be ?

Even rulers and kings join the league from afar
'Gainst the Lord and against His Anointed to war !

'Let us up, and their bonds rend in sunder !' they say,
'And the cords of their yoke let us cast far away !'
He that sits heaven-throned doth their folly deride,
And the voice of His anger discomfits their pride.

The voice of Jehovah.

'Yet, despite your rebellion, My King I ordain,
And on Zion, My mount, have I set Him to reign !'

The voice of Messiah.

'The decree the Lord spake in His name I
declare :
"Thou art this day begotten, My Son and My Heir !
" I shall measure no limits, no frontier define.
"Dost Thou ask for a kingdom ? The nations are
Thine !

“For a sceptre of iron shall symbol Thy sway ;
“Thou shalt shatter their strength as a vessel of
clay ! ”’

Now, ye kings ! gather wisdom ; ye judges ! give
ear :
Serve the Lord with delight, and adore Him with
fear !

Let the Son have dominion ! Your loyalty prove
With the kiss of submission, the homage of love,

Lest ye perish, consumed by the dread of His name,
Ere the fire of His anger be kindled to flame.
Oh ! rely on His mercy, His providence trust,
For His blessings descend on the faith of the just !

PSALM II.

ANOTHER VERSION.



TELL me why this din and tumult—
Tramp of nations all on fire ;
Why the peoples, wild for changes,
In adventures vain conspire.

Kings and rulers leagued in council,
Summons loud ‘To arms !’ hath gone,
Mustering against Jehovah
And the Lord’s Anointed One !

‘Up!’ they cry, ‘and let us scatter
Ev’ry symbol of their sway !
Let us cut their bonds asunder,
Fling their galling cords away !’

But the Lord, enthroned in heaven,
Laughs to scorn their guilty pride ;
Then His voice in anger thunders,
While they listen, terrified :

‘Ye may plot, but I shall conquer ;
Vain your rebel swords ye whet ;
On My holy mountain, Zion,
See ! My chosen King is set !

‘Hear the purpose of Jehovah ;
His decree shall I declare :
Thee this day have I begotten,
Only Son and royal Heir !

‘Ask of Me, and Thy dominion
Shall the nations wide embrace ;
I the earth’s remotest limits
Underneath Thy foot shall place.

‘Ruling with an iron sceptre,
Thou shalt crush the rebels small,
As a potter’s earthen vessel
Shivers from a sudden fall.’

Therefore now, ye kings and judges,
Wisdom learn, instruction hear ;
Join with awe Jehovah's service,
And rejoice with trembling fear.

Kiss the Son in loyal homage,
Or aside in wrath be thrust ;
For His anger swift consumeth
Those that will not in Him trust !

PSALM III.

MORNING HYMN IN TIME OF PERSECUTION.



THO' oppressors surround me on every side,
Tho' so many upbraid me, so many deride,
Tho' the worldling insults me with infidel
sneer,

' See ! the God that he worships will never come
near ! '

Yet, Jehovah ! Thou art my Protector and Friend,
As a sheltering shield spread around to defend,
And to Thee, O my Glory ! my heart yields its praise,
While my head, bowed in sorrow, Thou only dost
raise !

With my voice do I cry when all nature is still,
And an answer is wafted from Zion, His hill :

Even I laid me down and refreshingly slept
And securely arose—for my pillow He kept !

Tho' my enemies gather by thousands around
Yet my trust in the Lord they shall never confound ;
Tho' the shouts of the people a martyr demand
In the circle of death I shall fearlessly stand !

Oh ! arise to my help ! Thou hast smitten my foe,
And his cheek-bone and teeth Thou hast crushed
at a blow !

Since the victory, Lord, belongs only to Thee,
May the nation Thy blessings abundantly see !

PSALM IV.

EVENING HYMN IN TIME OF PERSECUTION.



THOU that heardst my suppliant cry
And raised me from distress,
Once more be gracious to my prayer,
God of my righteousness !

Proud sons of men, how long will ye
My honour turn to shame ?
How long, by vain ambition led,
My character defame ?

Know, then, ye strike at God's elect,
The servant of His choice ;
And when I call to Him for help
He hearkens to my voice.

Oh ! tremble then in holy awe
And stand from sin apart,
Upon your bed in silence laid
Hold commune with your heart !

With pious trust upon the Lord
Your offerings prepare ;
One sacrifice delights Him most,
A penitential prayer.

Too many, wrapt in gloomy doubt,
Despair of light Divine ;
Lord, lift Thou up Thy glorious face,
And on our darkness shine !

The brimming vat, the bursting store
To worldlings joy impart ;
Far more Thy love supplies to me
The gladness of the heart !

I will lie down at once to sleep,
Safe in Jehovah's arms,
For Thou alone dost make me dwell
Secure from all alarms !

PSALM V.

MORNING PRAYER BEFORE GOING TO THE HOUSE
OF GOD.



LORD ! do Thou my words attend,
My meditations weigh.
To Thee, my God ! my King ! I bend ;
Oh, hearken when I pray !

At blush of dawn in earnest prayer
My voice to Thee shall rise ;
So shall I pay while watching there
My morning sacrifice.

The God who cannot smile on sin,
Nor thoughts impure allow,
Whose courts no evil enters in,
That righteous God art Thou !

The boasting fools, so proud of late,
Thy awful presence fly ;
On those descends Thy fiercest hate
Who work iniquity.

The certain doom shall liars meet
That waits on wilful sin,
While cruelty and base deceit
The Lord's abhorrence win.

Invited freely by Thy grace,
Thy house shall I draw near,
Shall towards Thy temple turn my face
And bow in trustful fear.

Oh, lead me in the way of right,
My Shepherd ! as I go ;
Expose by Thy protecting light
The ambush of my foe !

For truth is from their lips remote,
Their inward parts are deep,
An open sepulchre their throat,
Their tongues in oil they steep !

On them, thro' their own counsels vain,
Thy chastisement alight !
Let countless sins requital gain,
And crush rebellious might !

Then let the faithful souls rejoice
Thy triumph to proclaim,
And raise in grateful love their voice
Exulting in Thy name !

For Thou dost on the righteous shed
Thy blessings rich and fast ;
And, as a circling shield is spread,
Thine arms are round them cast !

PSALM VI.

A CRY FOR MERCY UNDER JUDGMENTS.



LORD ! in wrath no longer chide,
Thy chastening hand restrain,
And for my trembling frame provide
Some anodyne of pain !

Sore vex'd with grief—how long, O Lord,
Till Thou shalt make me whole ?
Return and speak the saving word,
Physician of the soul !

Can Death remember what Thou art,
Or own Thy power to save ?
Can gratitude inspire the heart
That moulders in the grave ?

I moan all night with fevered head,
Till morn at last appears ;
My streaming eyes suffuse my bed ;
I drench my couch with tears !

My sight grows dim ! For manly prime
My friends a wreck behold ;
Despair hath done the work of time ;
My grief hath made me old !

The wicked flee ! God hears my cries !
My prayers His mercy wake !
A shameful rout and sore surprise
My foes shall overtake !

PSALM VII.

AN APPEAL TO THE ALL-RIGHTEOUS JUDGE.



LORD, my God ! I hide in Thee ;
When foe pursues my Shelter be ;
In danger near me stay !
Lest he my captive soul devour,
As sheep within the lion's power
By shepherd left to stray !

If, Lord, I have unrighteous been,
If sin hath made my hands unclean,
If friend I have betrayed
(Nay, he who wronged me without plea,
When at my feet, mine enemy,
With freedom I repaid),

Then swift of foot my hunters make
My soul to chase and overtake
In retribution just ;

Then let my foe my life tread down,
The honour of my name discrown
And trail it in the dust !

In Thy dread wrath, O Lord, arise
And quell my raging enemies !
Exalt Thyself in might :
Lift up Thine arm against my foe,
Let Thine awakened justice show
Thou art a Judge of right !

Let gathering peoples eager press
To hear Thy words of righteousness
And flock in crowds to Thee ;
Then, Lord, return before their sight,
And from Thy throne of truth and light
Declare Thy dread decree !

Before Thine awful judgment seat
Each soul awaits a sentence meet ;
My Judge, O God, be Thou !
By all my thoughts and actions good
According to my rectitude,
I plead for justice now !

Let wickedness no more endure ;
Establish, Lord, the righteous sure :
If Thou our actions try
No secret long unread remains ;
The very hearts, the very reins,
Are open to Thine eye !

The upright soul His grace defends,
And help in weakness ever sends ;
On God my shield I lay ;
Yet, tho' His patience suffers long,
Those who prefer and practise wrong
Provoke Him every day.

If men refuse to turn and hear,
Reject the Lord when He is near,
His vengeance is not slow ;
Behold the arm of justice bared,
Behold death's instruments prepared,
The arrow, sword, and bow !

Conceived from mischief sin supplies
With teeming womb a brood of lies :
The false and cruel knave
Hath sunk a pit with crafty spade,
But tumbling in the hole he made
Hath dug himself a grave !

Art works the artful's own defeat ;
The fruits of vice and of deceit
Cap his own pate with shame,
While I am spared, with thanks, to raise
To God Most High this psalm of praise
And magnify His name !

PSALM VIII.

THE TESTIMONY OF A STARRY NIGHT TO GOD'S
GOODNESS AND GLORY.



ORD ! our Lord ! how all-excelling
Spreads Thy name from pole to pole !
Far and wide Thy glory telling,
Yonder skies majestic roll !

Children on Jehovah leaning
Champions in Thy service grow ;
Lisping tongues too young for weaning
Hush to shame the vengeful foe !

When I think Thy wondrous fingers
Wove the heavens so deep, so blue,
Musing still my spirit lingers—
Moon and stars Thou madest too !

What is man, or human merit,
That he should Thy counsels share ?
How can son of man inherit
Title to Thy sovran care ?

Next the angels Thou hast placed him—
Lower rank, but high degree—
With a crown of glory graced him
In Thy sacred heraldry !

All the works in Thy dominion
Hast Thou put beneath his sway :
Sounding hoof, or soaring pinion,
Flock and herd must man obey !

Sheep and oxen—life in motion
Thro' the air or in the field,
Fish, and all that swim the ocean
Must to man obedience yield !

Lord ! our Lord ! how all-excelling
Through the spacious earthly frame
Is Thy goodness love-compelling,
Is the glory of Thy name !

PSALM IX.

A THANKSGIVING TO THE RIGHTEOUS JUDGE WHO
DEFENDS THE CAUSE OF THE OPPRESSED.



LORD, Thy wondrous works engage
My undivided heart ;
I shall exult, O Thou Most High !
To sing how good Thou art !

My foes in headlong terror flee,
They perish at Thy sight ;
By Thee my cause hath been maintained,
Who sittest Judge of right !

The heathen, awed by Thy rebuke,
Hast Thou subdued in shame ;
The wicked are for ever quenched
And blotted out their name !

Their cities and their storied wealth
Are levelled to the sod,
And silent ruins mark where dwelt
The enemies of God !

Jehovah sits eternal King ;
His throne shall stand secure ;
The righteous Lord will judge aright
While heaven and earth endure :

The troubled and oppressed shall find
In Him a sure relief,
A stronghold in the time of need,
A refuge in their grief.

Those, Lord, Thou never didst forsake
Who sought Thee with the heart ;
To them who know and trust Thy name
Unchangeable Thou art !

Sing praises to the Lord Most High,
Who doth in Zion dwell ;
Among the peoples of the earth
His works of mercy tell.

He, when His people's blood is shed,
Makes inquisition clear ;
Affliction never fails to find
A great Avenger near.

Extend Thy gracious mercy now
My troubled life to save,
O Thou that canst uplift me from
The portals of the grave !

Exulting in Thy saving help,
Thy praise I will proclaim,
And Zion's daughter in her gates
Shall echo with Thy name.

Within the pit the godless made
Themselves are sunk at last,
And in the toils for others laid
Are they entangled fast !

By judgment uttered, justice done,
Jehovah's hand is known ;
The wicked finds the net he wove
Ensnares himself alone.

To world unseen must they return
Who still their God forget ;
But humble faith and patient hope
Shall be remembered yet.

Arise, O Lord, the nations judge,
And human pride arrest ;
Oh ! teach the strongest that they are
Frail mortals at the best !

PSALM X.

AN APPEAL TO GOD TO CHASTISE THE INSOLENCE
OF THE WICKED.



WHY standest Thou, O Lord, afar ?
Why dost Thou hide ?
The times so full of trouble are,
We want a Guide.

The humble, press'd by godless might,
Indignant burn ;
On those who 'gainst the weak unite
Their plots return !

The wicked of his soul's desire
To boasting takes ;
He doth the covetous admire,
His God forsakes.

The wicked saith, with lofty sneer,
' He takes no heed ;
There is no God—why should I fear ?'
This sums his creed.

His ways are sure ; Thy judgments lie
Above his sight ;
As for his strongest enemy,
He scorns his might.

‘ Trials,’ he saith, ‘ that others shake
I can defy ;
If tempests on my neighbours break,
They pass me by.’

His mouth is full of cursing, wrong,
And false deceit,
While wickedness beneath his tongue
And mischief meet.

In robber haunts he lurks to slay
The innocent :
Unseen, upon his helpless prey
His eyes are bent ;

As lion from his jungle lair
His victim scans,
So he the humble to ensnare
Prepares his plans.

In vain the weak so close beset
For mercy call ;
For, caught and crushed within his net,
They sink and fall !

‘God heeds me not ; He veils His eyes,’
So prompts his heart.
To shield the wronged, O Lord, arise !
Their hope Thou art.

Why doth the wicked lift his head
The Lord to dare ?
Because his foolish pride hath said,
‘God doth not care !’

Nay, Thou dost care ! for Thou dost weigh
Each human ill,
And all things in the end obey
Thy sovran will.

The helpless may leave all to Thee,
A Helper tried ;
The tear of orphan’d misery
By Thee is dried.

The strength of evil-doers smite
With vengeance sore ;
Let wickedness be shut from sight,
And found no more !

The Lord is King ! unchanged shall stand
His deathless sway ;
The heathen from His holy land
Are swept away !

Thou, Lord, hast heard affliction's cry,
For near 'Thou art,
And dost with quickening strength supply
The sinking heart.

By Thee the poor and fatherless
Attain their right ;
Man shall not brother man oppress
Before Thy sight.

PSALM XI.

FAITH DOES NOT GROW FAINT-HEARTED IN DANGER.

David.



Y trust is in my God ;
Why urge my soul in vain,
'Flee hence, and like a bird
Your mountain cave regain' ?

His Friends.

Behold, with arrow strung
And ready-bended bow,
The wicked darkly aim
To lay the upright low !

When pillars topple down,
What can the righteous do?
When law and order fail,
What hope remains for you?

David.

My hope is in the Lord,
Who fills His temple bright
And from His sacred throne
Dispenses what is right.

I know with sleepless eyes
That He mankind surveys,
And with unerring truth
He judges all their ways.

The trials sent the good
Are blessings soon or late ;
The bold in craft and crime
Incur Jehovah's hate.

For such may snares of death,
And skies with tempests dim,
And flames sulphureous fill
Their chalice to the brim !

The righteous Lord sustains
The upright by His grace,
And they that serve Him here
Shall yet behold His face,

PSALM XII.

GOD'S PROMISE THE BEST CONSOLATION AMID PREVAILING
INSINCERITY AND FALSEHOOD.



HELP me, O Lord ! of help bereft,
For of the godly few are left :
Man's aid is but of small avail
When faith itself begins to fail.

Dissembling with professions vain,
Each seeks his neighbour's trust to gain ;
Each to his fellow plays a part,
With flattering speech and double heart.

But lips that flatter shall be mute,
And lying tongues shall God uproot—
Tongues that a higher Power disdain,
And speak in language loud and vain.

' Our strength is in our speech,' they say.
' Who is the lord we must obey ?
Our lips are ours for truth or lie,
For candour or for calumny !'

' On troubled cheek I mark the tear,
The poor man's deep-drawn sighs I hear.
I will arise,' saith God, ' and set
The longing soul in safety yet.'

God's words are pure—the truths they store
Are to the earth like smelted ore,
As silver in the furnace tried,
Which flows out seven times purified.

Thy guardian love in these dark days
Will shield the humble when he prays.
The wicked swell and storm about ;
The short-lived gale will soon die out.

PSALM XIII.

THE SUPPLIANT WAIL OF AN AGONISED SPIRIT.



LORD ! how long ? wilt Thou for ever
My afflicted state forget,
Thy presence from Thy servant sever,
And Thy face averted set ?


Lord ! how long mid doubts distracting
Shall my soul uncertain drift ?
Oh ! how long shall foe exacting
High his head above me lift ?

Hear me and to light restore me,
Lest in death my head be laid,
Lest a shameful triumph o'er me
On Thy cause should cast a shade !

Let my heart, Thy love confessing,
To Thy saving promise cling.
Bounteous Source of every blessing,
Unto Thee my voice shall sing !

PSALM XIV.

A WORLD WITHOUT GOD.

 HERE is no God ! ' the fool hath said
Within his heart, if unexpress'd,
A heart upon corruption fed
That drives religion from his breast.

A moral taint is on them all ;
No sign remains of rectitude :
A godless world ! How wide the fall !
There is not one that doeth good !

The Lord from heaven surveyed mankind,
To see if out of Adam's race
Were any of a wiser mind,
Were any left who sought His face.

Alas ! they all have turned away,
From wisdom and from virtue gone,
Together hastening to decay :
None doeth good—ah ! no—not one !

‘Have they no sense, no human dread?
Are they, like brutes, both dull and tame,
Who eat My saints like daily bread,
And call not on Jehovah’s name?’


Then did they shake with sudden thrill
When that dread voice upon them fell;
They saw God loved the righteous still
And near His children chose to dwell.

What tho’ ye shame their counsels just
Who suffer for Jehovah’s sake,
Ye strive in vain; the God they trust
Shall yet to their protection wake.

Oh that on Israel would beam
From Zion’s mount salvation’s light!
That God His people would redeem,
And make the face of Jacob bright!

PSALM XIV.

ANOTHER VERSION—A PARAPHRASE.

‘ ACKNOWLEDGE no God!’ so the
infidel cries;
‘It was chance, not design, hung the
sun in the skies!’
His conceit will not suffer his conscience to rule,
For the heart of an atheist beats in a fool!

In their nature corrupt and abandoned are they ;
For the life must be bad when the morals decay.
There are workers of evil enough 'neath the sun,
But the doers of virtuous deeds they are—none.

For the Lord hath looked down from His heaven
above

To enquire were there any who sought for His love,
And to see did the children of men understand
Either depth of His wisdom or might of His hand.

They are all gone astray, and the innocent taste
Of their primitive being is dimmed and debased ;
All the promise of youth from their manhood is gone :
Of the good and good-doers remaineth not one !


' Are the workers of evil infatuate led,
That they eat up My people like portions of bread ? '
At the voice of His anger they trembled with fear,
For they felt that the Lord to the righteous was near.

Those who honour His worship, who call on His
name,
Ye have openly put to derision and shame,
Both the counsel and faith of the poor have abhorred ;
Yet his refuge in trouble is still in the Lord.

Oh ! from Zion that Israel's salvation were come,
When the exiles shall march from captivity home !
Then shall Jacob rejoice, tho' in bondage he trod,
When his fetters are changed for the freedom of
God !

PSALM XIV.

ANOTHER VERSION.

 HERE is no God !' the fool hath said ;
So speaks a heart to conscience dead ;
He that Jehovah's laws defies
His very Godhead next denies.

Corrupt are they without, within,
Abominable in their sin ;
All light and grace have they withstood.
Ah ! there is none that doeth good !

From heaven hath God mankind surveyed,
To see if any had not strayed,
If in an age of vice and doubt
Some lived who loved and sought Him out.

Alas ! they all are turned away,
'Their morals hasten to decay ;
All have from God apostate gone :
No soul is bent on good—not one !

'Are evildoers senseless grown,
That they Jehovah's name disown,
And on My people's lives are fed
As coolly as they eat their bread ?'

Then they confessed, subdued with fear,
That God is to the righteous near.
Shame His afflicted as ye will,
Jehovah is his refuge still !

From Zion may salvation come
When God conducts her exiles home,
When Jacob from his bonds He takes
And Israel to freedom wakes.

PSALM XV.

A PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WHO CAN DRAW NEAR GOD
AND LIVE IN HIS PRESENCE.



ORD ! who shall in Thy courts abide,
Of Zion's city free ?
Upon Thy holy hill reside,
At home with heaven and Thee ?

The man whose pure and pious way
No sinful lusts defile,
Whose hallowed lips the truth convey,
Whose heart is free from guile ;

Who never doth his tongue employ
To blast his brother's fame,
Nor relishes the cruel joy
Of damaging his name ;

Who shuns the wicked and the mean,
 Reveres the good and just ;
 Who swears—the oath may rash have been,
 But keep his word he must.

If rich, the poor he doth not grind,
 Nor on his weakness prey ;
 Nor will he, by a bribe inclined,
 The innocent betray.

He that doth thus with firm resolve
 His course through life fulfil,
 Tho' mountains reel and rocks dissolve
 Shall stand unshaken still.

PSALM XVI.

REFUGE IN GOD, THE HIGHEST HAPPINESS IN THE
 PRESENCE OF DISTRESS AND DEATH.



RESERVE me, Lord ! Tho' foes abound,
 In Thee I have a refuge found !
 My yearning soul to God hath cried,
 'Thou art my Lord, and none beside !'
 And to the saints within the land—
 The excellent who blameless stand
 So precious in Jehovah's sight,
 Whose fellowship is my delight—

‘ May those repeated sorrow see
Who unto idols bend the knee.
No blood libations may I pour,
No deity of theirs adore,
No worship offer at their shrine,
Or breathe their names on lips of mine,
But bowed before Jehovah’s throne
Confess that He is God alone !’

Large is the portion Heaven bestows ;
My brimming cup with joy o’erflows.
What can my happiness enhance
If God be my inheritance ?
The lines marked out a fair domain,
And Thou dost, Lord, my lot maintain ;
I own a heritage Divine,
For Jacob’s God is also mine.

The Lord with grateful heart I bless,
Who gave me counsel in distress.
When in the midnight watch I pray,
My reins instruct me what to say.
I set the Lord before my face,
And lean on His sustaining grace ;
I know when He is standing nigh
I can a world in arms defy.

For this my glad heart swells my voice,
For this my glory doth rejoice.
My flesh, protected by Thy arm,
Shall dwell secure from every harm.

Thou wilt not leave my soul in gloom,
 A tenant of the sunless tomb,
 Nor shall—estranged from life and Thee—
 Thy favoured one corruption see.

'To me thro' darkness Thou wilt show
 The path of life in which to go,
 Reveal the beauty of Thy face,
 Unlock the bounty of Thy grace.
 With Thee is hope without alloy ;
 With Thee is fulness of great joy ;
 Delights at Thy right hand in store,
 That live and last for evermore.

PSALM XVI.

ANOTHER VERSION.



WHEN dangers or distress invade,
 To God for help I flee ;
 I know on Whom my trust is laid ;
 I hide myself in Thee !

'Thou art my Lord !' to God I say,
 ' My sole dependence now ;
 To peace I know no other way ;
 My only good art Thou !'

Thy saints that dwell within the land
My sweetest thoughts employ.
'In excellence how bright they stand,
In whom is all my joy !'

What sorrows on their heads shall break
Who worship wood or clay,
Who for their god an idol take
And barter Thee away !

I will not touch their off'rings vile—
They have a guilty stain—
And lest their names my lips defile
To breathe them shall refrain.

Jehovah, my possession fair,
Each wish and want supplies ;
In Him a broad estate I share,
A portion that I prize.

For me the measures line by line
Marked out a good domain ;
The heritage of Love Divine
'Twas mine by lot to gain.

Jehovah's name my soul shall bless,
Who guides my steps aright ;
His influence my reins confess
In watches of the night.

I set the Lord before my face
With undiverted gaze :
No force can shift me from my place
While He beside me stays.

My heart, my glory shall be glad
And hope triumphant share ;
My flesh, unmoved by bodings sad,
Shall rest secure from care.

From world unseen, of light bereft,
Thou wilt my spirit save,
And Thy beloved shall not be left
To moulder in the grave.

I will thro' Thee life's path explore ;
Joys in Thy sight abound,
And pleasures lasting evermore
At Thy right hand are found !

PSALM XVII.

GOD'S SERVANT IN CONSCIOUS UPRIGHTNESS ANTICIPATES THE FALL OF HIS PERSECUTORS AND THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.



ORD ! the right in justice hear,
Thy favour let me share ;
Hearken to a cry sincere,
An undissembling prayer !

Thou that art the Judge of right,
The fair and equal see,
And from Thy all-searching sight
Pronounce Thy just decree.

Thou hast laid my bosom bare
At night when all was still,
Tried and found no evil there,
In thought or word no ill.

Speak the worldling as he may,
Thy law hath been my guide ;
Holding fast the living way,
I have not stepped aside.

As for me, to Thee I cry ;
I know that Thou wilt hear.
Let me feel Thy presence nigh ;
Incline Thy listening ear !

Thou that art in danger's hour
Thy people's only Stay,
Interpose with signal power
Thy mercy to display !

As the shading lid defends
The apple of the eye,
Shelter when the storm impends,
Oh ! let Thy wings supply !

Wicked men on every side
My soul's destruction seek ;
Insolent, elate with pride,
Defiant words they speak ;

They around me circling keep,
As hungry lions glare,
Couching as young lions deep
Within their forest lair.

Up ! go forth to meet him, Lord,
And cast the wicked down !
Rescued by Thy viewless sword,
My soul with triumph crown.

Set me by Thy right hand free
From worldlings that I hate,
Who no better portion see
Than this poor fleeting state ;

Men who prize no life but this,
Here end their joys and cares,
Next to wealth, whose highest bliss
Is leaving sons and heirs.

As for me, made just by faith,
I long Thy face to see :
Let me, when I wake from death,
Be satisfied with Thee !

PSALM XVIII.

DAVID'S HYMNIC RETROSPECT OF A LIFE CROWNED
WITH MANY MERCIES.



ORD! my soul's unchanged affection
Clings in faith alone to Thee!
Rock, and Fortress, and Protection,
Shelter in adversity,
In Thee only
Shall my trust unshaken be!

Thou, the Horn of my salvation;
Thou, my Shield against the foe;
Thou, my Tower whose sure foundation
Mocks the storm that raves below,
In my weakness
Unto Thee for strength I go!

Worthy Thou alone of praises,
When to Thee, O Lord, I pray,
Then my harp its music raises,
Then my foemen flee away:
Thou canst save me
From all danger night and day.

Bands of death drew close around me;
Floods of godlessness appalled;
Bands of hell a captive bound me;

Snares of death my life enthrall'd :
In my anguish
To the Lord my God I call'd.

From His temple straight He heard me,
Knew my cry, and read my fears ;
To the griefs, the pangs that stirr'd me
Listened with attentive ears.
Then the earth quaked,
Quaked, and trembled through its spheres!

Mountains hoar were moved and shaken
To and fro from base to crown,
With a palsy overtaken,
Shivering beneath His frown !
'Neath His anger
Sank the highest summits down !

From His nostrils smoke ascending
Spread the terror of His name ;
Fire He breathed, whose heat extending
Coals were kindled into flame !
Bowed the heavens
When to earth Jehovah came !

Darkness underneath Him rolling
Spread a carpet for His feet ;
Whilst, the cherubim controlling,
He assumed His chariot seat,
Borne sublimely
On the tempest's pinions fleet.

Downwards while He travell'd quickly
Clouds a dark pavilion made ;
Vapours, draped around Him thickly,
Wrapped Him in impervious shade ;
And the terror
Made the stoutest hearts afraid.

Suddenly the clouds are rifted,
Breaks His glory through the sky ;
Lo ! from where the curtain lifted
Coals of fire and hailstones fly :
Peals the thunder,
Solemn voice of God Most High !

With His flaming bolts He sent them
Routed in portentous flight,
With His lightning arrows rent them,
Scattered like a dream of night :
For the godless
Could not stand before His sight.

Now the water-springs awaken,
Opened wide to sudden gaze,
And the world, to centre shaken,
Bare her deep foundations lays,
For the breathing
Of Thy nostrils earth dismays.

But when many waters swelling
Round my foundering bark did chafe,
Looking from His heavenly dwelling,

He approached and drew me safe ;
Else the floods had
Swept me seaward like a waif.

From my foes, in strength elated—
Far too strong for me were they—
From the enemy that hated,
Mine and me in that dark day,
He released me ;
Weak, I found in Him my stay.

He to space and freedom brought me,
Out of darkness into light ;
In the prison gloom He sought me,
Sought and saved me by His might,
My Deliverer ;
For in me He took delight.

Equally has He allotted
As my rectitude my gain ;
As my hands by sin unspotted
So my meed did I obtain :
Life of virtue
Thus is never lived in vain.

For the ways of God observing
I pursue with all my heart,
From His banner never swerving,
Nor induced aside to start,
From His judgments
And His statutes never walk apart.

Rightly in His presence going,
Spotless have I kept from sin ;
So the Lord, His gifts bestowing,
Gave me what I prayed to win—
Grace proportioned
To my righteousness within.

To the good Thyself Thou showest
Good, tho' higher in degree ;
On the perfect Thou bestowest
Grace Thy perfect face to see ;
Pure or froward,
Thou wilt pure or froward be.

Poverty in sad condition
Thou wilt raise with healing might,
But the crests of proud ambition
Thou wilt lower from their height.
Thou, Jehovah,
Dost my lamp in darkness light.

I thro' Thee when foemen hover
'Gainst a troop can hold my ground ;
Walls I scarce could venture over
Now I clear with vaulting bound !
Soul-sustainer !
I by Thee new life have found !

As for God, His way is holy,
True His promises abide ;
Shield to all, however lowly,

Who upon His strength confide.
God Jehovah !
Is there any rock beside ?

He with youth my manhood graces,
Girdles me with strength amain ;
Like the roe my feet He braces ;
Mountain-holds thro' Him I gain ;
He hath trained me
Bow of brass to break in twain.

Lord ! the shield of Thy salvation
Was Thy gracious gift to me ;
Lifted from the humblest station
By Thy hand to high degree,
That my footsteps
Have not slipped I owe to Thee.

Lo ! mine enemies, surrounded,
Have sustained a quick defeat,
Wounded, broken, and confounded,
Fallen underneath my feet ;
Turned I never
Till I made their route complete.

Thou in battle's hottest hour
Didst support me midst my foes ;
Thou didst gird my loins with power
When a host against me rose ;
While my sword flash'd
Prone their necks Thou didst expose.

Vain their cries—no friend to save them ;
Baffled, scattered as the dust—
Cried, but God no answer gave them ;
Garbage as from alleys thrust
Forth I swept them :
So the Lord avenged the just.

Far from din of strivings heated,
Far from sound of civil fray,
On my throne securely seated,
Distant peoples own my sway ;
Head of nations,
Strangers now my rule obey.

Aliens—some crouched low, dissembling,
Faded some as from a blight,
From their strongholds some came trembling :
—Lives Jehovah ! God of might !
Rock of safety,
Be exalted in the height !

Thou, O Lord, my weakness aiding,
I shall ample vengeance claim ;
Thou my Shield from foes invading,
I their violence shall tame ;
'Mong the nations
Shall I magnify Thy name.

God reserves for times appointed
Great deliverance in store ;
On the king, His own anointed,

Plenteous mercies doth outpour,
Upon David
And his seed for evermore.

PSALM XIX.

GOD'S REVELATION OF HIMSELF IN HIS WORKS AND
IN HIS WORD.



THE Heavens tell God's glory,
The Firmament His skill ;
Creation's wondrous story
Is written on them still.

Day unto day repeateth
The wisdom of His plan ;
Night after night completeth
The theme that morn began.

No voice the silence breaking,
In solemn pomp they roll ;
No sound—yet they are speaking
A language to the soul !

Their strain mysterious reaches
As far as earth extends,
And one deep lesson teaches
The world's remotest ends.

And there, well pleased to render
His work more perfect yet,
He hath in royal splendour
The sun's pavilion set.

As from his chamber going
The bridegroom's joyous face,
As in his manhood glowing
The strong man runs a race,

His airy circuit taking,
All climes his beams explore,
Till, east to west awaking,
Earth glows from shore to shore.

God's law is perfect, guiding
Strayed souls their fold to find ;
His word, unchanged abiding,
Makes wise the childlike mind ;

His precepts just, unerring,
To joy the heart incline ;
Both strength and light conferring,
His blest commandments shine.

For ever clean enduring,
The fear of God stands fast ;
His judgments, truth-assuring,
Are righteous to the last —

More dear than minted money,
Than gold of finest ore,
More sweet than virgin honey,
Than wild bees' luscious store.

By them Thy servant's guided ;
Who keeps them wins a prize,
A great reward provided,
A crown that never dies.

His errors—who can number
Or trace their hidden bent ?—
From faults that secret slumber
Oh ! hold me innocent !

From sins that, high and daring,
The mastery would gain,
May I, Thy guidance sharing,
A conscience pure retain.

My words—my meditation—
Lips—heart—accept the whole !
Lord !—Rock of my salvation !
Redeemer of my soul !

PSALM XX.

A LITURGICAL PRAYER FOR THE KING IN TIME OF WAR.

The Congregation, led by the Levites.

OD in days of trouble hear thee,
Jacob's Lord thy prayer attend ;
May His holy presence cheer thee,
And His name thy cause defend !

May He from His temple send thee
Help to strike a conquering blow,
And from Zion's hill extend thee
Strength to crush thy strongest foe !

Victims burnt and incense savour
May He, pleased, remember still ;
What thou askest hear with favour
And thy counsels all fulfil !

We rejoice in God's salvation,
In His name our banners rear ;
Pouring forth the heart's oblation
May He answer all thy prayer !

The King.

Now know I in time appointed
God's right hand of strength is near ;
He will save His own anointed
And from heaven his voice will hear.

The People and Levites.

Some trust chariots swiftly rolling,
Horses, some, for battle shod ;
We adore the All-controlling,
We confess the name of God.

Downward they are brought, unstable.
We have risen up, and stay.
Save the King ! for Thou art able !
Hear, Jehovah, when we pray !

PSALM XXI.

THANKSGIVING ON THE KING'S RETURN FROM WAR.



ORD, in Thy strength shall the King
Rejoice when unbuckling his sword ;
Loud in his gratitude sing
To Him who the battle restored.
All hast Thou granted he sought,
Thy blessings before him outspread ;
Out of pure gold hast Thou wrought
A crown for the conqueror's head !

Life he but asked Thee to give ;
Much more did Thy bounty extend—
Life through the ages to live
And days that are days without end !
Thou, his Redeemer alone,
His praise to Thee ever be paid !
Thou upon Israel's throne
Hast honour and majesty laid.

Set for a blessing, and bless'd,
Exceedingly glad with Thy face,
Trust on the Lord doth he rest,
His sceptre is strong by Thy grace.
Thine the right hand to defeat
The foes that dishonour Thy name ;
Wrath of a crucible's heat
Shall swallow them up in its flame.

Blight on their fruit shalt Thou send,
Their seed shall decay from the earth;
Evil their hearts did intend
Thou shalt crush in its mischievous birth.
Bend but Thy conquering bow,
Thine arrows but string in their sight,
Terrified back shall they go,
Their banners deserted in flight.

Lord, let Thy glory be known,
Thy name be exalted on high !
Show that Thy strength can alone
The might of the godless defy.

Giver of victory Thou,
To Thee all the praises belong !
Gladly we offer Thee now
The music of harp and of song !

PSALM XXII.

A WAIL OF ANGUISH, A CRY FOR HELP, AND A VISION
OF HOPE.



Y God ! my God ! why hast Thou me
Forsaken ? why forgot ?
By day, by night I cry to Thee ;
But, oh ! Thou answ'rest not !

Yet art Thou holy, and Thou dost
In Israel's praises dwell ;
In Thee our fathers put their trust,
In Thee their hopes as well ;

They cried, they trusted, and they found
An arm that set them free :
Nor fear nor doubt their courage drown'd,
Their faith was stayed on Thee.

Alas ! no honour lights my brow !
A worm, not man, am I !
I am the people's by-word now,
And crowds my name decry !

With taunt and scoff, with shrug and sneer,
They mutter as they go,
'Why comes not his Deliv'rer near,
The Lord that loved him so?'

Yet who from anxious womb oppress'd
Did take me? Thou art He!
A suckling on my mother's breast
I first drew hope from Thee!

My mother's pangs of labour past,
I lay unfriended there;
A weakling in Thy arms was cast,
And cradled by Thy care!

Be near me now with saving light,
For troubles are at hand;
And Bashan's bulls, her men of might,
In force around me stand.

Their gaping mouths, their lions' roar
My joints and bones relax;
My nerves at every outlet pour,
My heart dissolves like wax.

My strength is dried as potter's clay,
My tongue's a shrivell'd crust,
And Thou wilt soon my body lay
To moulder in the dust.

My foes like dogs, a savage pack,
Have pierced my hands and feet ;
I count the bones their tortures rack,
Their staring gaze I meet.

My garments they among them take
And into pieces tear ;
A lott'ry of my robes they make,
And gamble for a share.

But Thou be not far from me, Lord !
My Strength ! assistance send,
My soul deliver from the sword,
My only life defend !

Oh ! save me from the wild dog's power,
The lion's hunger tame,
And in this agonising hour
My foemen put to shame !

From horns of goring buffalo
Be Thou Thy servant's Stay !
Thy gracious answer is, I know,
Already on its way.

I to my brethren will declare
Thy name, Thy mercies praise ;
In congregations met for prayer
Will thus thanksgivings raise :

‘ His praise, who fear Jehovah, tell ;
Let Jacob’s seed proclaim,
With all the sons of Israel,
The glory of His name !

‘ From sorrow never did His face
Its wondrous beauty hide ;
No mourner ever sought His grace
To find that grace denied.’

Amid the temple’s faithful crowd
Thy praise I will outpour,
And pay the offerings I vowed
Thy gathered saints before.

The bread partaken by the meek
Will sweet contentment give ;
They praise Him who Jehovah seek :
‘ Your hearts for ever live ! ’

Earth’s ends will yet His love recall
And bow before His throne,
The nations crown Him Lord of all
And worship God alone.

Jehovah reigns, and He doth make
All men alike His care ;
His banquet while the rich partake
The famished poor shall share.

The great and proud with bending head
Shall own His high control,
As well as he whose scanty bread
Can scarce sustain his soul.

A chosen race shall yet appear,
To own Him as their Lord ;
Yes, they shall come and shall revere
His worship and His word !

They shall to ages yet-to-be
His righteousness recall,
And say, ' Jehovah's goodness see !
For He hath done it all ! '

PSALM XXIII.

THE LOVING CARE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.



ORD ! my Shepherd ! Thou providest
All that can my wants supply ;
To the greenest pastures guidest,
Where I may in shelter lie !

Streams of rest beside me flowing
Shall my fainting soul restore,
Righteous paths, Thy mercy showing,
Lead me back to stray no more.

Yea, though Death his shadows lengthen,
Though the vale be draped in gloom,
Thou my timid steps wilt strengthen,
Thou the darkness wilt illumine !

Nothing shall perplex or pain me,
Nothing evil shall I fear,
For Thy rod and staff sustain me,
For I know that Thou art near.

Rich the banquet Thou appointest
In the presence of my foes ;
Thou my head with oil anointest,
While my wine-cup overflows.

Love and grace my steps attending,
Calm my life shall here be pass'd,
Till to Thee my soul ascending
Finds in heaven its home at last !

PSALM XXIV.

PREPARATION FOR THE LORD'S COMING AND HIS ENTRY
INTO ZION.



JEHOVAH is the Lord of earth
And all that earth contains !
Within the world's encircling girth
Supreme and sole He reigns !

Her pillars in the sea He placed,
And, lo ! at His command,
Emerging from the formless waste
Appeared the smiling land !

Who shall God's sacred hill attain,
Before Him stand secure ?
He that abhors the false—the vain—
Whose heart and hands are pure.

On them shall righteousness descend
Who in Jehovah trust ;
On them shall God their Saviour send
The blessings of the just.

Behold the children of His grace
Who living keep His law,
And dying seek the glorious face
That wrestling Jacob saw.

Lift up your heads, ye hoary gates !
Ye doors of deathless brass !
The King of Glory entrance waits ;
Oh ! lift and let Him pass !

‘ This King of Glory, who is He ? ’
‘ The Victor from whose sword
Embattled legions turn and flee,
The strong, the mighty Lord. ’

Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
 Avenged on death and sin,
 Behold, the King of Glory waits !
 Ye doors, oh ! let Him in !

‘Who is this King of Glory ? Tell.’
 ‘The Lord of Hosts is He ;
 The troops He led His triumph swell ;—
 The King of Glory see !’

PSALM XXIV.

SECOND VERSION.

Choral hymn sung in antiphonal measure, voice answering to voice and chorus to chorus, as the congregation of Israel wound in festal procession up the sacred hill, carrying the Ark of the Lord from the house of Obed Edom to the city of David.

PART I.

Psalm on going up (below, on the hill of Zion).

Chorus of the Festive Procession.



THE earth thro' all its measures,
 The world from zone to zone,
 Its people and its treasures,
 Belong to God alone !

Where seas of old were rolling
The solid land He mass'd ;
The waves by bounds controlling,
He set earth's pillars fast !

A Voice.

Who shall Jehovah's mountain climb,
Who stand within His courts sublime ?

Another Voice.

He whose hands are clean from sin,
He whose heart is pure within,
He whose soul doth evil fly,
He who swears not to a lie.

Chorus.

With love in fulness flowing
The Lord his soul shall bless,
The priceless gift bestowing
Of saving righteousness ;
This is the generation
Of them that ask His grace,
Who seek, with adoration,
O Jacob's God ! Thy face !

PART II.

Psalm on entering (above, on the citadel of Zion).

Chorus of the Festive Procession.

Lift up your heads, ye deathless gates !
Roll back, ye doors of old !
The King of Glory yonder waits ;
His shining train behold !

A Voice, as it were from the gates.

Who is this King of Glory ?

Chorus.

He

Whose might is known to fame,
In battles crown'd with victory,
Jehovah is His name !

Uplift your heads, eternal gates !
His rightful throne to win
The King of Glory entrance waits ;
Ye doors, oh ! let Him in !

Another Voice, as it were from the gates.

Who may this King so glorious be
In triumph that ye bring ?

Chorus.

Jehovah, Lord of Hosts, is He ;
Of glory He is King !

PSALM XXV.

PRAYER FOR GRACIOUS PROTECTION AND GUIDANCE.



OPPRESSED, O Lord, by sin and care,
And longing to be free,
I soar upon the wings of prayer
And lift my soul to Thee !

To Thee, my God, I turn for aid,
My trust is in Thy name ;
Let not the foe make me afraid,
Or triumph in my shame.

Nor me alone defend, but all
Who for Thy mercy wait :
Confusion on transgressors fall,
And on their wanton hate !

Thy ways, O Lord, if dark, unfold,
If difficult, explain :
Thy paths reveal, that Thy blest fold
My erring soul may gain !

Thy truth my star, oh ! let it lead
My doubting steps aright !
Thy saving strength, my God, I need ;
I seek it day and night.

Thy tender mercies manifold,
O Lord, recall to mind ;
Recount Thy dealings from of old,
For Thou art ever kind.

Remember—Ah ! how much I fear
When that review begins !
Oh ! let the penitential tear
Blot out my youthful sins !

The sinner, prone to go aside,
He teaches not to stray ;
The humble, when he wants a guide,
He leadeth in the way.

Who keep His testimonies right,
And covenant Divine,
His love and truth with blended light
On all their paths will shine.

For Thy name's sake forgive the guilt
That weighs upon my soul ;
Lord ! Thou canst save me if Thou wilt,
And make the wounded whole !

Who fears the Lord, no other fear
Should occupy his breast ;
Whatever road he travels here,
God chooses him the best.

He mid the jar of worldly strife
Enjoys an inward peace ;
His name endures beyond his life ;
His seed shall never cease.

With those who give him all their hearts
The Lord His secret shares,
His deep designs of love imparts,
His covenant declares.

By guiding force of faith within,
My eyes on God are set ;
If tangled unawares in sin,
He plucks me from the net.

Oh, turn ! in mercy turn and see
My bosom rack'd with grief ;
I know no friend on earth but Thee ;
I sorely need relief !

My heart with trouble overflows,
But Thou canst set me free ;
Oh ! bring me out of all my woes
To light and liberty !

Behold, in sorrow and in pain
A sufferer I live ;
Oh ! cleanse my soul from guilty stain,
And all my sins forgive !

When swelling foes around me rage,
Oh ! bid their vauntings cease,
Their cruelty and hate assuage,
And keep my soul in peace !

Let grace and goodness be my guard—
I wait Thy purpose blest—
And Israel from danger ward,
Restored to peace and rest.

PSALM XXVI.

THE LONGING OF ONE WHO IS PERSECUTED INNOCENTLY
TO GIVE PUBLIC THANKS TO GOD.



JUDGE supreme of all the earth,
Vindicate Thy servant's worth.
Walking with integrity,
I have wavered not from Thee.
On the Lord I have relied ;
Therefore turned I not aside.

Lord, examine me, and test
All the secrets of my breast ;
Try my reins, and try my heart ;
Probe my faith in every part.
How I walk this search will prove—
How I kept Thy truth and love.

With the vain I would not sit ;
I have shunn'd the hypocrite ;
Neither do I venture in
With the devotees of sin ;
Evildoers so I hate
I would not unlatch their gate.

As, ablutions due to make,
Priests the brazen laver take,
I shall wash my hands, and so
Pure around Thy altar go,
And while solemn music plays
Heart and voice in worship raise ;

Pure—in gratitude to sing,
Pure—a fervent zeal to bring,
Pure—to magnify Thy name,
Pure—Thy wonders to proclaim.
Lord, I love Thy mansion well,
Where Thy glory deigns to dwell !

Keep my soul from sinners' toils,
Men who thirst for blood and spoils,
From the mischievous and mean,
Crafty heads and hands unclean ;
Innocent my life would be,
Walking with integrity.

Lord, in mercy show Thy face,
Grant me Thy redeeming grace.

Standing firm on even ground,
In Thy courts shall I be found,
Gladly to Thy temple press,
And Thy name in public bless.

PSALM XXVII.

TAKING REFUGE IN THE LORD.



F Jehovah, my Light and Salvation, be near
With His grace all-sustaining, what power
shall I fear ?

Shall I quail on the path that the martyrs
have trod

When the strength of my life is the arm of my God ?

When the wicked, my fierce and implacable foes,
With a hatred devouring against me arose,
At the voice of the Lord, like a death-dealing knell,
In the hour of their triumph they stumbled and fell.

If a host should camp near me in battle array,
Tho' their banners may dazzle, they cannot
dismay ;

Tho' against me war roll with its menacing tide,
Amid danger and doubt in the Lord I confide.

I have cherished one hope, and one boon have implored,
To abide all my life in the house of the Lord,
On His beauty with earnest devotion to gaze,
In His temple take pleasure and join in His praise.

When my trials increase, and afflictions abound,
His pavilion will hide me and curtain me round ;
In a rock's sure recess He will shelter me safe,
While about me the waves of adversity chafe.

Both my head and my voice mid my foes shall I raise
When I sing to the Lord hallelujahs of praise,
And a sacrifice sweet shall my music employ
While I pour from my harp a libation of joy.

When I cry with my lips, oh ! have mercy and hear !
When I bend on my knees let an answer be near !
And when ' Seek ye My face ' to my heart Thou dost speak,
Let my heart's quick response be, ' Thy face will I seek ! '

Oh ! withdraw not the light of that heavenly face,
And deny not Thy servant the help of Thy grace !
My Support and Salvation in times that are past,
Oh ! forsake me not, Lord, nor reject me at last !

Tho' my father, my mother have left me and fled,
Still Jehovah will take and adopt me instead.
Oh ! deliver me not to mine enemies' wills,
For the slanderer's breath has a venom that kills !

All were lost but faith whispers, 'God's goodness
untold

In the land of the living thou yet shalt behold.'
Then await His good time who can comfort afford,
Be of courage, faint heart ! wait, I say, on the Lord !

PSALM XXVIII.

A CRY FOR HELP IN A TIME OF REBELLION.



LORD, my Rock ! to Thee I cry !
Vouchsafe an answer from on high,
Lest, if Thou longer silence keep,
I be like one in death's last sleep !

Hear Thou Thy servant's suppliant prayer
When I to Thee in faith repair,
With both my hands, O Power Divine !
Uplifted towards Thy holy shrine !

Oh ! sweep me not away to die
With those who work iniquity,
Whose oily tongues their friends beguile,
While mischief fills their hearts the while !

A just proportion keep in view,
And measure to their deeds their due ;
Pay—what their hands deserve to win—
Sin with the recompense of sin.

Tho' round them the creation lies,
Both work and Maker they despise ;
So He shall wrath upon them pour,
And crush them, that they rise no more.

The Lord be bless'd, for He can spare
An answer to the voice of prayer.
To Thee, my Strength, my Shield, I raise
My heart's glad song of grateful praise.

The Lord's anointed He defends,
And saving help His people sends.
Save, Lord, and bless Thy chosen line !
Oh ! feed and fold this flock of Thine !

PSALM XXIX.

FAITH CONTEMPLATES A THUNDERSTORM AND SEES A
RAINBOW.



Ye angels, give Jehovah
The honour that is meet ;
Ascribe Him strength and glory,
His name with awe repeat ;
In holy vestments shining,
Do homage at His feet.

God's voice is on the waters !
Hark ! how His thunder peals !
He rules the depths of waters ;
His might the ocean feels.
That solemn rolling music
His majesty reveals.

God's voice the cedars breaketh ;
They crash with sudden fall :
On Lebanon the tempest
Uproots the cedars tall.
The darkness and the terror
The woodland scene appal.

As fawns that skip affrighted
So bound the mountains steep ;
As wild calf of the forest
So Lebanon doth leap ;
The storm-blasts, rushing southward,
O'er startled Sirion sweep.

God's voice in tongues divideth
The lightning's vivid blaze ;
The wilderness in terror
Beneath the tempest sways ;
The grainless plains of Kadesh
His thunderbolts amaze.

The hinds their young are casting
Before the sudden glare ;
His voice the trees dismantles

And strips the forest bare ;
 And all within His temple
 Cry, 'Glory ! God is THERE !'

The Flood of old obey'd Him
 And own'd His royal will ;
 Enthroned above the Deluge,
 Behold ! He reigneth still :
 With strength and peace enduring
 He shall His people fill.

PSALM XXIX.

ANOTHER VERSION.



GIVE the Lord, ye angels bright,
 Give Him majesty and might ;
 Ye who in His presence dwell,
 Laud His strength, His glory tell !

Give the Lord His homage true,
 Give Him honour meet and due ;
 That His name is great confess ;
 Worship Him in holy dress.

Hark ! the God of glory speaks !
 On the deep His thunder breaks !
 See the billows lash the shore !
 Hear the many waters' roar !

Lo ! the voice of God Most High,
Full of power and majesty,
Breaks the stately cedars down,
Strews the groves of Lebanon.

As young antelope doth bound
Spring the mountains at the sound ;
Lebanon and Sirion steep,
Like to fawns affrighted, leap.

Flames in cloven tongues divide ;
Flash the vivid lightnings wide ;
Now the tempest south extends
And the wilds of Kadesh rends.

Booms the thunder, rolling past ;
Hinds their young in terror cast ;
Forests stripp'd of leafy shade
Bare by that dread voice are laid.

Hark ! throughout His temple fair
All therein His praises share !
' Glory ! ' myriad voices sing,
' Glory ! ' to creation's King !

On the Flood His throne was set,
And He reigns a Monarch yet ;
Will His people's strength increase,
Blessing them with lasting peace !

PSALM XXX.

SONG OF THANKSGIVING AFTER RECOVERY FROM DANGEROUS SICKNESS.



WILL praise Thee, O Lord,
I will honour Thy name,
Who hast lifted me up
And my foes put to shame.
Unto Thee did I cry,
And the balm that can save
Healed my wound as I lay
On the brink of the grave.

Thou hast kept me alive
By Thy fatherly care ;
Else, abandoned and lost,
I had sunk in despair.
Sing ye praise to the Lord,
O ye saints of His choice ;
As His grace ye recall
Let your bosoms rejoice.

For His anger is short,
Here a moment and past ;
But the favour of God
For a lifetime will last ;

And if weeping at eve
Comes to lodge for the night,
There is shouting of joy
When the sun springs to light.

While I prospered I said,
‘None shall move me aside ;’
But my stronghold gave way
When Thy face Thou didst hide.
Then in trouble, O Lord,
Did I turn unto Thee,
And I bent at Thy throne
With a suppliant knee.

‘What availeth my blood
When the grave is my bed ?
Are there thanks in the dust ?
Is there praise from the dead ?
My petition, good Lord,
Oh ! have mercy and hear !
I am weak and oppressed ;
Thou, my Helper, be near !’

For my tears, in the dance
Thou didst make me rebound ;
For my sackcloth, with joy
Thou didst girdle me round :
So Thy praises, O God,
With my song shall I blend
And give thanks to Thy name
Thro’ the years without end.

PSALM XXXI.

SURRENDER OF A PERSECUTED SPIRIT INTO THE HAND
OF GOD.



IN Thee, Lord, is my refuge made ;
Oh ! let not shame my peace invade !
Incline in righteousness Thine ear ;
I yearn to see my Saviour near.

Do Thou security impart,
Who both my Rock and Fortress art.
Oh ! guide me for Thy mercy's sake !
My feet from hidden mischief take !

My Stronghold Thou, by Thee I live,
My spirit to Thy hand I give ;
Thou, God of Truth, in love Divine
Hast saved my soul and made me Thine !

I hate the men who follow lies,
Who show respect to vanities ;
False hopes, false gods I cast aside,
And all my faith in Thee confide.

With joy I shall Thy mercy own,
For Thou hast all my troubles known ;
By Thee unbound from prison chain
I freely tread a spacious plain.

Be gracious, Lord, and grant relief
To eye and body spent with grief :
My years are one continued wail ;
Sin saps my bones ; my sinews fail.

Reproach of enemies I feel,
But more when neighbours turn their heel,
My kinsmen when they meet me fly,
I am a scare to passers-by.

I am like one who dies unknown,
A broken vase on dust-heap thrown ;
For slanderers assail my name
And deadly plots against me frame.

Still while I bent me to the dust
I said, ' O Lord, in Thee I trust.'
Mine enemies Thou canst withstand ;
My times are in Thy gracious hand.

Oh ! cause Thy face once more to shine,
And save me in Thy love Divine !
Let sinners quail. On Thee I call ;
On them, not me, let ruin fall.

The wicked, who Thy vengeance brave,
Deserve the silence of the grave ;
Let lips that wrong an honest name
Be hushed in infamy and shame.

Lord, in Thy treasure-house above
Are stores of goodness and of love !
What rich rewards for those abound
Who have in Thee their Refuge found !

Thy presence bathing them in light,
With glory hid from mortal sight,
There, in Thy tabernacle blest,
No strife of tongues disturbs their rest.

The Lord be praised ! His love I found
A city fenced with ramparts round.
'Cut off from Thee !' sighed weak despair,
Yet when I call'd Thou heardest my prayer.

Oh ! love the Lord ! 'tis His delight
To save the just, the proud requite ;
Take courage, let your hearts be stay'd,
All ye whose hope on God is laid !

PSALM XXXII.

THE WAY TO THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.



LEST is he for whose transgression
Grace a pardon free hath found,
He whose sin, on full confession,
Mercy throws her veil around !

Oh ! how measureless the blessing
That awaits repented sin,
If a sinner in confessing
Tries to hide no guilt within !

When, a moody silence keeping,
No relief from prayer I sought,
All my time was spent in weeping,
All my strength became as nought.

Day and night Thy hand was lying
On my breast with heavy weight,
And the founts of life were drying
As in drought of summer heat.

Late began I to adore Thee,
Felt I would in Thee confide,
Would spread all my life before Thee,
Nor a single blemish hide.

Then I made a full confession,
Tho' I falter'd to begin ;
Oh ! the joy beyond expression !
Thou forgavest all my sin !

So let all who truly fear Thee
Seek Thee when Thou mayst be found ;
Those who gain a footing near Thee
Floods nor tempests shall confound.

Thou, my Hiding-place unshaken,
 Thou, my Shield when foes advance,
 Thou wilt songs around me waken,
 Echoes of deliverance.

‘I,’ Thou sayst, ‘will walk beside Thee
 In the course that thou must go,
 While My providence shall guide thee,
 And the paths of safety show.

‘Learn My ways when I explain them :
 Be not like the horse or mule ;
 Force of reason cannot train them ;
 Bit and bridle brutes must rule.’

Sorrow on the wicked presses ;
 Favour compasses the just.
 Saints, be glad ! Jehovah blesses
 Hearts that both confess and trust.

PSALM XXXIII.

PRAISE OF THE RULER OF THE WORLD AS THE
 DEFENDER OF HIS PEOPLE.



YE righteous, rejoice in the Lord ;
 —For the just it is comely to sing—
 Let the notes of the cithern resound,
 And the ten-stringed instrument bring !

In a song never sung until now
Let your voices in harmony swell,
For the word of Jehovah is sure,
And His work doth His faithfulness tell.

He loves justice who knows what is just,
And His judgments are fountains of right,
And the earth with His goodness abounds
Who evoked it from darkness to light ;
For He spake and the heavens were spread,
And the planets their glory displayed,
And He gathered the waves in a heap,
While the ocean His mandate obeyed.

In His stores doth He treasure the deeps,
To dispense as His providence wills.
Oh ! let nature and man stand in awe,
For His presence the universe fills !
He who bade it ' to be ' and ' it was,'
Who commanded, and lo ! it stood fast,
Can the might of the heathen confound
And the schemes of ungodliness blast.

Jehovah's decrees never change,
And His counsels no time can displace.
Happy nation whose God is the Lord !
Happy people the heirs of His grace !
From the heav'ns where He dwelleth supreme
The Creator creation surveys ;
He who fashioned the hearts of mankind
All their actions considers and weighs.

For a king is not saved by his troops,
Nor can strength free a giant from chains,
Neither mettle nor speed of his horse
For its rider the victory gains.
'Tis the Lord who can safety bestow
Upon those who His goodness revere ;
He will guide them mid danger and death,
He will feed them when famine is near.

On the Lord do His people repose,
While awaiting the times of His choice.
He alone is our Help and our Shield ;
In Him only our heart shall rejoice.
As we bow in no temple but Thine,
Let Thy grace be bestowed on us free ;
And Thy mercy upon us be poured,
For we trust in no other but Thee !

PSALM XXXIV.

A GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE
AND MORAL GOVERNMENT OF THE WORLD.



HE Lord at all times will I bless,
His constant praise my tongue express ;
My soul in Him her boast shall make,
My fainting heart shall courage take.

Oh, magnify the Lord with me !
How sweet in praise is sympathy !
When in affliction aid I sought,
A sure deliverance He brought.

Who looks to Him in every woe
Finds burthens few and lighter grow ;
May never blush of shame displace
The smile that lights a sainted face !

This chastened one cried out in grief ;
His prayer was heard, he found relief.
An angel camp, a viewless sword
Protects the man who fears the Lord.

Oh, taste and see the Lord is good !
How blest is he who finds that food !
And you, ye saints, His name revere
Who makes your wants His daily care.

The lion's whelp may lack his meal
And keen the pangs of hunger feel,
But they who on the Lord rely
For ev'ry want have sure supply.

Come, children, near, and let me teach
What means this fear of God I preach,
If you would have long days on earth
And win the crown of honest worth :

From slander let your tongues abstain ;
From falsehood let your lips refrain ;
Depart from sin, and practise good ;
Let peace be sought and then pursued.

The God who guards the humblest saints,
And turns His ears to their complaints,
From evil-doers hides His face,
Their names from mem'ry will erase.

He hears the righteous when they cry ;
In trouble He is standing nigh ;
To sorrow He doth joy impart,
And heal the wounded, broken heart.

He bids disturbing doubts to cease ;
In life's rough storms He whispers peace ;
When trials on the good man fall,
God's grace suffices for them all !

No force can crush, no weapons maim,
When faith invokes Jehovah's name ;
The wicked who the righteous hate
Shall sink and perish soon or late.

Who fears the Lord thro' good and ill,
In death is not forsaken still ;
Tho' sin upon his soul hath weighed
He wakes to find his ransom paid !

PSALM XXXV.

JEHOVAH'S INTERPOSITION AS JUDGE AND CHAMPION IS
INVOKED IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.



LEAD Thou my cause, O Lord! with
wrong for right contend ;

Fight Thou with them that fight with me :
my life defend.

Oh ! let my foes perceive Jehovah is my Friend !

Take shield and buckler up, grip battle-axe and
spear ;

Confront my pressing foe and check his wild career ;

Oh ! say unto my soul, ' Thy Saviour—I am here ' !

Be theirs the doom of shame who would my life
surprise,

Dishonour on them fall who would my hurt devise ;

Their strength disperse, as chaff before the tempest
flies.

Let God's swift messenger of wrath arrest their
flight,

Confused in slipp'ry ways with fogs and starless
night ;

Let Thy pursuing angel my pursuers smite !

For without cause they did a crafty net prepare,
And without cause they made a hidden pitfall there ;
Oh ! let their cunning selves fall in it unaware !

Yea, let the net he deftly spread himself enthrall,
And in his own destruction the destroyer fall ;
So shall my soul exult and say, 'Thou didst it all.'

Who is like Thee ? The question thrills this aching
frame,
Who did the poor set free ? Who to the needy
came ?
Who did the spoiler spoil ? Jehovah is Thy name !

False witnesses rise up, who, bold and reckless grown,
Assail my truth, and question me on things unknown ;
With evil good repay—I am bereaved and lone !

And yet when they lay sick I was in sackcloth
dress'd ;
With penitential fast I hungered, self-distress'd.
Return again, lost prayers, and nestle in my breast !

As friend to bosom friend I did to them behave,
And love—as pure as brother's love—to them I
gave ;
I bowed as one that weeps upon a mother's grave.

Yet when they saw me halt it was a gleeful sight ;
They banded as a flock my peace of mind to blight ;
Abjects, and men I knew not, 'gainst me did unite.

The miscreants with ceaseless lies assailed my name ;
As vile and fawning parasites, who know not shame,
With grinning teeth and causeless spite they round
me came.

How long, Lord, wilt Thou rest as if Thou didst
not see ?

Oh ! from their deadly schemes my soul's Protection
be,
And from the lion's fangs do Thou my darling free !

So, mid the congregations in Thy temple bowed,
Shall I pour forth my thanks and chant Thy praise
aloud,
And strike my grateful harp where thronging peoples
crowd.

Let not my false accusers be with joy elate,
Let not my mocking foe despise my low estate,
Let them not triumph long who can unjustly hate.

For these, no friends of peace, with subtle craft
devise
How to disturb the public weal by private lies ;
They jeer and say, ' Indeed ! we saw it with our
eyes ! '

Thou too both them and me hast, O Jehovah,
seen !

Oh ! keep not silence as if I had friendless been !
Rise up, my God ! my Lord ! for justice intervene !

Thou Judge of right and truth, oh ! be not far from
me !

What guilt or worth be mine I wait for Thy decree,
But, oh ! let them not in my fall a triumph see !

Let them not boast and vaunting say, ' His doom
was right ;

Lo ! we have swept him off, clean gone from
mortal sight !'

Oh ! let the braggarts vile be put to shameful flight !

Let those rejoice who to Thy servant favour show,
And bless Thy name for all the gifts Thou dost
bestow,

And praise the Lord who wills His saint should
prosper so.

Then shall my soul, that now looks up to Thee in
prayer,

With grateful tongue to laud Thy righteousness
prepare,

And all the livelong day Thy praise with joy
declare.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE CAUSE OF ALIENATION FROM AND THE BLESSING OF
FELLOWSHIP WITH GOD.



FIXED each wicked heart within,
Speaks an oracle of sin ;
So the sinner God defies,
With no fear before his eyes,
Flattereth himself in vain
He immunity will gain.

Lips of sinners speak deceit,
Good they stamp beneath their feet,
Mischief on their bed devise ;
Fools, that left off to be wise,
Towards ambition's goal they climb,
Treading in the steps of crime.

Lord, Thy mercy reaches high,
Spans the earth, attains the sky,
And Thy faithfulness Divine
Mid the rolling clouds doth shine.
Like the hills Thy truths stand fast,
Thy decrees, like ocean vast !

God of greatest and of least,
Thou preservest man and beast !

Shelter'd underneath Thy wings
 May we hide from hurtful things ;
 Plenty, free, that all may share,
 Thou dost in Thy house prepare.

Pleasures flowing as a stream
 By Thy bounty round us gleam ;
 Founts of life in Thee unite ;
 In Thy light we bask in light.
 Lasting may Thy goodness prove
 Unto those who seek Thy love.

Lord, Thy righteousness impart
 To the just, the true of heart ;
 Let not foot or hand of pride
 Move me from Thy sacred side ;
 There let virtue win the crown,
 Trampling vice for ever down !

PSALM XXXVII.

THE SEEMING PROSPERITY OF THE WICKED AND THE REAL
 PROSPERITY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.



FRET not thou thy soul that evil is by proud
 transgressors done,
 Nor the wicked view with envy tho' they
 prosper 'neath the sun.

Vanishing is all their glory ; all their beauty soon
shall pass ;
Like the green herb they shall wither : time shall
mow them as the grass.

Trust thou in Jehovah only ; doing good be thy
employ ;
So the land shalt thou inherit and its fruits shalt
thou enjoy.

In the Lord if thou delightest, purest peace He will
impart ;
He will grant thee thy petition and the yearnings
of thy heart.

To the Lord thy way committing, rest in faith upon
His will ;
He will guard thee, He will guide thee, and thy
prayers at last fulfil.

He thy righteousness will bring forth clear and
spotless as the light,
And thy innocence as noonday in meridian splendour
bright.

Hold thou to Him, be thou patient, waiting His
accepted time ;
Grieve not that the wicked prosper ; envy not successful
crime.

Cease from anger ; let not passion nurse vindictive
thought within ;
Never let thy temper lead thee even to the verge of
sin.

Evil-doers soon shall perish, root and branch be cut
away ;
They that wait upon Jehovah in the land secure
shall stay.

Yet a little more of patience, and the wicked from
his place
Shall be blotted out for ever—not a vestige left to
trace.

But the meek and the contented in the land shall
long remain,
And among them peace abundant shall prolong her
happy reign.

Tho' the wicked have in malice plots against the
righteous plann'd
God shall laugh them to derision, for He sees their
doom at hand.

Tho' the wicked draw his sword-blade, though he
bend his arching bow,
Menacing the poor and needy, aim to lay the up-
right low,

His false heart the sword shall enter, his own
bosom feel the sting,
And his bow shall snap asunder ere the arrow
leaves the string.

Righteous poverty outweigheth godless wealth a
thousandfold ;
Better is a grain of goodness than a mountain-heap
of gold.

Wickedness shall God disable, but the just shall He
defend,
Knows their days and grants the perfect a dominion
without end.

They shall not in times of trouble be ashamed, or
try to hide,
And with food unseen in famine shall their hearts
be satisfied.

But His enemies shall wither as the pasture's glory
dies,
Melt away as smoke that rises from an altar sacri-
fice.

In his need the wicked borrows and no recompence
is made,
But the righteous in his plenty gives, and is by
giving paid.

Length of days and sure possession crown the man
whom God hath bless'd ;
Utter ruin, quick uprooting follow where His curses
rest.

God delights to see the good man walk the way
His grace hath plann'd ;
Tho' he stumble he shall fall not : God upholds
him with His hand.

Young I once was—now am aged—never thro' the
years I've led
Have I seen the good forsaken, or their children
begging bread.

Sympathy o'erflows from good men, generous to
those in need ;
So the blessings of the righteous are transmitted to
their seed.

Sin abandoned, good pursuing, safe from evil thou
shalt dwell,
For the Lord that loveth justice keeps His saints
and guards them well.

Childless and cut off untimely shall the house of
sinners be,
But the righteous shall for ever hold the land in
deathless fee.

Lips of good men utter wisdom ; rightly do their
tongues decide ;
For the law of God directs them, and their foot-
steps cannot slide.

Tho' the wicked watch the righteous, lie in wait his
life to slay,
God abandons not His servant ; He will spoil them
of their prey.

Hope in God and keep His statutes, so shalt thou
possess the land ;
When the wicked fade untimely thou the cause
shalt understand.

I have seen the wicked spreading, green as tree in
native ground ;
Yet he pass'd away and was not : branch or leaf
could not be found !

Mark the righteous ! Mid his children he resigns
his life in peace ;
Direful ruin waits the wicked, soon their very
name shall cease.

From the Lord salvation cometh to the souls that
in Him trust ;
Fortress in the time of trouble is Jehovah to the
just.

He delivers them from evil, rescues them when foes
abound,
For in Him in times of danger have His saints their
Refuge found.

PSALM XXXVIII.

AN APPEAL TO GOD'S MERCY UNDER GREAT SUFFERINGS
BORNE WITH GREAT PATIENCE.



LORD, in wrath rebuke me not,
Nor chasten me in vengeance hot :
Thine arrows sharp my life-blood drink ;
Beneath Thy heavy hand I sink.

My wasting flesh no soundness knows,
And sin denies my bones repose,
While waves of guilt that almost drown
Sweep o'er my head and weigh me down.

My wounds a noisome gangrene make,
Wounds I incurred for folly's sake ;
Bent down by griefs that on me prey,
I mourn my fate the livelong day.

I loathe the sight my loins reveal,
Alternate heat and chills I feel ;
While crushing anguish racks my bones
I ease my restless soul with groans.

O Lord, to Thee my wants are clear,
My deep-drawn sighs must reach Thine ear ;
My heart is throbbing, strength undone,
And from my eyes sweet light is gone.

My comrades, friends of long ago,
Stand watching from afar my blow ;
And they who would my life ensnare
With falsest scandals fill the air !

But deaf, as those no sound can reach,
And dumb, as if bereft of speech,
I lay, as one who hears not lies,
In whose sealed mouth are no replies ;

For, Lord, I hoped within and said
That Thou wouldst answer in my stead,
Lest, should my foothold slip at all,
The foe might triumph in my fall ;

For weak from suffering have I grown
(The fault, the sin, is mine, I own),
While those who show me mortal hate
In swelling numbers congregate.

I follow what is good, but they
With evil all my good repay.
Lord, leave me not nor hide Thy face ;
Haste to my help with saving grace.

PSALM XXXIX.

AN ELEGY OF FAITH AND PRAYER WHILE WITNESSING
THE PROSPERITY OF THE UNGODLY.



SAID, ' My ways I watch with care,
Lest sin should tempt my tongue from
right ;

Upon my mouth a guard I wear
While wickedness is in my sight.'

In silence dumb I held my peace,
Tho' comfort thus I could not gain,
For while from speech my lips did cease
It but intensified my pain.

A fire was glowing in my heart,
And while I mused it burst to flame ;
At last my lips in prayer did part,
At last I dared to breathe Thy name—

Oh ! make me, Lord, mine end to know,
The measure of my days supply,
The littleness of living show,
That I may know how frail am I !

My days Thou madest as a span ;
A lifetime is as nought to Thee ;
Ah ! nothing but a breath is man ;
His best estate is vanity.

Man walketh as a phantom vain ;
In shadows all his efforts end ;
He toils a heap of gold to gain,
But knows not who the pile shall spend.

And now what is this waiting worth ?
What value hath this life at best ?
My only hope upon this earth
Is anchored in Jehovah's breast !

From all my sins, oh ! set me free,
Nor fools' reproaches let me share.
My lips were dumb—'twas done by Thee ;
'Twas Thine to punish, mine to bear.

Thy scourge consumes my strength within ;
The heavy stroke in mercy stay.
Man's beauty, when Thou chast'nest sin,
Frail, fretting moth ! soon melts away.

Man is a breath—To Thee ! I kneel.
Lord, let my sorrow reach Thy ears ;
My troubled spirit then shall feel
The peace that dries a mourner's tears.

A stranger I sojourn below,
As did my pilgrim sires before ;
One interval of rest bestow
Ere I go hence and be no more !

PSALM XL.

A RETROSPECT OF GOD'S FORMER MERCIES AND A CRY
FOR HELP IN FRESH CALAMITIES.



PATIENT for the Lord I waited.

Bending down He heard me cry ;
From a dismal pit He brought me ;
On a rock He set me high ;
From miry swamp where danger lay
He drew my feet and set my way.

In my lips, the first to sing it,
Hath He put a song of praise,
Song of thanks that many hearing
Shall to God their worship raise.
They Thy gracious hand shall see,
And fear and trust, O Lord, in Thee.

Bless'd is he with faith unfailing
Who for hope on God relies,
Neither to the proud attending
Nor apostates speaking lies ;
He standeth sure whose choice is made,
Whose trust is on Jehovah laid.

Thou hast multiplied Thy wonders
And the care of God for man.
Who can range Thy works in order ?
Who their mysteries can scan ?
If I their number would declare
To count their sum I could not dare.

Offerings and sacrifices,
Blood of beasts on altars poured
(This my opened ears have learned),
No delight to Thee afford.
'Lo !' then said I, 'I come—the Roll
Prescribes this duty to my soul—

'Come with joy to do Thy pleasure ;
Yea, Thy Law is in my heart !'
To the crowded congregation
This I hastened to impart,
Glad in public to express
Thanks for all Thy righteousness.

Hiding not Thy grace and goodness,
I have widely made them known,
And Thy saving truth and kindness
To the great assembly shown.
The truth, the love that I declare,
Oh ! Lord, in pity let me share !

Countless evils compass round me,
Press'd beneath a load of sin ;
Sins that do my hairs outnumber
Crush my failing heart within.

Thou, Lord, alone canst set me free ;
Oh ! haste to help ! I trust in Thee.

Let them blush and be confounded
Who my soul would seek to kill ;
Turn them backward in dishonour
Who would do or wish me ill.
Oh ! strike the scoffers dumb with shame
Who with derision mock my name !

Those that seek Thee fill with gladness ;
Be their breasts with joy supplied ;
Ye that love His great salvation
Say, ' The Lord be magnified !'
Tho' weak and poor Thy arm is strong ;
Redeemer, Helper, wait not long !

PSALM XLI.

COMPLAINT OF A SUFFERER SURROUNDED BY
TREACHERY.



E whose heart can feel for sorrow,
And to grief a solace lend,
Shall from God find help in trouble ;
Blessèd is the mourner's friend !

Full of peace and full of honour
Shall his life be to its close ;
Thou wilt not his life surrender
To the pleasure of his foes.

Strength in sickness Thou wilt send him,
Thou wilt raise his aching head ;
When in fever weak and restless
Hands unseen will smooth his bed.

‘Lord,’ I prayed, ‘oh ! grant me mercy,
Heal my sin-afflicted soul !
Tho’ I have rebelled against Thee
Thou canst speak and make me whole.’

Some who hate and mean me evil
Say with a malicious spite,
‘Is not his last hour expected ?
Soon his name will perish quite.’

Some as neighbours call to see me—
Outside smiles and inside hate—
Go abroad with gathered malice
Scandals wide to circulate.

All against me whisper mischief,
All combined my hurt devise.
‘Something dreadful cleaveth to him ;
From his bed he cannot rise.’

Yea, my friend, familiar, trusted,
Friend, but of a better day,
He who of my bread hath eaten
Lifts his heel and turns away.

Thou, O Lord, in mercy raise me,
That I may my foes requite ;
I am conscious of Thy favour,
Since Thou dost their triumph blight.

As for me, by Thee upholden,
In Thy sight secure I rest ;
Through the everlasting ages
Israel's God be praised and blessed !

PSALM XLII.

ZIONWARD GLIMPSES OF AN EXILE BEYOND JORDAN.



S pants the hind for water-brooks,
Her heaving flanks to lave,
To God my yearning spirit looks,
Whose mercy flows to save.

For God alone, the living God,
My spirit thirsteth here ;
When shall I spurn this earthly sod,
Before Him when appear ?

My food the tears that drench my cheeks
Have day and night supplied,
While on my ear the question breaks,
‘Where doth thy God abide?’

When backward on the past I gaze,
My soul with grief is spent ;
How bitter-sweet those bygone days
When to God’s house I went !

How glad I joined the pilgrim throng
Who sought Thy courts to pray,
And led the march with chant and song
To keep Thy festal day !

Why dost thou droop thy wings, my soul,
Why flutter in my breast ?
Hope thou in God, thy fears control,
And He shall bring thee rest.

If weighed with trouble or with grief,
If sickness shade my brow,
One Source remains of sure relief,
My best Physician—Thou !

O God ! my inmost soul bows down,
But Thee I think of still,
From Jordan’s banks, from Hermon’s crown,
And Mitsar’s smaller hill !

The cataracts of ocean roar,
Deep calleth unto deep ;
I strive with breakers on the shore
And billows o'er me sweep.

Yet will the Lord command a calm ;
His love shall shine by day :
To Thee, my God, with grateful psalm
By night my heart shall pray.

Thus God, my Rock, shall I address :
' Why hast Thou left me so ?
Why, when my enemies oppress,
Must I in mourning go ? '

' Where is thy God ? ' my foes have said,
And daily thus deride ;
I had as lief a sword's sharp blade
Were buried in my side.

Why droop, my soul, thy restless plumes ?
Thy hope on God be set ;
His health my countenance illumines,
And I shall thank Him yet.

PSALM XLIII.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.



JUST God, my cause in justice plead
Against a cruel race ;
From fraud and wrong let me be freed
By Thy sustaining grace.

My God, my Fortress, why away
Thus drive me sore distress'd ?
Why must I mourn the livelong day,
By enemies oppress'd ?

Oh ! send Thy light and truth Divine,
Twin guides, to lead me, till
They bring me to Thy sacred shrine
And to Thy holy hill !

Then to Thy altar drawing nigh,
To God, my boundless joy,
In hymns of grateful praise shall I
My joyful harp employ.

Why droop, my soul, in restless mood ?
Why thus within me fret ?
Hope thou in God, bright Source of good,
For I shall praise Him yet !

PSALMS XLII. AND XLIII.

ANOTHER VERSION.

*Treating the two psalms as one poem, after Perotone,
Ditzlich, and others.*



AS, the heat of summer flying,
Pants for brooks the wild gazelle,
So my soul is thirsting, sighing,
Longing, Lord, with Thee to dwell !

Yes, my soul, in exile pining,
Yearns the living God to see ;
In Thy tabernacles shining
Would I were at home with Thee !

All day long and till the morrow
Tears alone have food supplied,
Scoffers asking in my sorrow,
'Where does now thy God abide ?'

Oft within my heart I ponder,
Oft recall the festal day
When to Zion's temple yonder
Pious pilgrims thronged to pray.

Rank with rank the host arraying,
To the house of God I led,
Voices singing, minstrels playing.—
Glorious hours, how soon ye fled !

Why, my soul, cast down, complaining ?
Wherefore flutter ? wherefore fret ?
Hope in God ; His grace sustaining
Shall to health restore me yet.

Tho' the chains of grief have bound me
Thoughts of Thee my spirit fill ;
Jordan, Hermon, Mitsar round me,
But my God is with me still !

Deep to deep in thunder calling,
Cataracts above me roll ;
Billows wild and floods appalling
Have been sweeping o'er my soul.

Yet will God in mercy tender
Mid the gloom transmit a ray ;
Thine my life, to Thee I render
Prayer and song by night and day !

With my God, my Rock, I reason :
'Why so long by Thee forgot ?
Bowed beneath a weight of treason,
Why am I remembered not ?'

Better had a sword-thrust made me
Fall beneath a mortal wound
Than to hear my foes upbraid me,
‘Where may now thy God be found?’

Why, my soul, so full of sadness?
Hope in God, and cease to fret;
Gloom will soon give way to gladness,
For my God will help me yet.

Lord, against a cruel nation
Plead my cause, its justice show;
Let the proud in highest station
Thee as my Protector know.

Thou, my Strength, why hast Thou left me
To and fro to roam distress’d?
Why of ev’ry joy bereft me,
By insulting foes oppress’d?

Send Thy light and truth to guide me
To Thy holy mountain’s brow;
Sister spirits! walk beside me
Till within Thy courts I bow.

So unto God’s altar going—
God of my exceeding joy—
I to Thee all praise bestowing
Shall my willing harp employ.

Why, my soul, so droop dejected ?
Look above this crumbling clod ;
Hope, and wait the light expected
Breaking from the throne of God !

PSALM XLIV.

AN APPEAL TO THE GIVER OF PAST VICTORIES NOT TO
ABANDON A SUFFERING BUT FAITHFUL PEOPLE.



WE have heard it, O God, with our ears,
And our fathers the story have told,
What a work Thou hast wrought in the
years
That are growing historic and old ;
How, the heathen expelled by Thy hand,
Thou didst stablsh our sires in their place,
How Thy measures of vengeance were plann'd
To uproot an idolatrous race.

It was not by their courage or sword
That this land our fathers possess'd,
Not the strength that their arms could afford
That secured for them safety and rest :
It was Thine, the right hand of Thy might ;
It was Thine, the strong arm that could save ;
'Twas Thy countenance shed on them light
And Thy favour the heritage gave !

As a King in the past Thou didst reign,
Thou art always, Jehovah, my King !
Let Thy mandates be issued again,
And to Jacob deliverance bring.
Thou shalt scatter our foemen in flight,
We shall tread them beneath us in shame,
And the victory only shall light
On the banners inscribed with Thy name.

For I never put trust in my bow,
Nor for safety rely on my sword ;
It is Thou that hast saved us, we know,
And the enemy fled at Thy word.
In Jehovah all day is our boast ;
To Thy name adoration we pay—
Yet Thou marchest no more with our host,
Thou hast cast us inglorious away.

If we turn in retreat from the foe,
And abandon our tents to their fate,
If as sheep to the slaughter we go,
And are scattered 'mong nations that hate,
It is Thou that dost sell us for nought
To a doom of captivity sore,
Tho' the prices at which we are bought
Cannot add to Thine infinite store.

A reproach to our neighbours we've grown,
Round about us they mock and deride,
To the heathen a byword alone,
To the people—a head tossed aside !

These thoughts most bewildering rush,
And my eyes with confusion are blind,
While my face, crimson'd o'er with a blush,
Only pictures the shame of my mind.

Yes, I blush for the voice that upbraids,
For the tongue that its God can blaspheme,
For the foe that unhindered invades,
For the scoffer that mocks at Thy name.
These disasters we suffer, and yet
Is our loyalty steadfast and sure ;
Thy old mercies we never forget,
And Thy covenant never abjure.

We have swerved not in heart from the right,
Nor our steps turned back from Thy way,
Tho' exposed to the jackals by night
And with death overshadowed by day.
If we ever dishonoured Thy name,
Or to idols deflected the knee,
Would not God our rebellion proclaim,
Who the heart's deep recesses can see ?

We are slain for Thy sake all the day,
And the foe doth no pity extend ;
As a flock in the shambles we lay,
Where the sheep for the slaughter are penn'd.
Why should slumber Thine eyelids invade ?
Lord, awake to our rescue at last ;
Let us know we can trust to Thy aid,
And from Thee not for ever be cast.

Wherefore hidest Thou from us Thy face
And forgettest the wrongs that oppress?
For our souls are bowed down in disgrace,
We are sunk to the earth in distress.
Oh ! arise to our help, as of yore
Thou didst Jacob deliverance send !
As Thou wert to our fathers before
Be to us a Redeemer and Friend.

PSALM XLV.

A ROYAL MARRIAGE SONG.



RIGHT thoughts my heart o'erflow
As from a bubbling spring :
My theme is high, I know ;
My subject is a King.
My tongue the fluent words supplies
As pen of ready writer flies.

Manhood in youth is fair,
But Thou art fairer still,
And eloquence most rare
Thy gracious lips distil ;
Therefore through time's eternal round
Hath God Thy head with blessings crowned.

Gird Thee upon Thy thigh,
Most Mighty, with Thy sword ;
Let Thy bright panoply
With Thy renown accord,
Accoutred as a prince should be
In glory and in majesty.

Ride on, Thou Royal Youth ;
Be Victor in the fight,
A Champion of the truth,
Of meekness, and of right.
So shall Thy hand in battle's hour
Reveal the terror of Thy power !

From Thine avenging bow
Thy flashing arrows start ;
They strike the rebel foe,
And pierce him to his heart :
The conquered people as they fall
Own Thee in death the Lord of all.

Thy kingdom and Thy throne,
O Lord, shall never end.
Thou lovest right alone ;
Thy frowns on sin descend.
So God hath pour'd glad oil on Thee,
Above Thy fellows in degree.

Thy perfumed garments lend
A fragrance sweet and rare ;
Myrrh, aloes, cassia blend
Their odours in the air ;

And joyous music swells for Thee
From palaces of ivory.

In jewel'd robes of state
Kings' daughters take their place,
Among Thy lov'd ones wait,
A sisterhood of grace ;
In gold of Ophir, dazzling, bright,
Thy consort queen sits on Thy right.

O daughter, list, I pray :
Thy thoughts must never roam,
To scenes of childhood stray,
Nor to thy father's home ;
So shall thy beauty never dim.
He is thy lord ; bow down to Him.

To thee, O daughter fair
Of Tyre's imperial line,
The richest shall repair,
With humbled heads incline,
And spread their gifts before thy feet
Thy gracious favour to entreat.

All glorious to behold
Within her royal gates,
With train of thread of gold,
The queen her summons waits ;
Through halls with brodered carpets spread
The bride unto the King is led.

The virgins in her train,
Companions sweet and fair,
The presence-chamber gain,
The bridal triumph share ;
They come, while shouts of welcome ring
Within the palace of the King.

To the King.

Boast not of fathers dead ;
Thou hast no royal line :
Thy children, kings instead,
In history shall shine.
Thy glory let me wide proclaim,
That age to age may bless Thy name.

PSALM XLVI.

A SURE STRONGHOLD IS OUR GOD.



GOD our stronghold is and refuge,
In distress a present aid ;
Tho' we feel the earth subsiding
We shall never be dismayed.
Mid-sea let the hills be carried,
Let the waters surge and roar,
Let the tempest shake the mountains ;
We shall faint and fear no more.

Yonder flows a gentle river,
Softly laving Zion's side,
Stream whose bright and healing waters
By the holy city glide ;
In her midst her God abiding,
She shall never be removed ;
He shall at the dawn of morning
Help the city He hath loved.

Nations clamoured, kingdoms tottered,
Spread confusion far and wide ;
But Jehovah's voice hath spoken ;
Melts the might of human pride.
Lord of Hosts, if Thou be with us
Swift defeat our foes shall know ;
Jacob's God our Refuge Tower,
Storms in vain may rave and blow.

Come and see what deeds Jehovah
Hath in might and wonder wrought ;
Read the lessons of His vengeance
To the earth in terror taught.
War throughout the world He stilleth,
Snaps in twain the archer's bow,
Cuts the soldier's spear asunder,
Chariots burnt to cinders glow.

'Cease ye ; know I am Jehovah ;
I who speak am God alone.
Nations all shall bow before Me ;
My dominion earth shall own.'

Lord of Hosts, if Thou art with us,
Free from care we shall abide ;
God of Jacob, Thou our Fortress,
Who shall part us from Thy side ?

PSALM XLVII.

EXULTATION AT THE LORD'S TRIUMPHANT ASCENSION.



Ye peoples, clap your hands,
With exultation sing ;
Thro' earth's remotest lands
Let shouts of triumph ring.
The Lord Most High,
Dread Majesty,
Is universal King !

He quells our heathen foes,
Subdues the nations wide,
The land for us He chose
Which Jacob owns with pride ;
Mid shout and cry
Of victory
Behold Him heavenward ride !

Your harps, ye minstrels, take,
Attune their chords to praise ;
To earth's great King awake
Your most melodious lays ;

Confess no throne
 But His alone,
 And skilful music raise.

God rules the heathen now ;
 From each remotest shore
 The vassal princes bow
 And Abram's God adore.
 Earth's shields behold
 By Him controll'd,
 Most High for evermore !

PSALM XLVIII.

THE SECURITY OF JERUSALEM UNDER GOD'S
 PROTECTING CARE.



REAT is the Lord ; and praise to Him is due
 Where on His mount His city crowns the
 view,
 Joy of the earth and beautiful for site,
 Northward on Zion's battlemented height.

God in her courts is known a Refuge true.
 Kings, mustered, marched, and near the city drew ;
 They saw, were sore amazed, and fled again,
 Seized with sharp pangs as woman's travail-pain ;

Wreck'd as when ships that out of Tarshish sail,
Caught by the east wind, foundered in the gale.
Thus have we seen what prophecy foretold :
' God will for ever Zion's walls uphold.'

Oft have we thought within Thy house of prayer,
Oh ! what a weight of love Divine we share !
As is Thy name Thy praise let earth express,
For Thy right hand is full of righteousness.

Let Zion's mount and Judah's maids rejoice
For all the judgments utter'd by Thy voice.
Compass her walls, her bastions note and tell,
Her bulwarks study, and her courts mark well ;

That from your lips a coming race may know
Zion unscathed withstood both siege and foe.
Such is the Lord, and such while ages glide,
In life, in death, our Guardian and our Guide !

PSALM XLIX.

THE VANITY OF MERE EARTHLY PROSPERITY.



ALL people of all lands, my words attend,
All who on earth's broad surface live and
dwell,
The rich and high, or poor who lowly bend ;
Mankind must hear the message that I tell.

My mouth shall speak what wisdom shall define,
And understanding shall direct my heart ;
Mine ear shall to a parable incline ;
I tune my harp dark sayings to impart.

In evil days why should my courage fail,
As if the light of faith were going out,
Tho' persecution should my life assail,
Or wickedness should dog my heels about ?

They who gloat o'er their gold as misers pore,
Or boast them of their riches stored away,
No fellow mortal can from death restore,
Nor for a life to God a ransom pay.

Vain thought, the purchase money of a soul !
Vain hope, that golden keys unlock the grave !
No rich man by his wealth while ages roll
Shall dying brother from corruption save.

Lo ! yonder ! wisdom's brow is cold in death,
And ignorance a dull, damp clod doth lie,
And folly in its laughter perisheth—
—All leave their wealth for others when they
die !

Some think their houses, safe from all decay,
Shall stand for ages and be still the same ;
' Tho' generations pass these walls shall stay ;'
And grounds are made to bear the groundling's
name.

Yet man, tho' clothed with honour, bideth not ;
He dies, with all his pomp, as dies the beast ;
For man and brute shall both together rot ;
The worm's not dainty to select his feast.

This is their way who walk where folly leads,
Who live in blind self-confidence secure ;
Yet fools succeed them who approve their deeds
And follow whither their examples lure.

As close-penn'd flock await their certain doom
So will the rich man's glory soon be dust ;
Their shepherd, Death, conducts them to the
tomb,
While daybreak sees dominion crown the just.

But, God be thanked, O grave, I spurn thy power ;
From world unseen He shall my spirit take.
Tho' fame and wealth upon thy neighbour shower,
Rest till the end, nor let thy envy wake.

A transitory tenure at the best,
The rich man carries nothing when he dies,
Tho' he pronounced himself the happiest,
And man's self-value dazzles most men's eyes.

He that so lives shall die and be forgot ;
He joins the generation of his sires.
Man high in honour, understanding not,
Lives like a brute and as a beast expires.

PSALM L.

THE TRUE NATURE OF DIVINE SERVICE AND WORSHIP.



OD, the mighty Lord, hath spoken,
Summons loud to earth address'd,
Eastward from the sun's uprising
To his setting in the west.

Out of Zion, queen of beauty,
Beams Divine of splendour pour :
God shall come, no longer silent ;
Tempest round Him, flames before.

He shall summon heaven to witness,
And invoke the earth below ;
For He comes to judge His people ;
Let the whole creation know.

‘Gather all My saints together,
Bound to Me by solemn plight,
Who with Me have covenanted
By a sacrificial rite.’

Loud His righteousness unfailing
The celestial hosts declare.
God Himself hath come to judgment ;
He shall sentence or shall spare.

‘ Hear, and I will speak, My people :
Israel I call Mine own ;
I will testify against thee ;
I am God, thy God alone.

‘ Not for sacrifices stinted,
Neither for burnt offerings mean,
Not for this do I reprove thee ;
Smokeless I’ve no altar seen.

‘ From thy house I ask no bullock,
Ask no folded goat of thine :
Every brute that roams the forest,
By creation’s right is Mine.

‘ Cattle on a thousand highlands,
Fowls that range the mountain free,
Savage herds or beasts of pasture,
Wild and tame, belong to Me.

‘ Thee I would not tell tho’ hungered ;
Earth its Maker would sustain.
Can the flesh of bulls delight Me,
Or the blood of he goats slain ?

‘ Offer unto God thanksgiving ;
Pay thy vows to the Most High ;
Call on Me in days of trouble ;
Thou shalt feel a Saviour nigh.’

But He saith unto the sinner,
‘On My statutes why dilate?
Why My covenant rehearsest
Since My will and words you hate?’

‘Thou to thieves a prompt accomplice,
With adulterers unchaste,
Didst pollute thy mouth with evil,
And with lies thy tongue debased;

‘Coolly sat, didst wrong thy brother,
Slanderedst thy mother’s son;
Still, too patient, I kept silent,
Knowing these things thou hadst done.

‘Thou thoughtest I was altogether
As indifferent as thou.
See, I range thy sins before thee.
Hearken; I rebuke thee now.

‘This, O ye, in time consider,
Who your God do not revere,
Lest I rend you into pieces
When there’s no deliverer near.

‘Offered praise, the heart’s oblation,
Honour doth on Me bestow;
Unto him who walks in wisdom
God’s salvation I will show.’

PSALM LI.

PENITENTIAL PRAYER FOR RESTORATION TO FAVOUR.



LORD, vouchsafe to me Thy grace,
As Thou art lovingkind ;
The record of my guilt efface
And blot it from Thy mind.
Oh ! wash we thoroughly from my sin
And purify my heart within.

For day and night, accusers grown,
My past transgressions rise :
I sinned, alas ! 'gainst Thee alone,
Did evil in Thine eyes !
So might Thy sentence just appear,
And all Thy righteous dealings clear.

Behold, before I saw this earth,
Or took the shape of man,
Before my mother gave me birth,
My life of sin began.
Lo ! Thou that lovest truth of heart
Shalt wisdom inwardly impart.

Oh ! dip the hyssop in the blood
Whence healing virtues flow,
And bathe me till I leave the flood
Far whiter than the snow.

The voice of joy shall sound once more
When this crushed frame Thou dost restore.

From all my sins, oh ! hide Thy face,
My vices shut from view ;
A clean heart in my breast replace,
A steadfast soul renew ;
So pure and stainless shall I be,
A creature made again by Thee.

Oh ! cast me not in wrath away,
Or I shall sink in fear ;
But let Thy Holy Spirit stay,
My trembling faith to cheer.
My heart Thy saving joy would share ;
Oh ! plant a willing temper there.

So, Lord, Thy gracious ways explain
That, when transgressors see,
The sinner shall from sin refrain,
Converted unto Thee.
The blood-guilt wash that stains my name ;
Thy justice loud shall I proclaim.

O Lord, unlock my lips in praise,
By silence chained too long ;
With fervent tune my voice shall raise
The notes of thankful song.
The sacrifice Thou dost desire
Is inward faith, not altar fire.

Did offerings burnt Thy favour find,
They freely would be Thine.
The choicest victims would I bind,
And slay before Thy shrine.
To Thee one gift's worth all beside—
A contrite sinner's broken pride.

In Thy good season, Lord, do good
To Zion's city fair ;
Let Salem rise as once she stood ;
Her ruined walls repair.
When offered with a spirit right,
In sacrifice Thou wilt delight.

PSALM LII.

THE DOOM THAT AWAITS THE EVIL TONGUE.



WHY boastest thou, O man of might,
Why glory in thy shame,
Tho' round thee God His goodness shows,
His love each day the same?

But thou art full of subtle craft,
Thy lips with lies unclean ;
If razor's sharpened edge can wound,
Thy slander cuts as keen.

Thou lovest evil more than good,
Preferring wrong to right.
There's venom in thy words, false tongue ;
There's ruin in thy spite.

Thy doom at last God's justice speaks ;
Thy course of guilt is o'er :
'Thou shalt be plucked up, branch and root,
And vex His saints no more.'

The righteous shall thy ruin see,
Nor pity melt their eyes ;
For they shall smile upon thy fall,
And mock thy helpless cries.

'Lo ! this is he the humble feared ;
His overthrow behold ;
Who in his pride denied his God
And deified his gold.'

But as for me, I flourish still,
As green as olive tree,
That in God's house doth fruitful grow
And blooms abundantly.

On Him I rest in tranquil hope
When other hopes decay,
A Friend who is unchanged and true
When others fade away.

With thanks for all that Thou hast done,
I, Lord, upon Thy name
In presence of Thy saints will wait
And loud Thy praise proclaim.

PSALM LIII.

A LATER VARIATION OF PSALM XIV.



HE fool hath said within his heart,
'There is no God on high,'
And they who do the works of sin
A living God deny.

By every man on every side
Iniquity is done :
I search for one that doeth good ;
My search reveals not one !

In pity for a fallen race
The Lord from heaven above
Looked down to see if any knew,
If any sought His love.

But they are all gone back again,
To sin's pollution gone :
There's not a soul that doeth good,
That loveth right—not one !

‘Have evil-workers reckless grown,
That eat My saints like bread?
As they have called not on My name,
Do they not vengeance dread?’

On yonder plains a mighty host
Were panic-struck by night;
At morn their corpses strewed the camp:
So God avenges right.

May Israel soon from Zion’s gates
Her coming Saviour see,
When God shall bring His people home
And set the captive free.

Then Jacob shall exult once more,
In chains no longer sad;
His ransom’d sons shall shout for joy
And Israel shall be glad.

PSALM LIV.

PRAYER FOR HELP AND ASSURANCE IN PERIL.



Y Thy name, O God Most High,
Saving help to me supply;
Well I know that in Thy might
Thou wilt judge my cause aright.

When before Thy throne I bend
Let Thine ear my words attend,
For oppressors seek my life,
Men of violence and strife.

Strangers 'gainst my soul arise,
Set not God before their eyes.
Lo ! the Lord, my Helper dear,
Comes Himself my soul to cheer ;
He with ill will evil pay ;
By their doom Thy truth display.
Gladly shall I bring to Thee
Sacrificial offerings free.

Freely gifts shall I bestow,
Till Thine altar overflow,
And with hymns of gratitude
Praise Thy name, for it is good.
If my troubles cease to press,
Thine the arm that brought success ;
If mine eyes have triumph seen,
I through Thee have victor been,

PSALM LV.

PRAYER OF ONE BESET BY HIS ENEMIES AND BETRAYED
BY HIS FRIEND.



GIVE ear, O God most gracious,
Hide not Thyself away ;
Take heed to my petition
And answer when I pray.

Tossed to and fro, distracted,
My groans my grief express,
Because the foe is shouting,
Because the wicked press.

Iniquities upon me
They mercilessly heap,
With persecuting anger
My life in trouble steep.

My heart, sore pained within me,
Death's terror doth dismay ;
And trembling fear unnerves me,
Dark horrors o'er me weigh.

Oh for a dove's swift pinions
To seek some far-off nest,
To soar on wing exultant
To some sweet scene of rest !

Lo ! then the desert mountain
Would yield me safe retreat,
From raging tempest sheltered,
Where storms would harmless beat.

Confound, O Lord, their counsels,
Their evil tongues divide ;
For lo ! within the city
Misrule and strife preside.

By day, by night about it,
On walls, in street, in square,
Destruction, fraud, and mischief
Pollute the laden air.

If enemy had wronged me
I would not feel it so ;
Had open foeman threatened,
I might have fled his blow ;

But thou, a man my equal,
Companion, bosom friend,
How many times as brothers
Sweet counsel did we blend !

How oft on Sabbath mornings
We joined the festal crowd,
To God's house walked together,
Before one altar bowed !

Let death come swift upon them,
Immured in living grave ;
For guilt infects their dwellings,
And who would traitors save ?

But I the whole day ceaseless
To God with tears and sighs
Have looked, and found salvation ;
For He hath heard my cries.

He will from war impending
Redeem my soul in peace ;
Tho' hosts encamp against me,
Will make the battle cease.

For God—the King Eternal—
Their rebel pride shall tame
Whose stubborn hearts unchanging
Fear not Jehovah's name.

Lo ! this perfidious traitor
(Crime other crimes beyond)
Assails the friend who loved him,
And violates his bond !

His mouth is smooth as butter,
But war is in his heart ;
His words than oil are softer,
But yet as sword-thrust smart.

Cast on the Lord thy burden,
Trust His sustaining grace ;
He will not let the righteous
Be driven from their place.

The cruel and deceitful
In shame shall bite the dust :
For them—there's death untimely ;
For me—in Thee I trust !

PSALM LVI.

CHEERFUL COURAGE IN DANGER AND FLIGHT.



GOD, extend to me Thy grace,
For man would swallow me apace.
I fight against him all day long ;
My arm how weak ! but his
how strong !

My adversaries night and day
Thirst for my blood, like beasts of prey,
In numbers hastening to the strife,
With cruel aim to take my life ;

But in the day, when I'm afraid,
I turn to God for hope and aid ;
In Him I wait His promise blest,
On Him alone my faith I rest.

I cannot fear when near to Thee ;
What harm can flesh do unto me ?
They wrest my words the whole day long,
While all their thoughts are to my wrong.

Together met, they lie in wait ;
They track my heels and watch my gait.
Shall sin like this escape Thy sword ?
Bring down in wrath these peoples, Lord.

My wanderings Thine eye can tell,
Find for my tears a cruse as well.
If my life's story Thou dost keep
Notes not Thy book how oft I weep ?

When prayer can make my foemen flee
By this I know God fights for me.
Through God I tune my thankful lays
And through the Lord His word I praise.

I trust in God ; I never fear
What man can do when He is near.
Thy vows are on me. Lord, to Thee
My hymns are sung, my harp is free ;

For Thou that canst the grave control
From death deliverest my soul.
Hast Thou not kept my feet aright
To walk with Thee in living light ?

PSALM LVII.

BEFORE FALLING ASLEEP IN THE WILDERNESS.



OD, be gracious unto me ;
Hides my nestling soul in Thee,
Unto Thee for refuge clings ;
In the shadow of Thy wings
Shelter will be round me cast
Till the storm is overpast.

I will call on God Most High,
Who doth every want supply ;
He will send from heaven and save
(Faith can man's reproaches brave),
Will His lovingkindness send
And His truth to me extend.

What dangers round me are array'd !
My soul is midst the lions laid,
Men who would like flames devour,
Sons of men with deadly power—
Teeth like arrows, spearlike words,
Tongues as keen as sharpened swords.

God, be throned above the skies,
O'er the earth Thy glory rise !
They that planned for me a snare,
When my soul was bowed with care,

In the pit they dug for me
Fall themselves—there let them be.

Steadfast is my heart, O Lord ;
I will strike the tuneful chord.
Wake, my glory ! Be not mute,
Solemn harp ! Awake, my lute !
Vocal I the morn shall make
And the dawn with music wake.

Unto Thee my grateful lay
Mid the nations will I play.
Reaches yon blue sky Thy love,
And Thy truth the clouds above.
O'er the heavens exalt Thy throne ;
Let the earth Thy glory own.

PSALM LVIII.

A BOLD PROTEST AGAINST UNRIGHTEOUS JUDGES.



ASSEMBLED judges, do ye then
In silence right decree ?
Do ye the wrongs of brother men
Redress with equity ?

Nay, while the scales ye nicely fit
Your hearts have evil plann'd ;
The violence your hands commit
Ye weigh out through the land.

E'en from the womb the wicked sin,
From childhood turn aside,
To practise lies from birth begin
And spread their poison wide,

Like adder deaf, that stops her ear,
No voice her sting disarms ;
Enchanters' spell she will not hear,
However wise their charms.

Their jaw-teeth, O Jehovah, smite,
Their lion fangs subdue,
And let their strength sink out of sight
As runnels soak from view.

Let them be weak, as archers fail
Who headless arrows shoot ;
Melt as the slime of crawling snail,
Or womb's untimely fruit.

Before your caldrons feel the heat
Which gather'd thorns supply,
A storm the half-lit pile shall beat
And sweep off green and dry !

The righteous will rejoice to know
The doom the guilty meet ;
And pools dyed red by bleeding foe
Shall cool his fevered feet.

So men will say, ' There still remains
Reward for pious worth ;
There is a Majesty that reigns,
A God and Judge on earth.'

PSALM LIX.

PRAYER OF AN INNOCENT MAN AGAINST THE
MACHINATIONS OF HIS ENEMIES.



DELIVER me, O God, from all mine
enemies,
And set me high from them that up against
me rise !

Deliver me from those that work iniquity ;
From men who thirst for blood, oh ! my Protector
be.

Lo ! they have woven plots, intent my soul to snare ;
In strength they gather round, and hostile plans
prepare ;

Because not of my sin, not for offence of mine,
'gainst me without fault with malice they combine.

Awake, O Lord of Hosts, Thou God of Israel's land,
And visit in Thy wrath this heathen-hearted band !

Arouse Thyself! let these transgressors quickly know
To traitors false and vile Thou wilt no mercy show.

At evening they return, like savage wild dogs howl,
The city scamper round, and snuff for carrion foul.

See from their foaming mouths the venom'd slaver
gush ;
Hark ! through their sword-edg'd lips the threats of
slaughter rush.

'For who,' say they, 'will hear?' Lord, they provoke
Thy mirth,
And Thou dost laugh to scorn the nations of the
earth.

O Thou, my Strength ! on Thee I wait in troublous
time ;
For Thou my high Tower art, to Thee in faith I
climb.

My God shall come to meet me, gracious, loving-
kind,
And He shall let me see the doom that traitors find.

Lord, slay them not, our Shield, lest men too soon
forget,
But cause them dazed to reel, sore crushed and
conscious yet.

As they have daily killed by deadly hate and lie,
Let lips of falsehood taste how bitter 'tis to die.

With fire consume them slow, and let their ashes
tell
The God that Jacob rules controls earth's ends as
well.

Yes, they return at eve and like to wild dogs howl,
That hunt the city round and snuff for carrion foul.

They wander up and down for meat throughout
the night,
And grudge unless they stay their ravening appetite.

But as for me, in psalms Thy power shall I proclaim,
And with the morning dawn Thy goodness make
my theme ;

For Thou hast been my Tower, to which I fain
would press,
A Refuge and Defence in trouble and distress.

To God, Protector sure, I will attune my lay ;
Thy grace sustains my strength, Thy mercy lights
my way !

PSALM LX.

LAMENTATION FOR A LOST BATTLE AND ANTICIPATION
OF FUTURE VICTORIES.



THOU hast cast us, Jehovah, away,
And in anger hast broken us quite ;
We behold rank on rank with dismay
Overwhelm'd in disaster and flight.
Thou hast made the land tremble and
quake,
Thou hast rifted and cleft it in twain,
Thou hast caused its foundations to shake ;
Oh ! restore it to union again !

To Thy people hard things hast Thou showed,
While in deeper abasement we sink,
And the cup that with folly o'erflowed
Thou hast made us infatuate drink.
But the Lord will His faithful ones save,
For behold where His banner is set ;
'Tis the standard to muster the brave,
And Thy saints will be conquerors yet.

Thus the Lord in His holiness spake,
And His promise unbroken remains :
'See, of Shechem allotments I make ;
I will gladly apportion her plains ;

Where the valley of Succoth extends
I will measure her fields with a line ;
And her hills to Me Gilead bends,
While the forts of Manasseh are Mine.

‘ As a helm I take Eph-ra-im bold,
As a sceptre fair Judah I choose,
While My hand-basin Moab shall hold,
And to Edom I throw off my shoes.
O Philistia, why silent art thou ?
Cry aloud in thy Conqueror’s train !’
Who will guide to the citadel now ?
Who hath led me to Edom again ?

Hast not Thou cast us off ? and by Thee
Shall our hosts not be rallied again ?
Even yet our Deliverer be,
For man’s help in the battle is vain.
Through the Lord shall we valiantly do ;
Then with faith in His strength let us trust,
For to Him if devoted and true
He shall trample our foes in the dust.

PSALM LXI.

PRAYERS AND HOPES OF A BANISHED KING.



HEAR Thou my cry, O God, my prayer
attend ;

To Thee I call from earth's remotest end.
Thou when I faint, o'erwhelmed with
inward pain,
Canst lift me to a rock I could not gain.

For Thou hast been to me a Sheltering-place,
A Tower of Strength before the foeman's face.
Oh ! let me ever in Thy tent abide,
And 'neath Thine outstretch'd wings in safety hide.

Thou heardst my vows, and mine the land became,
Assured to them who fear Thy holy name.
With added days prolong the monarch's reign ;
From age to age the royal line sustain !

His throne before his God unmoved shall last ;
With truth and lovingkindness guard it fast !
So that I may my daily vows fulfil,
Whilst ceaseless praise my sounding harp shall thrill.

PSALM LXII.

RESIGNATION TO GOD THE ONLY SECURITY IN
EVERY TRIAL.



NLY on God my soul relies,
And waits in silence His decree ;
From Him whose grace my wants supplies
Salvation cometh sure and free.

My only Saviour, only Rock,
High Tower of strength unfailing proved,
Preserved from storm or battle-shock,
I cannot thence be greatly moved.

How will ye longer, one and all,
Thrust down a good man when he's weak,
As though he were a bowing wall
Or tottering fence about to break ?

From lofty place to thrust him down
The traitors false their plots begin ;
The knaves would strip him of his crown ;
With lips they bless, but curse within.

Only, my soul, thy groanings be
In silent hope to Him address'd ;
My Rock, my Saviour, only He,
High Tower, where I secure may rest.

Salvation, glory God imparts,
My sure Defence, my Refuge true :
Ye people, give to Him your hearts ;
God is for us a Refuge too !

Only a breath in low degree,
In high degree an empty lie,
Man, in the balance weigh'd, will be
Less than a breath—a vanity.

Trust not in wrong, it brings no peace ;
Nor boast of wealth by plunder won ;
If riches happen to increase
Set not your foolish hearts thereon.

Once God hath spoken, and the word
Came like a message from His throne ;
This revelation twice I heard,
That 'power belongs to God alone.'

And unto Thee doth love belong,
For Thou dost each man's work requite ;
There is a recompense for wrong,
There is a sure reward for right.

PSALM LXIII.

MORNING HYMN IN THE WILDERNESS OF JUDAH.



Y God—for Thou indeed art mine—
At break of early day
My soul doth pant, my flesh doth pine,
Within Thy courts to pray,
An exile in this rainless land,
'Mid weary wastes of arid sand.

So in Thy holy place of old
I gazed with yearning eyes,
That I Thy glory might behold,
Thy presence realise !
For, precious as life's blessings are,
Thy love, Thy grace are better far !

Then shall I bless Thee, while I live
To Thee my hands lift high ;
Thou, as rich feasts contentment give,
My soul wilt satisfy ;
And with glad lips shall I proclaim,
In joyful songs, Thy glorious name.

When on my bed fond memory
Recalls Thy love, Thy might,
I pass in silent thoughts of Thee
The watches of the night.

My Help of old, beneath Thy wing
My nestling soul for joy will sing.

I cleave to Thee with faith unspent,
Thy arm upholds me round ;
To lowest depths shall they be sent
Who would my soul confound ;
Them let the sword in battle slay
And wild dogs on their corpses prey.

But joy the monarch's heart shall move
In God, the King Supreme,
And all who worship Him in love
Shall proudly own His name,
While mouths whence only falsehood flows
A swift paralysis shall close.

PSALM LXIV.

INVOCATION OF DIVINE PROTECTION AGAINST
HUMAN TREACHERY.



HE voice of my complaint, O God, attend ;
From terror of the foe my life defend.

From rage of storming crowd my Shelter be,
And from the plots of dark conspiracy,

From men whose tongues are sharpened like a
sword,
Who aim their poison'd dart—a bitter word.

They from among the just a victim mark
And bend their sudden bow from ambush dark.

To gain their evil ends they grudge no care
And only study how to set their snare.

They ask, 'Who sees us?' Wicked schemes they
plan,
Then boast, 'The work is done which we began.'

Their inward thoughts a mystery they keep ;
The bottom of their crooked hearts lies deep.

But God hath marked them with unerring eye ;
The wounding bolt reveals His archery.

With their own tongues He works their own defeat,
The scorn and jest of every soul they meet.

All men have feared, God's hand with awe confess'd,
And owned at last His operations blest.

The just rejoice in God, their Refuge found,
And upright hearts His praise in triumph sound.

PSALM LXV.

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR AN ABUNDANT
HARVEST.



IN silence, Lord, on Zion's hill
To Thee our thoughts we raise,
To Thee the solemn vow fulfil
With reverential praise.

Prayer-hearing God, upon Thy love
All flesh confiding waits ;
The sins with which we vainly strove
Thy mercy expiates.

How blest the man Thou choosest well
And bringest near, that he
May in Thy courts accepted dwell,
In fellowship with Thee.

Oh ! when we think what gifts of grace
Thou dost for us provide—
Thine house, Thy temple's holy place—
Let us be satisfied.

O Lord, by wonders dread and just
We learn Thy wise decrees—
Thou of Earth's ends the only Trust
And of the far-off seas !

Who by His strength the mountains sets,
Begirt with might around,
Who stills the wild wave when it frets,
The raging people's sound.

Remotest lands Thy wondrous signs
With trembling awe receive ;
Thy presence in the morning shines
And blends with balmy eve.

The thirsting earth Thou'st visited
And made it overflow,
Enrich'd from out Thy fountain-head,
A brook that's never low.

To fit them for the seedling grain
The fields attract Thy care ;
With genial fertilising rain
Thou dost the soil prepare.

The furrows drench'd abundantly,
The crumbling ridges press'd,
Their timely moisture owe to Thee ;
Thou hast their springing blest.

Thy goodness crowns the closing year,
Thy paths drop fatness round,
The forest pastures share the cheer,
The hills with joy resound.

The meadows, clothed with flocks, are gay,
With corn the valleys bend ;
Glad voices hail the harvest day
And songs the welkin rend !

PSALM LXV.

ANOTHER VERSION.



FOR Thee, O God, with resignation,
Our praise in silence waits ;
To Thee with hymns the vow'd oblation
Is paid in Zion's gates.
To heartfelt prayer Thy ear attending,
Tho' lips with awe be dumb,
To thee, O Lord, in weakness bending,
All living flesh doth come.

My past misdeeds 'gainst me prevailing,
'Twas vain their force to stay ;
But Thou, when human strength is failing,
Dost wash our sins away.
In those bright courts where Thou abidest
How blest if call'd to dwell ;
There Thou rich gifts of grace providest
To satisfy us well !

With terror, God of our salvation,
Are shown Thy just decrees,
Thou Hope of earth's remotest nation
And men on far-off seas ;
Who by His strength the mountains setteth,
Begirt with might around,
Who smoothes the ocean when it fretteth
And lulls the tempest's sound.

He calms the people's wild disorder,
Makes tumults disappear ;
Within the wide world's utmost border
Thy tokens nations fear ;
The source of dawn and eve's outgoing
Thou makest ring with mirth ;
With land-springs filled to overflowing
Thou visitest the earth.

From God's own fountain drawing showers
Of fertilising rain,
Thou dost the glebe's exhausted powers
Make ready for the grain ;
The furrows with the moisture filling,
Thou dost the ridges press :
The softened fields grow fit for tilling ;
Their springing Thou dost bless.

Thy tracks drop fatness as Thou goest,
Thy goodness crowns the year,
With grass the wilderness Thou sowest,
The hills joy-decked appear ;

The meadows with white flocks are shining,
With corn the valleys sway,
And merry shouts with songs combining
Awake the harvest day !

PSALM LXVI.

THANKSGIVING FOR A NATIONAL AND PERSONAL
DELIVERANCE.



ALL earth, your myriad voices raise
And shout to God in songs of praise ;
Ascribe due honour to His name,
With sounding harps His might proclaim.

Oh, say to God, Thy works how dread !
Thy foes, tho' feigning, bow their head ;
The world adores with bending knee
Thy glorious name, and worships Thee.

Oh, come and read God's gracious plan,
How terrible His works for man.
He bade the ocean leave its bed ;
A host mid-stream on foot He led.

He piled the threatening waves on high
And made between a channel dry.
THERE where the deep obeyed His voice
Let us with trembling hearts rejoice.

He rules with everlasting sway ;
His sleepless eyes mankind survey.
Let not the proud exalted be ;
The Power survives that clave the sea.

O all ye people, bless the Lord,
And sound His praise with one accord,
Who holds our souls, in danger tried
Who suffers not our feet to slide.

As trial is of silver made,
So, Lord, our strength hast Thou assayed ;
When in the toils we strove, distress'd,
Thy hands fresh burthens on us press'd.

Beneath our tyrant masters' frown,
Both life and freedom trampled down,
As slaves through fire and flood we pass'd,
But Canaan was Thy gift at last.

I will within Thy house repair
And offer Thee burnt off'rings there,
My promised vows to Thee will pay,
Made when in trouble sore I lay.

My fatlings I shall sacrifice ;
To Thee the smoke of rams shall rise ;
Choice steers and he goats shall I bring
To make a perfect offering.

Ye saints, be witness every one
What for my soul the Lord hath done.
Aloud to Him my lips have call'd,
And with my tongue was He extolled.

Did conscious sin my bosom hide
He would not listen when I cried ;
But God be blessed, He heard my voice :
I feel His love, and I rejoice !

PSALM LXVII.

A UNIVERSAL SONG OF THANKSGIVING.



E ask, O God, Thy saving grace,
We plead Thy love Divine ;
Oh ! let the glory of Thy face
Upon Thy servants shine !

That through the earth may be made known
Thy purpose and Thy way,
That all may Thee their Saviour own
And Thee their Lord obey.

Let peoples in Thy praise unite,
In thanks the nations wide,
For Thou dost judge the peoples right
And art the nations' Guide.

Let all the peoples never cease
Their songs and thanks to raise ;
The land to Thee owes her increase,
To Thee be all the praise.

May God, our God whom we revere,
His gracious blessings send ;
Let man His name confess with fear
To earth's remotest end !

PSALM LXVII.

ANOTHER VERSION.



OD His grace to us extend,
Unto us His blessing send ;
Beaming with a love Divine,
Cause on us His face to shine.
Let Thy way on earth be known,
Thee their Saviour all men own.

Let their thanks the peoples raise,
All the peoples sing Thy praise ;
Gladly let the nations sing,
And with joy their voices ring.
Thou dost judge the people's right ;
Nations look to Thee for light.

Let the peoples grateful be ;
Oh ! let all give thanks to Thee.
Earth thro' Thee her harvest yields,
Corn and fruit in all her fields.
God on us His blessings pour !
Man with awe His name adore !

PSALM LXVIII.

GOD'S TRIUMPHANT MARCH TO HIS SANCTUARY
ON ZION.



ET God arise, and let His foes
Fugitives be ;
Let them that in rebellion rose
Cower and flee.

As vapours by the tempest chased
Drive them away ;
As wax before a furnace placed
Melted be they.

But let the just with grateful praise
Loudly rejoice ;
Oh ! let them in God's honour raise
Music and voice.

Exalt your God with harp and song,
Way for Him spread,
Who rides the sandy steppes along ;
Jah, name of dread.

To widow and to fatherless
Father and Friend,
He from His seat of holiness
Comfort will send.

The outcast in a home He sets,
Opening the gaol ;
But rebels in the desert lets
Sicken and fail.

When Thou, Thy chosen people's Guide,
Marched at their head,
And they through deserts drear and wide
Onward were led,

Earth shook, the dropping clouds with awe
Reverence made ;
Yon Sinai, when Thy face it saw,
Cowered, afraid.

Thy heritage with plenteous rain
Thou didst supply,
Restoring it to life again
When it was dry.

Thy creatures when they settled there,
Crying for bread,
On manna which Thou didst prepare
Bounteously fed.

God gives the word : the foe in rout,
Panic-struck, run,
And women cry with eager shout,
' Victory's won !

' The kings of hosts, they flee, they flee,
Scattered afar !
The dames in tents shall share with glee
Prizes of war.

' When 'mid the sheepfolds ye recline
You shall behold,
Like doves, your plumes with silver shine,
Burnished with gold.

' The kings Jehovah overthrows,
Fallen in flight,
Lie thick as Zalmon's drifted snows,
Glitt'ring and white ! '

A mount of God is Bashan high,
Lofty and lone,
A mountain rearing to the sky
Many a cone.

Why, ye peak'd mountains, let your breasts
Jealousy fill?
God's presence here for ever rests:
This is His hill.

God's chariots, tens of thousands, bright,
Rolling along,
He as on Sinai's sacred height
Marshals the throng.

Thou hast with all Thy cavalcade
Gone up on high;
Great Captain, Thou hast captive made
Captivity.

Gifts from the vanquished Thou dost take,
Owning Thy sway;
Jehovah shall His sceptre make
Rebels obey.

The Lord be bless'd, who lifts the load
Man cannot bear;
His saving help on life's dark road
Daily we share.

God of deliverance is He,
And, should He please,
From death can set His people free,
Holding its keys.

But for His foes He doth provide
Punishment just,
The flowing locks of shameless pride
Trails in the dust.

‘A shelter shall not Bashan be,’
God doth declare ;
‘Their hiding-place beneath the sea
I shall lay bare.’

‘A foot-bath for thee shall I make,
Fill’d with their blood ;
Thy dogs shall, as the share they take,
Lap the red flood.’

How grand Thy march, O God, my King,
Seen from below,
Thy sanctuary entering
Solemn and slow !

The singers first, and from the rear
Melody sweet
Of harps ; between them damsels fair
Tambourines beat.

His praise, ye congregations, swell ;
Bless ye the Lord,
And from the fount of Israel
Praise be outpoured.

Lo ! little Benjamin moves by,
Ruler by right ;
Judah, Zabūlon, Naphtāli,
Princes of might.

O God, do Thou Thy strength command
As in the past ;
Thy purpose from Thy temple plann'd,
Stablish it fast.

Let kings within Jerusalem
Offerings pay,
And on Thine altars summon them
Tribute to lay.

Rebuke the reed-frequenting beast,
Bulls and calves tame,
Till chiefs and peoples, great and least,
Honour Thy name.

Those that delight in silver bars
Trample in dust,
And nations scatter that for wars
Savagely lust.

Lo ! envoys bring from Pharaoh's lands
Offerings rare,
And Cush to God his swarthy hands
Stretches in prayer.

Ye kingdoms, harp to God in song,
Loudly and bold ;
Praise Him who rides the heavens along,
Heavens of old.

The Voice that speaks in thunder tone
Must be obeyed ;
The Power that realms celestial own
Never can fade.

O God, from out Thy courts most dread
Thee we confess ;
For strength and grace on Israel shed
Thee let us bless !

PSALM LXVIII.

HEXAMETER VERSION.



LET Jehovah arise, and His enemies
utterly scatter,
And let the haters of God be dispersed as
a rabble before Him ;
As smoke drifts in the wind, let their forces be
driven in battle ;
As wax softens in flame, let the wicked be speedily
melted,
Fused by the luminous rays of Jehovah's ineffable
glory ;

But let the righteous rejoice, and their hearts be in
triumph elated.
Sing unto God, sing praises and laud His name on
the harp-strings.
Cast up a highway for Him who rides thro' the sands
of the desert ;
Jah is His name. Oh ! be glad and exult ye,
rejoicing before Him.
Father of fatherless ones, and the Judge of the
desolate widow,
Pitying human grief from out His bless'd habitation,
Homes He builds for the homeless, setting the
lonely in households,
Slaves He frees from their fetters, opening the doors
of the prisons,
But in a waterless land He leaves the rebellious to
perish.
O God, when Thou wentst forth Captain and
Guide of the people,
When thro' the wilderness wild they felt Thy
terrible presence,
Earth shook, and th' awestruck skies bowed to the
manifest Godhead ;
Si-na-i cower'd with fear when Israel's God was
approaching.
With bounteous showers Thou didst Thine inherit-
ance gladden,
Sending a plentiful rain and reviving it when it was
thirsty ;
And there Thou for the suffering people a table
preparedst.

‘Onward!’ the Lord gives the word; women rush
thro’ the camp with the tidings.

‘Kings with their armies are fled, and the dames
will apportion the booty!’

When ye are stretched in the sheepfolds, as doves
ye will shine in your plumage,

Bright with a silvery sheen and flashing with gold
in the sunlight;

But when th’ Almighty’s arm hath vanquished kings
in the battle,

Scattered and white are they laid as the snow-flakes
glitter on Zalmon.’

One of the mountains of God is the towering moun-
tain of Bashan;

Crested with frequent cones are the cloud-capp’d
ranges of Bashan.

Why are ye looking so jealous? Tell me, ye many-
peaked mountains.

This is the mountain of God, and here is His
favourite dwelling;

Here will Jehovah abide, and establish His throne
everlasting.

Myriads twain are the chariots of God; they are
thousands on thousands;

God Himself in the midst from Si-na-i marches to
Zion!

Thou art gone up on high. Thou hast led a captivity
captive.

Gifts Thou takest from men, and a tribute from the
rebellious.

So shall Jah Elōhim be a King thro’ the ages eternal.

Blessèd be God ! to Jehovah alone salvation
belongeth,
Bearing the burthens that daily oppress us, or
making them lighter,
Ruler of life and death, Thou God of deliverance
only !
Holding the keys of the grave and the means of
escape from its terrors.
God on their head will smite His foes with a terrible
vengeance,
And in the dust will dishonour the locks of the
wilful offenders.
'From Bashan's heights,' saith God, 'and from the
depths of the ocean
I shall drag them forth. Thy feet shall be washed
in their life-blood,
While dogs lap in the stream that flows from the
enemy's death-wounds.'
How grand Thy march, O God, leading the solemn
procession,
Winding up Zion's hill and entering into the
Temple !
Singers in choir move first, in the rear stringed
instrument players,
Damsels moving between them, gracefully beating
their timbrels.
Bless ye the Lord in assembly, ye streams from
Israel's fountain !
Benjamin, ruler though small, takes the lead of the
peerage of Judah ;

Follow in bright array Zabūlon's, Naphtāli's
princes.

O God, command Thy strength from Thy temple
in Zion ;

What Thou hast wrought confirm ; let kings offering
tribute

Carry their gifts to Jerusalem, doing Thee personal
homage ;

Threaten the beast of the reeds, controlling the
riverside monster ;

Humble the bulls and the calves, subduing the
chiefs and the people,

Trampling those to the earth who have pleasure in
ingots of silver.

Nations thirsting for war do Thou, Lord, utterly
scatter.

Hither shall Egypt envoys send, and far Ethiopia
Quickly her hands stretch forth, submissively offer-
ing presents.

Sing to the Lord, O ye kingdoms ; play on the harp
to Jehovah,

Him who rides on the heavens primeval, the heaven
of heavens.

Lo ! He utters His voice in the tones of the echoing
thunder.

Ascribe strength to Jehovah, to Israel's King ever-
lasting,

Whose omnipotent hand we behold in the clouds of
the heavens.

From out Thy courts Thy power Thou in terror
revealest !

Thou art Israel's God, and the Giver of strength to
the people ;
Thine is the national life, and Thine be the general
blessing !

PSALM LXIX.

PRAYERS FROM THE DEPTHS OF SUFFERING BORNE
FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS SAKE.



SAVE me, O God ! the floods run high,
Dark terrors on me frown.
In vain for standing-place I try ;
The quicksands draw me down.

A death in sight, a death in sound
Appal my struggling soul ;
The seething waters close me round,
Above me surges roll.

My heart is weary, throat is dry,
And failing eyes are dim,
Whilst, hoping God will hear my cry,
I watch and wait for Him.

They number more who bear me hate
Than hairs upon my head,
Who lay their plans in dark debate
My guiltless blood to shed.

Tho' innocent my guilt is plain,
And, with injustice sore,
That which I got not—give again !
I took not—yet restore !

To Thee my folly is revealed ;
My sins before Thee lie ;
My smallest faults are unconcealed
From Thine all-seeing eye.

Oh ! never, Lord of Hosts, through me
Let those be put to shame
Who wait in simple faith on Thee
And worship in Thy name.

On Thy account with drooping head
I bear reproaches now ;
For Thee confusion's blushes spread
Their crimson on my brow.

For Thee, estranged, my brother shuns
A brother's well-known face ;
And I am to my mother's sons
One of an alien race.

For zeal Thy house revered to see
Within my bosom burned,
And insults that were aimed at Thee
Have on Thy saint returned.

My falling tears, my fastings sore
Were made a source of blame :
They mocked the sackcloth that I wore ;
My penance grew a shame.

The idlers in the city gates
Are busy to my wrong,
A butt, where toper meets his mates,
Of jest and noisy song.

To Thee, O Lord, my prayer I bend
In this accepted hour ;
Do Thou a loving arm extend
With all Thy saving power.

Lift from the mire my sinking frame,
My life from danger keep,
And let Thy voice in mercy tame
The terrors of the deep.

Let not the floods my head o'erflow,
But oh ! Thy servant save,
Lest in the yawning pit below
I find a living grave !

Jehovah ! hear me when I plead
Thy lovingkindness good !
An answer in Thy mercy speed,
To cheer my solitude.

Draw near me now in my distress ;
In love my ransom pay ;
Redeem me from my foes that press.
Thou knowest all I say !

My spirit's strife, confusion, shame,
The wounding gibe and slight,
The slanders that my ruin aim,
Are all before Thy sight.

My heart is full of gnawing pain,
With sorrows circled round.
I looked for pity, but in vain ;
No comforters I found.

With maddening thirst they saw me sink,
In hunger craving meat ;
They gave me vinegar to drink
And bitter gall to eat.

A hidden trap their table make
When they feel most secure ;
Their loins with constant palsy shake ;
Their sightless eyes obscure.

Send lava-streams of burning hate
To scorch them as they fly.
Oh ! make their dwellings desolate !
Their tents abandoned lie !

For persecuting words they speak
Of him Thou smitest sore,
Thy wounded ones in malice seek
To pain and harass more ;

Their reckoning calculate with care,
And add up sin to sin.
Thy righteousness let them not share,
Nor come its light within.

From out the book of them that live
Their names for ever blot ;
Among the just no portion give,
No place to them allot.

But as for me, distressed and sad,
Bowed down with grief, I sigh.
Thy saving strength shall make me glad ;
Thou, God, shalt set me high.

The praise of God I shall proclaim,
My lips His greatness sing ;
With music magnify His name,
My harp's thank-offering !

This sacrifice more pleasure yields,
God's service more adorns,
Than priceless oxen from the fields,
Than herds with hoofs and horns.

This joyful hope, this prospect sure,
To sufferers remain
(Ye stricken saints with bosoms pure,
Your heart revive again) :

Jehovah to affliction bends,
He hears when sorrow calls,
Tho' prayer from cabin-floor ascends
Or pierces prison walls.

Let heaven and earth His name resound,
The seas their tribute bring ;
Let swarming life thro' nature's round
Unite His praise to sing.

For God will Zion's hill protect,
And Judah's towers restore ;
His people there, His own elect,
Shall dwell for evermore,

And there His servants' sons will live,
Their heritage to claim,
The deathless fee that He will give
To those that love His name.

PSALM LXIX.

ANOTHER VERSION IN SAPPIC METRE.



SAVE me, O God ! a swelling sea of troubles
Breaks on my soul ; I sink and have no
standing ;
Mud of th' abyss is under me, and over
Rolleth a flood-stream.

Weary with calling, parched with frequent crying,
Tears drown mine eyes with unavailing anguish,
Whilst I wait hoping God will in His mercy
Hear my petition.

Foes without cause exceed my hairs in number ;
Strong my destroyers, yet without a reason.
Of that I took not make I restitution,
Debtor yet debtless.

What is my folly well, O God, Thou knowest ;
What are my errors, vain to try concealment.
Through me, oh ! let not those who wait upon Thee
Suffer reproaches !

Lord of Hosts, 'twas for Thee I bore dishonour,
Thine the red blush that crimson'd on my fore-
head,
While to my brethren, children of my mother,
I am an alien.

Zeal for Thy temple's glory hath consumed me ;
Darts shot at Thee my breast hath intercepted ;
Even my tears and fastings of the body
Brought me reproaches.

Sorrowful sackcloth chose I for my clothing.
Ridicule mocked me till I was a proverb ;
Idlers in gateways talk of me and drunkards
Jeer me in carols.

But for myself my earnest supplication
Is unto Thee, Lord, in a time of favour :
Oh ! in the greatness of Thy lovingkindness
Answer and save me !

From the deep mire, oh ! draw me, that I sink not ;
From my pursuers, from the depths of waters,
And from the flood that threatens to engulf me
Let me be rescued.

In this abyss, oh ! let me not be swallowed ;
Let not the pit its dark mouth shut upon me :
In the sweet fulness of Thy lovingkindness
Graciously hear me.

Unto my soul draw nigh, and out of danger
Ransom it, for mine enemies Thou knowest ;
All my reproach, my shame, and my confusion,
Lord, are before Thee.

Broken in heart, with heaviness dejected,
Looked I for pity ; not a glance was given :
Sympathy waited, but in all my sorrows
Comforters came not.

Gall when I hungered, vinegar when thirsty—
Such was the feast they spread for my refreshment.
Oh ! let their table as a snare entrap them—
Death amid safety !

Darken their sunshine ; let their eyes be sightless ;
Let their loins shake with unremitting palsy ;
Pour on their heads Thy wrath, and let Thine
anger
Hot overtake them.

Voiceless encampment, tents without a dweller—
Such be their doom who persecute the guiltless,
Causing fresh grief to those whom Thou hast
wounded,
Doubling their anguish.

Sin on sin reckon, swelling up the total ;
Let them not share Thy disregarded mercy ;
Blot them from life's book, nor among the righteous
Let them be written.

Poor in my sorrow, rich in Thy salvation,
Songs to Thy praise with music shall I offer,
Sacrifice sweeter than the blood of victims,
Oxen or bullocks.

This in glad hope the stricken ones have witnessed
(Ye that seek God, rejoice in heart together) :
Prayers reach His ear if offered from the cottage
Or from the dungeon.

God be exalted thro' the whole creation !
Zion He saves, rebuilding Judah's cities,
Giving His saints an heritage of glory,
Fadeless for ever.

PSALM LXX.

CRY OF A PERSECUTED SOUL FOR HELP.



H ! haste, my God ! I sorely need
My great Deliv'rer near !
Oh ! drive Thy chariot-wheels with speed !
I long their sound to hear.

Their ranks be broken who unite
To shake my spirits' joy.
Oh ! turn them back in shameful flight
Who would my peace destroy !

Who aim at me the wounding jest,
And taunting insults fling,
Defeat upon their malice rest ;
Oh ! disappoint their sting !

Let joy be theirs who love Thy name,
On Thee in faith confide ;
With ceaseless thanks let them exclaim,
‘ The Lord be magnified ! ’

But I am bound beneath a load
Of suffering and need :
Lord, tarry not upon the road ;
Thy help, my Saviour, speed.

PSALM LXXI.

PRAYER OF A VETERAN SAINT FOR GOD’S
CONTINUED AID.



IN Thee, Lord, I have refuge found ;
Oh ! let not shame my trust confound !
I plead Thy righteousness ;
Oh ! bend to me a listening ear,
And let Thy sovran grace be near,
My comfort in distress !

Be Thou my Habitation sure,
Where I may always rest secure,
For by Thy word I live.
To save me Thou, that art my Rock,
My Fortress against every shock,
Didst Thy commandment give.

From out the hand of wickedness,
The grasp that seeketh to oppress,
 The cruel and unjust,
Deliver me, O God, for Thou
From childhood upwards art till now
 My only Hope and Trust.

Since from the womb I came to light
I have been holden by Thy might.
 Thy praise my harp shall fill.
Such marvels hast Thou wrought for me
I am become a prodigy ;
 But Thou art changeless still.

My lips repeat Thy constant praise,
And, since to me a length of days
 Thy mercy doth allot,
Despise not Thou my whitening hairs,
And when old age my strength impairs,
 Oh ! then forsake me not !

When enemies perfidious aim
To hurt my soul and blast my name,
 They say, with cruel jeer,
‘God hath forsaken him at last :
Pursue him quick, and seize him fast ;
 There’s no deliv’rer near.’

O God, be not far off from me !
Oh ! haste with help to set me free !
 Confusion on them wait

Who seek my soul to overthrow ;
Subdue their pride and bring them low
Who mischief meditate.

For me, my heart in hope shall live,
And for Thy righteousness shall give
More time to praise Thee more ;
On Thy salvation I shall dwell,
For language fails me when I tell
Its deep, exhaustless store.

Beneath Thy temple's solemn dome
To sing Thy glory shall I come,
And gladly there recall
What from my cradle Thou hast taught,
The wonders that Thy hands have wrought
With joy declare them all.

Till I am numbered with the dead
Forsake not, Lord, this hoary head ;
Thy praise shall I proclaim,
That children's children may arise
Within the unborn centuries
To magnify Thy name.

Thy righteousness, O God, profound
I would with gratitude expound,
For who is like to Thee ?
If these grey hairs Thy mercy spare,
Thy wondrous works shall I declare
To late posterity.

Thou, who hast showed to us before
Distresses many, sharp and sore,
 That pressed upon us then,
Wilt from the depths of earth beneath
Uplift us from the jaws of death
 And quicken us again.

My honour Thou shalt still increase
And comfort me again with peace ;
 Then shall I tune my lute,
And loud Thy truth, Thy glory tell,
Thou Holy One of Israel ;
 Nor shall my lips be mute.

To Thee I shall my music raise ;
My soul in her Redeemer's praise
 Shall thrill with ecstasy ;
Thy righteousness shall be my theme,
For that my foes are put to shame
 I owe alone to Thee.

PSALM LXXII.

PRAYER FOR THE EXTENDED DOMINION OF GOD'S
 ANointed ONE.



GOD, the king with wisdom bless,
And make his judgments Thine ;
And may his son in righteousness
Reflect Thy Will Divine.

May he Thy people's cause decide
With truth and equity ;
Thy poor may he in justice guide,
And their protector be.

May peace with righteousness descend
From hill and mountain-side ;
May he with might the weak defend,
And crush the tyrant's pride.

So that as long as sun shall light
In heaven his noonday flame,
As long as moon illumines the night,
May men confess Thy name.

Oh ! let him prove as falling rain
Upon the meadow-fields,
As summer showers, that swell the grain
When earth her harvest yields ;

And on the righteous in his days
With peace abundance pour,
Their head in grace and honour raise
Till moon shall shine no more.

Let his dominion, spreading wide,
From sea to sea extend,
From where the river pours its tide
To earth's remotest end.

Let those who in the desert dwell
Bend low with homage meet,
And they who 'gainst his rule rebel
Do homage at his feet.

Let kings from Tarshish' golden shore
Their royal tribute bring,
And Sheba's spice and Saba's ore
Enrich the offering.

Yea, let all chiefs obeisant bend,
All tribes his service own
Who to the helpless proves a friend
And hears the sufferer's moan.

The poor in want and misery
His pity loves to cheer,
From fraud or force their souls to free ;
To him their blood is dear ;

So that they live and tribute rare
In gold of Sheba pay,
For him uplift their constant prayer
And bless him all the day.

Let all the land with harvests teem
Beneath the ripening sun ;
Let mountain-tops with corn-fields gleam
Like rustling Lebanon.

As plants that spring from watered plain,
 So let the city see
 Her sons increase, a numerous train,
 In vigour growing free.

His name let men for ever bless,
 Until the sun grows dim ;
 Bless him for all his excellence,
 And bless themselves in him.

Oh ! thank the God of Israel,
 His wondrous power proclaim ;
 Let earth His praise thro' ages tell
 And magnify His name !

PSALM LXXIII.

MORAL DOUBTS—

THE TEMPTATION, THE SIN, AND THE VICTORY.



YEA, surely God is good,
 And loves His people well,
 The pure in heart who faithful stood,
 His own true Israel.

For me, to wisdom blind,
 I almost went astray ;
 My erring steps, to doubt inclined,
 Had well-nigh given way :

For when the proud swept by,
By fortune's smiles caress'd,
I gazed on their prosperity
And envy filled my breast.

No bands doth death prepare
Their lusty strength to bind ;
They are not plagued with ache or care
In common with mankind.

As collar-chain of gold
These men their pride parade,
Their violence around them fold
As tho' a robe it made.

Grown fat with wealth and ease
Their eyes lascivious roll ;
Their lustful appetite to please
No passion they control.

With wicked words and high
They vaunt defiant wrong ;
Earth hears their voice as from the sky,
A superhuman tongue.

By such examples led,
The people God forsake,
And turn to pleasure's fountain-head
Their sinful thirst to slake.

‘How should God know,’ they cry,
‘What we may think or do?’
How should the thoughts of the Most High
Our lives on earth pursue?’

Behold the godless—these
Who ever prosperous seem,
Who live at home in pampered ease,
Whose stores with riches teem.

‘In vain I cleansed my heart,
And washed my hands in vain,
If for my innocence I smart
And stripes are virtue’s gain.’

Yet had I but in thought
Encouraged these complaints,
A wrong to Thee I should have wrought,
A traitor to Thy saints.

So when I ponder’d o’er
Each mystery and doubt,
It was a trouble more and more
To find God’s purpose out,

Until I went to bend
Within Thy house of prayer,
Until I saw their latter end
Unveil’d in terror there.

I saw the wicked set
On shelving summit steep ;
In vain they tried a hold to get
Their slipping feet to keep.

How from their lofty state
The godless sudden fall,
Laid in a moment desolate,
A portent unto all !

As dream to opening eyes
Dissolves before the light,
Awaking, Lord, Thou dost despise
Their image in its flight ;

For, with embitter'd heart
And reins with pain distress'd,
I own I play'd a senseless part,
A very brute at best.

Yet, as for me, I stand,
Sustained from every foe ;
For when Thou holdest my right hand
Thou wilt not let me go.

Thou my returning feet
Wilt in Thy counsel guide,
And take me to a glorious seat
Hereafter by Thy side.

Whom else hath heaven for me,
If there I take my flight ?
There's none on earth, but only Thee,
In whom I have delight.

Tho' flesh and strength give way,
Yet God will succour send ;
The Rock on which my hopes I stay,
My portion to the end.

Thy worship who disown,
On them shall ruin wait ;
Who place an idol on Thy throne
Deserve a traitor's fate.

But as for me, how blest
To feel Thy loving care,
Safe in Thy providence to rest
While I Thy works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

THE TEMPLE IN RUINS, AND THE FOE TRIUMPHANT,
GOD IS INVOKED FOR HELP.



HY cast us thus away ?
O Lord, in mercy say,
Thy presence banish'd evermore ?
The flock Thy pastures fed,
Why doth Thy anger dread
Its kindled flames upon us pour ?

Recall the love untold
That bought this flock of old,
By Thee redeemed, Thy chosen race ;
Thy heirs, this land we fill.
Ah ! think of Zion's hill
And of Thy ancient dwelling-place.

Oh, haste ! Thy sacred ground
Is laid in ruin round.
See where the foe in ruthless hate,
With maddening lust impell'd,
Thy holy shrines hath fell'd
And laid Thy temple desolate.

Where oft in happy days
We met for prayer and praise,
Hark how the fierce invaders rave.
Thy symbols they despise ;
Their flaunting banners rise
And o'er Thy trampled altars wave.

As woodman stroke on stroke
Hews down the sturdy oak,
And cleaves a way through forest shade,
So axe and hammer now
Make beams of cedar bow,
The carved work in the dust is laid.

Behold the burning brands,
Impelled by impious hands,
Have wrapped the sacred dome in flame ;

The blazing temple falls,
And naught but blackened walls
Remain to tell they bore Thy name.

‘Let us,’ the spoilers say,
‘Make havoc wide to-day,
No court respect, no column spare ;’
With fire and fury hot,
They wreck each hallow’d spot
And burn God’s houses everywhere.

Thy signs we do not see,
We know not what shall be ;
No ray of hope is on us cast ;
No prophet can be found
The future to expound
And say how long this woe shall last.

How long, O God—for Thou
Alone canst answer now—
Shalt Thou permit these deeds of shame?
How long shall ruthless foe
(Oh ! not for ever so !)
Heap insult on Thy holy name?

Why Thy right hand so deep
Within Thy bosom keep?
Oh ! pluck it out and lift it high !
My King art Thou of old ;
Let earth once more behold
Jehovah, God of victory.

Thine arm outstretching wide
The deep sea did divide,
And thro' the waves a highway smote ;
Thou crush'dst the horrid head
Of ocean-monsters dread,
And left their lifeless trunks to float.

The creature that did keep
Dominion in the deep,
Leviathan, Thou didst defeat,
And to the beasts of prey
That from the forest stray
His carcass didst Thou give for meat.

When Thou the rock didst smite,
A fountain sprang to light,
And gushing brooks refresh'd the land ;
Again, the river-flood
Obeyed Thy voice and stood,
And streams became a thirsty sand.

Thine both the day and night,
And Thine the twinkling light
That scintillates from star to star ;
Thou didst the sun ordain
And fix'd his glorious reign ;
The heavenly hosts Thy servants are.

Earth's borders on the sea
Are set by Thy decree ;
Her lines are in her Maker's hand.

By Thee the summer glows,
And Thine the winter snows ;
The seasons roll at Thy command.

The taunts of wicked tongue
Against Thy glory flung,
The scornful sneer, the spiteful word,
The fools that put to shame
Thy great and holy name,
Remember these in time, O Lord.

Oh ! let Thy ancient love
Protect Thy turtle dove
And shield her life from ravening beak !
The poor who bend the knee
In simple faith to Thee
Forget not when their God they seek.

Recall Thy league of old,
Thy plighted truth uphold ;
For wide through this afflicted land
Each scene of grateful shade
Becomes an ambuscade,
Where deeds of violence are plann'd.

Oh ! let not the oppress'd
Turn back with shame distress'd !
Extend Thy mercy as of yore ;
Let want and suffering raise
The hymn of thankful praise,
The homage of glad hearts outpour.

Arise, O Lord, tho' late ;
Be Thine own Advocate ;
Defend Thy cause from scoffing fools :
Above the ceaseless din
Of vanity and sin
Proclaim aloud, ' Jehovah rules ! '

PSALM LXXV.

REFLECTIONS OF A PIOUS RULER.



WE give to Thee, O God, our thanks
For mercies new and old,
And that Thy name is nigh to us
Thy wondrous works have told.

The Voice of Jehovah.

When the appointed time draws near
I shall Myself as Judge appear.

Tho' earth dissolves like melting wax,
And hastens to decay,
With all that live and dwell thereon,
Its ruin I can stay.
These hands, that first its pillars set,
Are strong enough to poise them yet.

I said unto the arrogant,
' Oh, deal not boastfully ; '

And to the wicked I exclaimed,
‘ Your horn lift not so high ;
Oh, lift not up so high your horn,
And speak not with such lofty scorn.’

The Psalmist.

For prowess comes not from the east,
Nor from the south or west :
No ! God is Judge, and He decrees
That which He deemeth best.
He putteth one dishonoured down
And lifts another to a crown.

A cup is in Jehovah’s hand
To hold the foaming wine,
Fill’d from the jar where mingled herbs
Their potency combine.
The dregs that in that cup remain
The wicked of the earth shall drain.

But as for me, to Jacob’s God
I shall direct my praise,
For ever magnify His name
And sing my sweetest lays ;
The horns of vice shall I make less,
But lift the horns of righteousness.

PSALM LXXVI.

PRAISE OF GOD AFTER THE ROUT OF SENNACHERIB'S
ARMY.

IN Judah God is known, and wide
In Israel is magnified ;
He couched in Salem's leafy shade,
His lair on Zion's hill He made,
There brake the arrow and the bow,
And shield, and sword, and battling foe.

All glorious art Thou ; on that day
The mountain-holds of sons of prey
Beheld the bold stretched heap on heap,
The spoilers spoiled in death's last sleep ;
At Thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
Chariot and horse a lifeless clod !

Thou wearest terror as a crown,
And who can stand before Thy frown ?
When God, the Judge, in might arose
To save His meek ones from their foes,
Thy judgment made the heavens resound
And earth was hushed with awe profound.

Man's wrath must praise Thee. Wrath unspent
Is, zone-like, to Thy purpose bent.

To God your Lord both vow and pay ;
 Gifts at His feet, ye nations, lay.
 He mows the pride of tyrants down,
 And earthly despots fear His frown.

PSALM LXXVII.

THE HISTORY OF THE PAST A COMFORT IN AFFLICTION.



MY voice is raised to God ; I cry aloud.
 Almighty God, oh ! listen to my cry !
 In these dark days of grief, with trouble
 bowed,
 I seek the Lord from depths of misery.

My hands are in the night outstretched in prayer,
 My wasting strength ebbs ceaselessly away,
 No comfort doth my aching spirit share,
 And hope itself refuses now to stay.

If I remember God, a deep-drawn sigh
 Reveals the weight that lies upon my breast.
 To hold communion with my heart I try ;
 I fain would muse, to calm my sad unrest.

Thou hast my weary eyelids waking held ;
 I lie in silence till the break of day,
 While memory reviews the days of eld,
 The story of the ages past away.

I call to mind the song I used to sing,
And as the melody revives I pause
And ask my heart, Why all this suffering?
My spirit too enquires the hidden cause.

Oh ! will the Lord for aye cast off His own ?
Will He no longer favour on us pour ?
His mercy, hath it as a shadow flown,
And doth His promise fail for evermore ?

Hath God forgotten to bestow His grace ?
Hath He dried up the channels of His love,
Concealed in wrath the beauty of His face,
And barr'd the gates of mercy from above ?

But then methought, I will recall to mind
The years of the right hand of the Most High,
And solace for my troubled spirit find
In all Thy wonders wrought in time gone by.

Yea, on Thy works my soul shall meditate,
And on Thy doings shall my musings be.
Thy way, O God ! is holy. Who so great ?
What god among the gods is like to Thee ?

Thy miracles in bright succession shine ;
Beneath Thy strength astonished nations quailed ;
The arm that burst Thy people's bonds was Thine,
By Jacob's, Joseph's sons Redeemer hailed !

The waters saw, and knew, their Maker's face,
Then shrunk with fear and bared their sandy
floor ;
The clouds in rushing torrents poured apace ;
The skies resounded with the tempest's roar !

Thine arrows flamed athwart the cloudy sky,
Thy voice re-echoed in the thunder's roll,
The dazed world shone as flash'd Thy lightnings
by,
And earthquakes shook from centre to the pole !

Thy way was in the dark, unfathomed deep ;
Thy paths were thro' the mighty ocean's bed ;
Thy footsteps were not known : but safe Thy sheep
By Moses' and by Aaron's hands were led.

PSALM LXXVIII.

THE WARNING MIRROR OF HISTORY FROM MOSES TO
DAVID.



Y people, listen to my law,
Your ears devoutly bend,
And let the parables I speak
Within your hearts descend.

The things which we have heard and known,
And which our fathers told,
The solemn story of the past,
To you we now unfold ;

So that the praises of the Lord,
His might and wonders done,
Each generation may preserve
And hand from sire to son ;

A record God to Jacob gave,
A law in Israel made,
Which He to make their children know
Our fathers strictly bade ;

That so as race succeeded race
The knowledge might descend,
And children to their children tell
The truth unto the end ;

That they might put their trust in God,
His doings not despise,
But always His commandments keep
Before their watchful eyes ;

And might not, as their fathers, prove
A race that stubborn grew,
A race unsteadfast in their hearts
And to their God untrue,

Like Ephraim, who march'd equipp'd
As archers to the fray,
But when they felt the battle-shock
Fled panic-struck away.

Their covenant with God they broke,
His law they disobeyed,
Forgot His doings marvellous,
The signs He had displayed,

The wonders that their fathers saw
In Egypt's troubled land,
And over Zoan's teeming plains
The terrors of His hand.

He clave the sea, and bade the waves
Be gathered in a heap ;
With walls of water either side
Led Israel thro' the deep.

Before them, shepherd-like, He went,
A pillar-cloud by day,
And all night through with light of fire
He led them on their way.

The riven rocks mid desert sands
Exposed their fissures wide,
And streams as from a reservoir
His thirsty flock supplied.

The craggy cliff His summons heard,
And sudden fountains gush'd,
And running like a river down,
Along their march it rush'd.

And yet they would persist in sin,
And would His wrath defy,
And still amid those desert wilds
Would anger the Most High.

With tempter's heart they challenged God
To feed their lustful taste :
'Can He,' said they, 'a table spread
Within this lifeless waste ?

'He smote the flinty rock indeed ;
We saw the crystal flood ;
But can He give His people bread,
Or flesh provide for food ?'

God heard it, and in Jacob soon
Was felt His kindled ire ;
His anger against Israel blazed
In vengeful flames of fire.

Because they still disowned their God,
To Him no honour gave,
They had not sense to own His might,
Nor faith that He could save,

He straightway bade the clouds above
Their doors of blue expand,
And from His gracious stores on high
Rained manna on the land.

He fed them with celestial grain,
The sacred bread of heaven ;
The very food the angels eat
To sate their wants was given.

The east wind at His mandate blew,
The south wind felt His power,
And on them flesh like dust He poured
And fowls like sandy shower.

Within their camp, around their tents,
In feathery drifts it fell ;
The luscious morsels pleased their taste
And satisfied them well.

But while their food was in their mouths
His wrath blazed far and wide ;
He slew their noblest and their best,
The flower of Israel's pride.

Yet still they sinn'd, His wondrous works
Still viewed with disbelief ;
He doomed their days to pass as breath,
Their years to wane in grief.

Afflicted thus they turned and sought
And raised to God their cry,
Bethought them then He was their Rock,
Their Saviour, God Most High.

But, ah ! it was lip-service all ;
With lying tongues they spoke :
They proved to Him unsteadfast still ;
Their covenant they broke.

But He, whose mercy more inclines
To spare than punish sin,
Who often turns His wrath away,
Oft reins His anger in,

In tender pity reason'd now,
'They are but mortal men,
A passing breath that goeth by
And cometh not again.'

How oft amid the howling wilds
Did they His patience try !
How oft upon those desert plains
Fresh cause of grief supply !

Again, again they tempted God,
And sought His power to bound ;
Forgot His hand, forgot that day
'When they redemption found—

In Egypt how, and Zoan's fields,
His wondrous signs began ;
When streams that man and beast refresh'd
With blood, not water, ran ;

Devouring flies and noisome frogs
In horrid swarms He sent ;
The caterpillar spoiled their stores,
Their toil to locusts went ;

The fruitful vine His hailstones kill'd,
His frost the sycamore ;
The cattle fell beneath His sleet,
The flocks His lightnings tore.

His burning anger He let loose,
With wrath, and rage, and dread,
While angels flying thro' the land
On evil missions sped.

He made His wrath a levell'd way,
Nor spared their souls from death,
But gave them over to inhale
The plague's destroying breath.

All Egypt's eldest-born He smote—
Their firstlings Ham bewept—
But led like sheep His people forth
And guard like shepherd kept.

To cross the wilderness they march'd,
From fear and danger free ;
But over their pursuing foes
He roll'd the whelming sea.

He brought them to the border-land
Where yonder mountains rise ;
The promised land, by conquest won,
Became the victors' prize.

He drove the heathen nations out,
And all estate of theirs,
Their lands and tents, assigned by line
To Israel and his heirs.

But still they vex'd Him, still rebell'd
Against the Lord Most High ;
His ordinances still they broke,
And still dealt faithlessly.

They did as their forefathers did :
They turned their backs in shame,
As bow that sends the arrow wide
Defeats the archer's aim.

Their altars high, around which crowds
In idol-worship trod,
And graven images provoked
The jealousy of God.

So, when He heard, His anger woke,
His soul deep umbrage took ;
The tent where He had deign'd to dwell
His presence now forsook.

Soon Shilo's priests in grief beheld
His tabernacle go ;
He gave His strength a captor's spoil,
His glory to the foe.

He left His people to the sword,
In wrath refused them aid ;
Their youth in fiery battle fell,
As blooms untimely fade.

For maidens came no marriage-day,
No nuptial songs awoke ;
Their priests before the altars bled,
And hearts of widows broke.

Then God arose, as, cheered by wine,
A sleeping warrior starts ;
With rankling shame to brand His foes
He smote their hinder parts.

And He rejected Joseph's tent,
Nor tribe of Ephraim chose ;
The tribe of Judah He preferr'd,
Where His lov'd Zion rose.

His sanctuary there He built,
High towering to the skies,
And firm upon its deathless base
As earth's foundation lies.

His servant David then He call'd
And from the sheepfold drew,
From tending on the new-dropp'd lambs
That sucked the parent ewe.

To lead God's people, now his flock,
New hopes and duties spring ;
But David strives with hand and heart
To reign—a shepherd king.

PSALM LXXVIII.

HEXAMETER VERSION.



HEARKEN ye, O my people, attend to the
voice of a teacher,
And let your ears incline to the words of
wisdom I utter.
I would speak in a parable truths that belong to
the present,
Darkest sayings of old with an inner significant
meaning,

Which we have heard and known, and which our
fathers have told us,
Treasure entrusted to us that must not be selfishly
hidden,
But declared to the ages in honour and praise of
Jehovah,
Telling aloud His strength, His works, and mar-
vellous doings.
Therefore did He ordain a perpetual witness in Jacob,
And in Israel of old was a statute Divinely ap-
pointed,
Which He bade our sires explain to the minds of
their children ;
So would the next generation be guards of the
sacred tradition,
Teaching in turn their sons, who would hand it
down as an heirloom ;
That they, trusting in God, might bear His works in
remembrance
And keep His commandments, walking in virtue
before Him,
Nor might wander astray, choosing their fathers' ex-
ample.
Stiff-necked and false were they, double-faced,
wavering always,
Faithless in duty to God and fill'd with an obstinate
spirit.
Ephraim's bowmen, equipped as archers, struck with
a panic,
Turning their backs to the foe, fled away in the day
of the battle.

They broke God's covenant and from His service
revolted ;
Forgat His works of old, miracles openly shown them;
Forgat His wondrous signs wrought in the sight of
the nation,
Prodigies famous in Egypt and in the pastures of
Zoan :
How He parted the sea and opened a path for the
people,
Piling the waves in a heap and making a thorough-
fare through them ;
Onward He led their host, wrapped with a cloud in
the daytime ;
Onward led them by night in the shape of a fiery
pillar.
Rifting the rocks in the desert, fountains gushed
from the flint-stone ;
And lo ! He gave them drink as from the depths in
abundance !
Streams He brought from the cliff, and the flood ran
down as a river.
Yet were they still unchanged, and, fill'd with a spirit
of evil,
Plann'd a rebellion against the Most High in the
midst of the desert,
Tempting God in their heart, and food in their
madness demanding.
' In these wilds,' they exclaimed, ' can His hands
make ready a table ?
True, He smote on the rock, and a fountain gushed
from the fissure ;

Water indeed He gave. Can He give flesh to the people ?'

Therefore the Lord was wroth, and a fire was kindled in Jacob ;

Anger and flame went up, consuming Israel also, Since they doubted God and questioned the will of Jehovah.

Then He spoke to the clouds and opened the garners of heaven ;

He rained manna to eat, and grain He gave them celestial.

Ev'ryone ate to the full, partaking the bread of the angels.

Th' east wind from heaven He called ; His power guided the south wind :

He poured flesh as the dust, winged fowls as the sand of the ocean,

Falling around their tents as the rain of a feathery shower.

So did they eat as they listed, feasting even to surfeit.

But while they were enjoying the pleasure of appetite pampered,

While their food was unchewed in their mouths, God's terrible anger

Kindled up hotly against them, slaying their fattest and noblest,

Smiting their young men down and the flower of Israel's people.

Still did they harden their hearts, and even His miracles doubted ;

So He suffered their days as a breath untimely to
vanish,
Causing their waning years to be spent in continual
terror.

When He afflicted them, then they bethought them-
selves ; then for a season

They turned and asked for God, making a zealous
profession ;

Then they remembered their Rock and the Most
High God, their Redeemer.

Ah ! it was flattery only ; their tongues were utter-
ing falsehood ;

Fickle in heart towards Him, their covenant ever
forgetting.

But He who pardons sin rather than punish the
sinner,

Yea, oft turneth His anger away, restraining its fury,
Knew that they were but flesh and framed in
original weakness,

Breath of a passing wind, that goeth and never
returneth.

How oft they vexed His soul when thro' the
wilderness marching,

Grieving Him, oh ! how oft, in the midst of the sands
of the desert !

Yea, yet again and again they tempted God in their
folly,

Daring to measure for Israel's Holy One bounds of
dominion ;

Not recollecting His hand or the day of their
national ransom,

What signs Egypt saw and His terrible wonders in
 Zoan ;
Turning their rivers to blood, that they might not
 drink of the waters ;
Horrible gadflies in swarms lit on the breasts of
 the fairest ;
Frogs came, noisome with slime and the stench of
 their festering bodies ;
Worms their harvest spoiled, and their labours
 fattened the locust ;
Hailstones shattered their vines, and with frost did
 their sycamores perish ;
Thunderbolts burst on their herds, and their flocks
 by the lightning were smitten.
And He set loose in their midst distress, indigna-
 tion, and fury ;
Sending forth angels of wrath, who were charged
 with commissions of vengeance,
Spared not their souls from death, but opened a
 path for His anger,
While on the land of doom the grim shadows of
 pestilence settled. [and cottage—
Egypt's firstborn died—there was weeping in palace
Silent in Ham's sad tents lay the firstling strength
 of their households ;
But as a flock to its pasture He made His people
 go forward,
And as a shepherd his sheep He them to the
 wilderness guided,
Leading them safe thro' the sea, whose waters the
 enemy covered ;

Onward marching the host till they came to the
borderland holy ;
Yon sacred mountain high purchased by Him for
His people ;
Driving the heathen before them, their lands were
bestowed on the settlers ;
Parcelling them by line, an inheritance each was
allotted.
Now were the tribes in their tents and Israel dwel-
ling securely ;
Yet they tempted God and the Most High's
statutes neglected,
Turning again, as their fathers turned, ungratefully
backward ;
So doth a bow shoot false, disappointing the aim of
the archer.
Angering Him with their high places and their
images graven :
God heard, and was wroth, and Israel caused Him
abhorrence ;
So that Jehovah abandoned His favoured temple
in Shiloh,
And in the tent that He loved was the light of His
glory extinguished.
Then He permitted His strength to be carried
away as a captive,
And to the hands of the Philistine foe was His
beauty surrendered.
Unto the sword He delivered His people, the heirs
of the promise : [conflict ;
Young men fell in their prime, cut off in the fiery

Hush'd was the bridal song in the praise of the
marrying maiden ;
Hearts of the widows were broken, and priests were
slain at the altar.
Then did the Lord wake up as a sleeper is suddenly startled,
As doth a soldier awake new-braced by wine for the battle,
And with dishonour He covered His enemies,
smiting them rearward.
Ephraim's tribe He chose not—the tent of Joseph rejected—
But chose Judah's tribe and His own loved mountain of Zion.
Upwards then were His temple's walls raised high
as the heaven,
Downwards laying them sure as the earth, that is
founded for ever.
Calling His servant David, He took him away from
the sheepfold,
Took him from tending his ewes, and set him to
guide to their pastures
Jacob's and Israel's sheep and the heirs of the
heritage promised.
So did he henceforth after his heart's integrity feed
them,
Minding the national flock as a faithful and vigilant
shepherd.

PSALM LXXIX.

A WAIL FOR THE DEVASTATION OF JERUSALEM AND AN
APPEAL FOR VENGEANCE.



GOD, the feet of heathen vile
Thy sacred heritage invade !
Thy holy temple they defile
And Salem is in ruins laid !
Thy servants' bodies have they given
To beasts of earth and fowls of heaven !

Thy saints their blood have bravely shed
Like water round Jerusalem,
And heap on heap of gallant dead
Lie there with none to bury them.
To neighbours round a jest are we ;
They taunt us with our misery.

How long, Lord, shall in anger hot
Thy jealousy against us flame ?
With those be wroth who know Thee not,
The kingdoms that disown Thy name,
Who Jacob have devoured with hate
And laid his pastures desolate.

Our fathers sinn'd ; let us not pay,
But soon to us Thy mercies show :
Oh ! come to meet us on the way,
For we are brought, alas ! how low !

Our souls to Thy protection take,
Our sins forgive for Thy name's sake.

Why should the heathen say with spite,
'Where doth the Hebrews' God abide?'
Let them be taught before our sight
There's vengeance for the saints who died.
Oh ! listen to the captives' sigh,
Preserve the victims doomed to die !

And to our neighbours sevenfold
(Within their bosom let it burn)
As they have Thee reproach'd of old,
Thou their reproaches, Lord, return.
So we, Thy flock, shall thank Thee well,
Thy praise to coming ages tell.

PSALM LXXX.

A PRAYER AMID NATIONAL DISASTER FOR ISRAEL,
JEHOVAH'S 'VINE.'



ISRAEL'S Shepherd, let Thine ear attend ;
Thou that dost Joseph lead, a flock of
Thine,
Thou to whose throne the cherubim must
bend,

All glorious shine!

In Ephraim's, Benjamin's, Manasseh's sight
Stir up Thy strength to rescue us once more ;
Thy countenance reveal in saving light ;
Our tribes restore.

How long, Jehovah, who our hosts hast led,
Wilt Thou be angry while Thy people pray ?
Our only food has been the tears we shed
Both night and day.

Our neighbours vie which first shall us assail ;
Our enemies find pleasure in our pain :
The saving brightness of Thy face unveil ;
Turn us again !

Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt ; Thou didst
drive
The nations out where room for it was plann'd ;
The tree took root, and then apace did thrive
And fill the land.

She spread upon the hills her leafy shade,
Her boughs grew like God's cedars green and wide ;
Her branches reached the sea ; her tendrils stray'd
To river-side.

Why hast Thou laid her broken hedges bare,
That each way-wanderer may strip her fruit ?
Her stem the boars out of the forest tear,
Wild beasts uproot.

O God of Hosts, we pray Thee turn again ;
 Look down from heaven and visit Thou this vine,
 The stock which Thy hand planted oh ! sustain,
 For it is Thine !

'Tis burnt with fire, beneath Thy frown laid low ;
 But, oh ! let Him have Thy protecting care,
 The Son of Man Thy right hand tended so,
 Whom Thou didst rear.

So that we go not back, O Lord, from Thee,
 Give us new life Thy servants to remain ;
 Thy face in saving light, oh ! let us see !
 Turn us again !

PSALM LXXXI.

EASTER FESTIVAL AND THE LESSON IT TEACHES.



ING to God with joyous fervour,
 Shout to Jacob's God with might ;
 Swell the chant, and strike the timbrel,
 Pleasant harp with lute unite.

In the new moon blow the cornet,
 At the full moon let it sound,
 Israel's feasts by God appointed,
 Rites that come in solemn round,

Setting it a sign in Jacob
When he went thro' Egypt's land,
Where a language strange was utter'd,
Tongue I did not understand.

Voice of Jehovah.

From his neck I eased the burden,
Set his hands from basket free ;
Thou didst cry and I redeem'd thee,
Spake from thunder-clouds to thee.

Meribah's contentious waters
Saw me prove thee, saw thy sin :
'Hearken, people, I adjure thee ;
Israel, oh ! thine ears to win !

'Then throughout thine utmost border
Should the land no idol know,
Then unto the gods of strangers
Worship thou shouldst not bestow.

'Lo ! thy God am I, Jehovah,
As from Egypt with thee still.
Let thy mouth be opened widely ;
I thy hungry soul shall fill.'

But My people would not hearken,
Israel would not obey ;
So to their own wills I left them,
Left them where they pleased to stray.

Oh ! My people, would ye listen,
Israel My way pursue,
I your enemies would scatter
And My arm your foes subdue.

Haters of the Lord would tremble,
While your time should ceaseless roll ;
He with fat of wheat would feed ye,
With rock-honey cheer your soul.

PSALM LXXXII.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON UNJUST JUDGES.



HERE crowds in halls of justice meet
God stands beside the judgment-seat ;
Where judges sit as gods to-day
A greater Power presides than they.

How long shall ye so perverse be,
Dispensing sheer iniquity ?
How long shall ye, when bribes invite,
Accept the person, not the right ?

Judge ye when poor and orphan sue,
To want and sorrow give their due,
The wrongs of innocence redress,
And shield the weak when tyrants press.

They will not heed, they do not know,
They walk in darkness to and fro ;
When pillars of the land give way
All social order must decay.

I myself have said that ye
Are gods in state and dignity,
For ye are sons of the Most High ;
Yet ye, like humbler men, shall die.

Mortality's the doom of all :
Shall judges live when princes fall ?
O God, arise ! Earth's Judge Divine,
The world's inheritance is Thine !

PSALM LXXXIII.

A BATTLE CRY TO GOD AGAINST ALLIED PEOPLES.



KEEP not silence, O God, nor in patience
be still,
For mine ears with their tumult Thine
enemies fill ;
They that hate Thee have lifted their heads without
shame
And a plot for Thy people they craftily frame.

They take counsel together and mischief prepare
Against those Thou dost treasure and hide in Thy
care.

‘Let us smite them,’ they say, ‘and their blood let
us pour ;
Nor a name nor a nation be Israel more !’

They are leagued in their strategy, leagued in their
might,
And behold ! their confederate armies unite !
Yonder Edom’s wild sons in their tents may be
seen ;
There is Ishmael, Moab, and the fierce Hagarene ;

There are Gebal’s dark sons from their mountainous
hold,
And the Ammonite swift, and Amalekite bold ;
From the coast come the Philistines, hot to con-
spire,
And the maritime forces of ocean-built Tyre.

Lo ! a place in the camp Asshur also has got,
For an arm they have been to the children of Lot.
Do to them as Thou didst unto Midian of yore,
Where the waters of Kison in turbulence pour.

As to Sisera and Jabin at Endor that day,
Let their corpses be swept on some shore to decay ;
Let their nobles like Oreb and Zēēb be slain,
Like Zalmūna and Zebach be stretched on the
plain,

Who have said in their madness, 'To ourselves let
us take

And the pastures of God for a heritage make.'
O my God ! make them fly as the whirling of dust,
As the stubble is swept by the eddying gust !

As a fire in the forest in dry autumn days,
As a flame sets the heath on the mountain ablaze,
Let the rage of Thy tempest pursue them in flight,
With the voice of Thy hurricane fill them with
fright !

Let their ranks be confused till they honour Thy
name,
And let fear and disaster awake them to shame ;
Let their souls be perplexed till they know and
avow
That alone, self-existent, JEHOVAH art Thou !

PSALM LXXXIV.

YEARNINGS OF DEVOTED LOVE FOR THE HOUSE AND
WORSHIP OF JEHOVAH.



HOW lovely, Lord of Hosts, the tents
Thy presence deigns to bless !
To gain Thy courts my soul grew faint
With longing to excess ;
Now heart and flesh with joy prepare
The living God to worship there.

The sparrow there hath found a house
Thy sacred eaves among,
And there the swallow builds her nest
And twitters o'er her young !
Beside Thine altars, God, my King !
The trustful birds are sheltering !

But, oh ! how bless'd far more are they
Who in Thy temple dwell,
A joyful service render Thee
And of Thy glory tell,
Their voices still harmonious raise
In frequent chant of grateful praise !

And bless'd are they, the pilgrim band,
Who come to worship here
And mark each spot upon the road
To pious travellers dear,
Who tread with joy the sandy vale
Where weeping balms their scent exhale !

To them the hot and arid waste
Becomes a place of springs,
Enrich'd with all the verdure fresh
The rain of autumn brings.
From strength to strength they journey till
They meet their God on Zion's hill.

Jehovah ! God of Hosts ! my prayer
Oh ! let Thy mercy hear,
And Thou, O God of Jacob, lend
To me Thy listening ear.

O God, our Strength, upon the face
Of Thine anointed look with grace !

For in Thy courts a single day
'Tis better to abide
Than spend a thousand without Thee
In all the world beside ;
Far better keep Thy temple's gate
Than dwell in tents of guilty state !

The Lord, to us a Sun and Shield,
Both grace and glory gives ;
His hand no blessing shall withhold
From him that upright lives.
O God of Hosts, how blest is he
Who anchors all his hopes on Thee !

PSALM LXXXV.

MERCY ACKNOWLEDGED FOR THE PAST, ENTREATED FOR
THE PRESENT, AND ANTICIPATED FOR THE FUTURE.



THY favour, Lord, once more is shed
On this afflicted land ;
And Jacob Thou hast homeward led
From bondage by Thy hand—
Thine anger cooled, Thy wrath drawn in,
And pardoned all Thy people's sin.

Turn us again, our Saviour, turn,
Nor reins to vengeance give.
Shall Thy displeasure always burn,
Thy fury quenchless live?
Oh ! wilt not Thou new life restore,
That we may joy in Thee once more ?

O Lord, Thy lovingkindness great
Unto Thy people shew.
For Thy deliverance we wait ;
Thy saving help bestow.
What God will say I fain would hear,
And listen with expectant ear.

For He to His belov'd will speak
The gentle words of peace,
If they will only wisdom seek,
From folly only cease.
Salvation to His saints is near ;
Once more shall glory visit here.

Lo ! truth and lovingkindness meet,
Bright sisters, face to face ;
And peace with salutation sweet
Doth righteousness embrace.
Truth springs from earth, man's ills to leaven,
While righteousness smiles down from heaven.

Dispenser just of every good,
Thy mercy will not cease ;
Our land shall yield unstinted food,
Our stores shall still increase.

Thy path shall righteousness pursue
As herald and attendant too !

PSALM LXXXVI.

LITANY OF A PERSECUTED SAINT.

BY Thy pity for distress
And for all unhappiness,
In my sorrow, in my need,
To my prayer, O Lord, give heed.
By Thy love, so full and free,
Unto those who trust in Thee,
Oh ! protect Thy servant still,
Keep my soul from every ill !
Unto Thee alone I pray,
Thee invoke the livelong day.
By that strong and earnest cry
Grace to me, O Lord, supply ;
To Thy servant joy impart,
For to Thee I lift my heart.
By the depth and plenitude
Of thy love, for Thou art good,
By the pardon offered all
Who upon Thy mercy call,
Unto Thee I now repair :
Hearken to the voice of prayer.
Thou wilt answer me, I know,
If to Thee in grief I go,

Since no works are like to Thine,
None so glorious, so divine,
Since whatever gods there be,
None, O Lord, are like to Thee.
Since by Thine almighty hand
Peoples spread and nations stand,
Let me bow before Thy throne,
And exalt Thy name alone !
By the greatness of Thy power,
By Thy wonders every hour,
Thou our God that only art,
Reign unrivall'd in my heart.
Teach me, Lord, to know Thy way ;
From Thy paths I would not stray ;
Let me have no other aim
But to fear Thy holy name.
For Thy lovingkindness deep,
Which my soul did safely keep
From the unseen world below,
Hidden dangers, lurking foe,
I shall thank Thee till I die,
And Thy name shall glorify !
Since the violent and proud
Mischief to my soul have vowed,
Since they have together met,
Nor Thy law before them set,
By the pity of Thy heart,
For a gracious God Thou art,
By Thy love's exhaustless spring,
Mercy, truth, longsuffering,

Turn, Thy face, oh ! let me see !
Turn one gentle smile on me !
Strength unto Thy servant give,
That Thy handmaid's son may live.
Shew me now for good a sign
Foes with shame must own as Thine.
That I share Thy favour prove
By fresh evidence of love !

PSALM LXXXVII.

THE CITY OF THE NEW BIRTH OF THE NATIONS.



HE city God hath founded
His holy mountain crowns ;
He loves the gates of Zion
Above all Jacob's towns.

Great things of thee are spoken,
Jehovah's city thou !
' Lo ! Babylon and Rahab
Their God will own Me now.'

Soon Philistine and Tyrian,
With sons of Cush, shall share
Thy citizenship glorious :
' Of these was each born there.'

It shall be said of Zion,
 ' Her freedom nations prize ;
 The Lord most high sustains her ;
 Her glory never dies ! '

When God shall count His peoples,
 And register each name,
 How oft He will make entry,
 ' From Zion this one came ' !

The singers and the dancers,
 All sources of delight,
 And all my sparkling fountains
 In thee their joys unite.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

AN UNBROKEN WAIL OF SORROW.



O Thee, my Saviour God, both night
 and day
 My cries ascend ;
 Oh ! turn not Thou Thy list'ning ear
 away !
 My prayer attend.
 My soul is trouble-full ; my life draws nigh
 The darksome pit ;
 Rank'd with the tenants of the tomb am I,
 Or ghosts that flit—

Alone among the dead and cast away
As are the slain,
Or tombless brave, abandoned to decay
On battle plain.

For Thou hast laid me in abysses dark
As ocean deep ;
Thy fury presseth hard, and o'er my bark
Thy billows sweep.

Thou hast my bosom friends removed away,
To loathing turned ;
With horror my condition they survey,
A prisoner spurned.

Mine eye by reason of my sorrow waste,
While I have prayed
Each day, with outstretched hands, that Thou
wouldst haste,
O God, with aid !

Wilt Thou show wonders to the sightless dead?
Shall shades below
Arise to thank Thee? To corruption dread
Thy glory show ?

Thy love, Thy truth, Thy wisdom, shall they
cheer
The grave's sad gloom ?
Thy righteousness revive the senseless ear
Within the tomb ?

But I, O Lord, to Thee direct my cries
From day to day ;
My prayer before the dawn illumines the skies
Wings its sad way.

Jehovah, why dost Thou cast off my soul ?
Thy face why hide ?
From youth to manhood trials round me roll
On every side.

Beneath Thy terrors I am dazed at last,
And o'er my head
Like surging billows hath Thy fury pass'd
And tempests dread.

Thy horrors round me have like waters swept
Their whelming wave ;
My lovers all are gone ! one friend I kept—
The sunless grave !

PSALM LXXXIX.

GOD'S FAITHFUL PROMISES PLEADED AS A GROUND FOR
RENEWED MERCIES.



Thy mercies, Lord, shall wake my constant
song ;
From age to age I shall Thy truth prolong.
I know Thy love will last, a building sure,
Unchanged as heaven Thy righteousness endure.

'My promise to My chosen grows not weak ;
The oath to David sworn I will not break :
Thy seed shall I establish in the land ;
Thy throne unshaken shall for ages stand.'

Thy wondrous works, O Lord, the heavens shall
praise,
To laud Thy truth their voices loudly raise.
What power celestial can Thine equal be ?
What son of glory can compare with Thee ?

A God whose name the saints in council fear,
Whom circling spirits dread while they revere,
Where, God of Hosts, can might like Thine be
shown ?
Thy faithfulness doth gird Thee as a zone.

The ocean's raging pride obeys Thy will,
Its surging billows Thy rebuke can still,
And Thou hast Rahab crushed as slain in fight :
Thine enemies Thine arm hath put to flight.

The heavens are Thine, Thine earth's remotest
bound ;
The world and all its fulness Thou didst found :
Thine hand the north, Thine hand the south did
frame ;
Tabor and Hermon shout for joy Thy name !

Thy puissant power in vain shall man defy ;
Strong is Thine arm, and raised Thy right hand
high ;

Thy throne on right and judgment has its base,
And truth and mercy wait before Thy face.

How blest are they that know the joyful sound,
Whose steps Thy light, O Lord, doth shine
around.

To praise Thy name they join their grateful voice,
And in Thy righteousness their hearts rejoice.

The excellency of their strength art Thou ;
Through Thee alone our horn is lifted now.
To God, Jehcvah, doth our shield belong ;
Our king thro' Israel's Holy One is strong.

To Thy beloved Thou hast in vision said,
' Help on a strong man's shoulders have I laid ;
From out the people's ranks a youth I chose,
And, to My call obedient, David rose.

' My servant straightway to the throne I led,
And poured My holy oil upon his head,
With whom My hand shall stedfastly remain,
Who from Mine arm enduring strength shall gain.

' No foe shall wring from him conditions hard ;
His life from wickedness My care shall guard ;
His enemies I will before him smite,
And those will plague who to his hurt unite.

‘ My faithfulness and love with him shall rest,
And in My name shall I exalt his crest.
The sea shall roll submissive to his sway
And his right hand the rivers shall obey.

‘ And he shall call me, “ Father, I am Thine ;
Thou art my Saviour—God, my Rock Divine ! ”
And I will say, “ My son, My royal heir,
A king above all kings I thee declare.”

‘ For him unchanged My love shall still endure,
My covenant shall stand for ever sure ;
His seed through ages I shall stablish fast,
And as the days of heaven his throne shall last.

‘ But if his children should My law forsake,
And walk not in the judgments that I spake,
If they My statutes and commands despise,
With rod and stripes their sins shall I chastise.

‘ But still My lovingkindness shall prevail,
Nor yet toward him My faithfulness shall fail.
My covenant with him shall not be vain ;
What I have said must unreversed remain.

‘ By Mine own holiness one thing I swore ;
That oath shall stand to David evermore :
His seed shall fill the land while ages run,
His throne be stablish’d sure as noonday sun.

‘He like the moon shall time and change defy,
That faithful witness beaming in the sky.’
Oh ! wherefore cast me off ? Why turnest Thou
On Thine anointed king a frowning brow ?

Thy covenant with him Thou hast effaced,
And in the dust his trampled crown disgraced,
His broken hedges into fuel made,
And all his strongholds hast in ruin laid.

An open prey to every passer-by,
While scoffing neighbours in reproaches vie,
His foes’ right hands hast Thou imbued with might
And fill’d his enemies with new delight.

The edge is blunted of his sword’s sharp blade ;
He flies unnerved who never was afraid ;
His splendour Thou hast dimm’d—a glory past—
His throne dishonoured to the ground hast cast.

His youth is growing old before its time,
While sinks in clouds of shame his manly prime.
How long, O Lord, wilt Thou Thy face conceal ?
How long shall we Thy fiery anger feel ?

Oh ! think how short is life’s uncertain span
And for what vanity Thou madest man !
Who lives that shall not die, or dying save
His soul from world unseen and cheerless grave ?

Where is Thy love? Thine oath to David sworn?
Oh! think what hard reproaches I have borne!
Reproaches that Thy servants have to share
Of many people in my breast I bear.

Think how Thy foes cause Thine anointed shame,
And in each step he takes find food for blame.
To Thee let grateful saints their praise outpour.
The Lord be blessed henceforth, for evermore!

PSALM XC.

GOD'S UNCHANGEABLENESS, MAN'S TRANSITORINESS, AND
A PRAYER FOR GOD'S PERSONAL PROVIDENCE.



THOU Lord, hast been our Dwelling-place
From age to age, from race to race.
Before the mountains saw the morn,
Before the teeming earth was born,
The same to-day as in the past,
Yea, Thou art God from first to last!

Thou turnest man to dust, and then
Thou say'st, 'Return to life again;'
For in Thine eyes a thousand years
Are but as yesterday appears
When it hath pass'd in time's swift flight,
Or watch unchronicled of night.

Thou sweepst them as torrent stream,
As broken sleep, as vanished dream,
As grass that, gemm'd with morning's dew,
Springs up again with verdure new,
But when the heat its moisture dries
Fades of itself and droops and dies.

Thy burning anger have we shared,
And with Thy wrath have we been scared ;
Our faults are set before Thy sight,
Our secret sins reveal'd to light ;
Our days unto an end are brought,
Our years are fleeting as a thought.

Our days are threescore years and ten—
For strong men fourscore now and then—
And all their pride is empty show,
So swift they pass, so soon we go.
Who knows the power of wrath Divine
Or feels the awe most justly Thine ?


Our days to number so explain
That hearts of wisdom we may gain.
Return, O Lord ! How long ? Nor let
Thy wrath be unrelenting yet.
Thy love with morning's light supply,
Our chastened souls to satisfy !

For days of trial, years of ill,
Our hearts with joy proportioned fill.

Thy grace, oh ! let Thy servants see,
And on their sons reflected be !
Upon us may Thy favour rest,
And life's whole work thro' Thee be blest.

PSALM XCI.

'IF GOD BE FOR US WHO CAN BE AGAINST US?'

 E that sitteth secure in the secret abode
Which the wings of Omnipotence shade
Shall exclaim, 'O my Refuge, my Fortress,
my God,
In Thy mercy my trust I have laid !'

He will rescue from snare of the hunter thy feet,
And thy life from the pestilence keep :
As a curtain above thee His feathers shall meet ;
'Neath His wings thou shalt nestle to sleep.

With His truth to thy soul in its fulness revealed
In thy bosom fresh courage shall glow ;
He will cover thee round as a buckler and shield
And protect thee from every foe.

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night
Nor by day for the arrowy shower,
Nor the death-laden darkness thy spirit affright
Nor the blight of the sun in its power.

Tho' a thousand shall fall in a heap by thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand shall lie,
Thou art guarded from danger whatever betide,
For to thee it shall never come nigh.

Only vice shalt thou see undergo its reward
(For my Refuge, Jehovah, art Thou) ;
Since thou madest thy home and thy hope in the
Lord,
Shall no evil befall to thee now.

Nor shall gloom of the plague ever fall on thy tent,
For His angels commissioned descend ;
They will take thee in charge and thy ways will
prevent
And thy steps as a guard will defend.

In their hands they shall bear thee, lest, carelessly
led,
'Gainst a stone thy soft foot may be thrust ;
Upon lion and adder unhurt thou shalt tread
And shalt trample their young in the dust.

'Since his love,' saith the Lord, 'I inherit alone
His Redeemer I therefore appear.
Since he knoweth My name I will stablish his
throne ;
When he calleth Me I shall be near.

‘I will help him in trouble, will shield him from
wrong,
And with honour his name will surround ;
To his uttermost wishes his life will prolong ;
He shall know that a Saviour he found !’

PSALM XCII.

SABBATH THOUGHTS.



HOW sweet when lips in union raise
To God Most High the psalm of praise.
How sweet a grateful chant to frame,
To strike the harp and breathe Thy name,
To tell Thy love by morning light
And sing Thy faithfulness by night !

How sweet the psaltery to take,
And lute and string to music wake ;
For Thou hast fill'd my soul with joy,
Thy wondrous works my powers employ.
How vast Thy handiwork to trace !
How deep the counsels of Thy grace !

Unreasoning man can never know
Nor fools perceive why this is so ;
Why like green herbs the wicked spring,
Why vice looks fair and prospering.

It is that, withered in their prime,
Their fruit may fall before its time.

But Thou, whom we alone adore,
Art throned on high for evermore.
For lo ! my foes shall vanquished lie,
And workers of iniquity,
Dissolving with a quick decay,
Shall soon disperse and melt away.

But Thou my horn hast raised again
As antelope that skims the plain ;
Anointed with fresh oil, I feel
A newer strength, a younger zeal.
Mine eye hath seen the traitor die,
Mine ear hath heard the wicked fly.

As lifts the palm her leafy fan,
So upward springs the righteous man ;
He grows revered, erect, alone,
Like cedar tall on Lebanon ;
And trees that shade the sacred sod
Shall flourish in the courts of God.

Nor shall old age their juices chill ;
They shall bear fruit and blossom still ;
When younger plants their prime have seen
They shall be full of sap and green,
To teach us that the Lord is just,
The Rock of Truth in whom I trust.

PSALM XCIII.

THE MAJESTY OF THE UNIVERSAL KING.



EHOVAH King is crowned ;
Arrayed in robes of light,
He girds Himself around
With majesty and might.

Earth's pillars stand secure ;
No force their base can move ;
Thy throne of old is sure,
Eternal as Thy love !

The floods lift up, O Lord,
Their thunder in the deep ;
The floods with wild accord
Their restless music keep.

More glorious than the roar
When waves to waves reply,
Than breakers on the shore,
Is God enthroned on high.

Thy testimonies blest
Reveal Thy purpose well,
And holiness shall rest
Wherever Thou dost dwell !

PSALM XCIV.

THE CONSOLATION OF PRAYER UNDER THE OPPRESSION
OF TYRANTS.



THOU, God, who callest vengeance Thine,
Oh ! let Thy sword avenging shine !
Great Judge of earth, Thy justice wake,
And on the proud swift vengeance take !

How long shall vice its crest uprear ?
How long a seeming triumph share ?
With arrogance of look and tongue
The wicked boast of rampant wrong ;

They crush Thy people in their rage
And sore afflict Thine heritage ;
The widow and the stranger slay,
And orphans make their helpless prey.

‘ He doth not see,’—delusive thought !
‘ The God of Jacob heeds us not.’
Ye senseless ones, let reason rise ;
Ye fools, oh ! when will ye be wise ?

Can He be deaf who formed the ear,
Or blind who gave the eye its sphere ?
Who chastens man, shall He not chide ?
Is light to light’s First Cause denied ?

The thoughts of man to God are known,
That they are vanity alone.
How blest is he Thou dost reprove
And teach Thy law with patient love ;

For he shall rest from days of ill
While pits are sunk that guilt shall fill.
His care will God His people make,
Nor will His heritage forsake :

For right must turn to righteousness ;
The upright in its train will press.
Who shall for me the battle wage
And hand to hand with sin engage ?

Had not the Lord, my Helper, come
Soon had I fill'd the silent tomb,
But when my feet began to slip
I knew Thine arm, I felt Thy grip !

When with sad thoughts my heart o'erflows
Thy comforts give my soul repose :
Can throne of crime be leagued with Thee,
Which frameth mischief by decree ?

In troops they form against the good
And doom to death the guiltless blood,
But God hath been my lofty Tower,
My Rock of hope in troublous hour.

The guilty in Jehovah's sight
He doth by their own guilt requite ;
When God to punish vice begins
He smites the sinner through his sins.

PSALM XCV.

CALL TO DIVINE WORSHIP, WITH A WARNING AGAINST
DISOBEDIENCE.



H, come, with adoration
To God loud voices raise ;
The Rock of our salvation
With joyful music praise.

Make haste, ye saints, to greet Him,
To thank Him for His grace ;
Go forth with psalms to meet Him
And shout before His face.

The mighty Lord, adore Him,
The God alone supreme,
Great King ; all gods before Him
Are deities in name.

Earth's caves and deepest fountains
His skill creative laid ;
His hand the highest mountains
In solid strength arrayed.

The sea is His—He made it—
And this green sod we tread,
When from the waves He bade it,
Appeared dry land instead.

Oh, come, and let us bending
Before our Maker kneel,
In prayer to Him ascending
Our daily wants reveal.

Our God is He, and o'er us
Doth ceaseless vigil keep,
As shepherd walks before us,
His people and His sheep.

'To-day,' hear Him exclaiming,
'Reject not still My love,
As once, My wrath inflaming,
At Meribah we strove.

"'Twas there your fathers tried me,
Where sandy Massah stands ;
They saw, when they defied Me,
The wonders of My hands.

'Full forty long years grieving,
I said, "This people stray ;
Their hearts are self-deceiving ;
They do not know My way."

‘So in My deep vexation
I swear—a doom unblest—
That this rebellious nation
Should never share My rest.’

PSALM XCVI.

A WELCOME TO THE COMING KINGDOM OF GOD.



H, sing unto Jehovah
A hymn unsung before ;
Oh, sing unto Jehovah ;
Let all the earth adore.

Oh, sing unto Jehovah,
And bless His holy name ;
The news of His salvation
From day to day proclaim.

His glory thro' the nations
With heart and voice declare ;
The tidings of His wonders
Let all the people share.

For great is our Jehovah,
And greatly to be praised,
And high above all others
His sceptre shall be raised.

The gods of heathen nations
Are idols, wood or stone ;
Jehovah made the heavens,
His handiwork alone.

Before Him grace and honour
Their blended light combine,
While strength and royal beauty
Within His temple shine.

Ascribe unto Jehovah
The worship that is right :
Ye tribes and peoples, give Him
His glory and His might.

Ascribe unto Jehovah
The homage due His name ;
His courts with offerings enter,
With gifts an audience claim.

Bow down before His presence
In holy vestments clad ;
Oh ! let the wide creation
With trembling joy be glad.

Proclaim it to the nations
A King Jehovah reigns ;
The world shall stand unshaken
While peace her sway maintains ;

And He shall judge the peoples,
With justice temper might ;
The pillars of His kingdom
Are Equity and Right.

Oh, let the heavens be joyful
And earth with gladness ring,
The sea its anthems thunder,
Its waves in concert sing ;

Let fields and flocks exulting
A happy chorus make,
And let the woodland songsters
Their joyous trebles wake !

Behold ! Jehovah cometh,
With royal flag unfurl'd,
In truth to judge the peoples,
In righteousness the world !

PSALM XCVII.

THE ADVENT OF JEHOVAH AS KING AND JUDGE.



JEHOVAH reigns a King !
Let earth with gladness ring,
And let the isles rejoice
With many-sounding voice !

Dark clouds around Him roll'd
His dazzling form enfold,
While truth and justice stand
As pillars on each hand
His throne eternal to uphold.

A fire before Him goes
To sweep away His foes :
Beneath His lightnings' glare
Earth crouches in despair,
And melt the mountains hoar
Creation's Lord before.
His righteousness the skies
Declare to human eyes ;
His glory spreads from shore to shore.

Confused are they with shame
Who disregard Thy name,
And serve, by folly led,
Carved images instead ;
Who, blind with self-conceit,
In idol temples meet.
O all ye gods, bow down
Before Jehovah's crown
And offer homage at His feet !

The tidings Zion heard ;
Her heart with joy is stirr'd,
And Judah's daughters fair
Their mother's rapture share,

Rejoicing in the light
Of all Thy judgments right,
For now o'er earth and sea,
O'er all the gods that be,
Thou, Lord, art throned in peerless height !

O ye who love the Lord,
By you be sin abhorred ;
He guards the souls He chose
And saves them from their foes ;
The Light in true hearts sown
Springs up with joy alone.
Your voice, ye righteous, raise,
His name most holy praise,
And bend with thanks before His throne !

PSALM XCVIII.

CREATION'S JOY AT JEHOVAH'S FINAL ADVENT.



ING a psalm before unchanted
To the Lord for wonders done,
How His hand and arm most holy
Have a glorious conquest won ;
Through the nations
News of His salvation run.

In the eyes of all the peoples
Hath His righteousness been shown :
He to Israel's house remembered
Love and faithfulness alone ;
His salvation
To the ends of earth is known.

Shout, all earth, unto Jehovah ;
Let your joyful voices ring ;
Play upon the harp before Him ;
Loud a psalm of welcome sing :
Trump and cornet
Sound them to the Lord, the King.

Let the teeming ocean thunder,
All that live their tones unite ;
Let the floods clap hands before Him,
Hills be vocal with delight ;
For He cometh
World and man to judge aright !

PSALM XCIX.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD AS HE IS, AND WAS, AND IS TO BE.



HE Lord is King, He sits to reign ;
The peoples trembling hear ;
The cherubim His throne sustain ;
The earth is moved with fear.

The Lord is great ; on Zion's hill
O'er all He reigns supreme.
Let His dread power your music fill,
For holy is His name.

A King's true strength is love of right,
And Thou hast justice taught ;
With righteousness in Jacob's sight
Thy judgments have been wrought.

Exalt the Lord our God ; 'tis meet
His greatness to confess.
Oh ! bow your heads before His feet ;
His name is Holiness.

First Moses of His priests of old
And Aaron used to plead,
And Samuel, by faith made bold,
Did also intercede.

They called upon Jehovah loud ;
He listened to their prayer,
And from the pillar of a cloud
He spake in mercy there.

They kept the statutes of their God ;
So Thou didst answer send,
And tho' they oft provoked Thy rod
Didst pardon in the end !

Exalt with praise Jehovah's crown,
And be His name adored ;
Before His sacred hill bow down,
For holy is the Lord.

PSALM C.

CALL OF THE WORLD TO THE SERVICE OF THE TRUE GOD.



LOUD let your shouts to God ascend !
All earth the strain prolong ;
Let gladness with His service blend ;
Before Him come with song !

Know ye that He who made our frames,
The Lord, is God indeed ;
And His are we—the flock He claims,
The sheep His pastures feed !

Oh ! enter then with thanks His gates,
His courts approach with praise ;
To His dread name whose mercy waits
Your grateful anthems raise.

For God our Lord alone is good,
His love alone is sure ;
His truth, that hath for ages stood,
For ages shall endure !

PSALM C.

ANOTHER VERSION.



RAISE a shout unto Jehovah,
All ye lands ! your tongues employ,
Serve the Lord with hearts of gladness,
Sing before Him songs of joy !

Know that He is God, our Father ;
He hath made us, His are we ;
We of old His chosen people,
Call'd His pastured sheep to be.

Come with thanks within His portals,
In His courts His praise recall ;
Oh ! in grateful worship bending,
Name Him, hail Him, God of all !

For the Lord excels in goodness ;
Boundless are His love and grace ;
Rock of Truth ! that still surviveth
Lapse of time and change of race !

PSALM CI.

DAVID'S MIRROR OF A MONARCH.



O Thee, Lord, shall I raise my song
Of justice and of grace Divine ;
The theme doth unto Thee belong,
For both the attributes are Thine !

From wisdom's paths I shall not roam
(Oh ! when wilt Thou come here and stay ?);
A perfect heart shall rule at home
The even tenor of my way.

My eyes shall crave no wicked thing ;
The sin of perfidy I hate ;
To me the curses shall not cling
That on the hypocrite await.

The froward shall I drive away,
Nor friendship with the godless share ;
The private slanderer shall slay,
Proud look or temper shall not bear.

The loyal shall I keep in sight,
That in my courts they may abide ;
For him whose walk in life is right
A place of trust will I provide.

No knave within my house shall dwell,
No liar in my presence stand ;
The miscreant I will expel
And purge God's city and this land.

PSALM CII.

THOUGHTS OF AN EXILED SAINT MOURNING FOR HIM-
SELF AND FOR JERUSALEM.



HEAR, Lord, my prayer, the voice of my
distress ;
Hide not Thy face when troubled times
impend ;
Incline Thine ear to me when cares oppress,
And when I call a speedy answer send.

My days have drifted as the smoke-clouds pass ;
My strength hath fever burnt, like calcined brand ;
My heart is withered up like sun-dried grass ;
The bread remains forgotten in my hand.

With gnawing pain that racks each staring bone
I am become a sapless, fleshless thing ;
A pelican, that haunts the desert lone,
An owl that amid ruins flaps its wing.

I watch as sparrow sits, a lonely bird
To house-top flown, disturbed by sudden scare.
Reproaches all day long from foes are heard ;
In frenzied hatred by my name they swear.

I feed on ashes, fill with tears my cup,
Beneath Thine anger and indignant frown ;
For Thou that didst to greatness lift me up
Hast from those heights dishonoured flung me
down.

My days decline as in the evening hours
The shadows lengthen in the setting sun,
Like grass, that late was green with vernal showers,
Now withered lies, its bloom and beauty gone.

But Thou, Lord, art for ever throned above,
And Thy memorial shall thro' ages stand.
Thou shalt arise, and Zion feel Thy love ;
Her time for grace and pity is at hand.

For lo ! Thy servants thro' the city roam,
Find pleasure in her ruins and her rust ;
Her stones remind them of their ancient home ;
With tearful eyes they tread her sacred dust.

For this shall nations magnify the Lord,
And by earth's kings Thy name shall be confess'd
When men shall see in Zion's walls restored
The glory of Thy presence manifest !

When God is shown still bountiful in grace,
Still turning to the cry of sharp distress,
Still from the poor averting not His face,
Write this, and lips unborn His name shall bless.

Oh ! bless the Lord, who from His sacred throne
Beholds the earth with all-surveying eye,
Who hears the prisoner in his dungeon moan
And breaks the chains of captives doomed to die,

That men His name in Zion may declare,
And in Jerusalem His praise repeat,
When thronging peoples are assembled there
And in God's service distant kingdoms meet.

In life's hard road He made my strength decay,
And cut still shorter my allotted span.
I said, ' My God, oh ! take me not away
Before I pass the noontide age of man.'

Thy years the lapse of centuries withstand ;
Of old earth's solid basement didst Thou found.
Behold the work of Thy creative hand,
The glorious skies that curtain us around.

All these shall perish ; Thou remainest fast !
As well-worn robe whose colours have grown tame
Shall these be changed, a left-off garb at last,
But Thou ! thro' all mutations art the same !

Thy years shall have no end ; Thy servants die,
But in their children they revive again ;
Their seed beneath their heavenly Father's eye
In Judah's land shall flourish and remain.

PSALM CIII.

HYMN IN HONOUR OF THE ALL-COMPASSIONATE GOD.



LESS God, my soul, each passing hour ;
Let every thought and aim,
My voice, my heart, and every power,
Exalt His holy name.

Oh, yes, my soul, Jehovah bless,
The Bountiful, the Good ;
Recall His mercies numberless,
And wake thy gratitude ;

Who first forgives thee all thy sin,
Removes each guilty stain,
Then heals thy spirit's grief within
And eases every pain ;

Who first from death thy life redeems,
Restored to light above,
Then with a smile benignant beams
And crowns thee with His love ;

Whose fulness all thy wants supplies,
As after moulting time
With plumes renewed the eagle flies
And cleaves his path sublime.

The Lord His righteousness displays ;
The wronged He setteth right ;
To Moses He made known His ways,
His acts in Israel's sight.

The Lord is merciful and kind ;
His anger kindles slow ;
His thoughts, to clemency inclined,
With mercy overflow.

With man He doth not always chide,
Nor deals what sin might dread,
But often lets His grace decide
On leniency instead.

To them that fear Him deep His love
As heaven from earth is high ;
Our sins He doth as far remove
As east from western sky.

As pity melts a father's breast
Towards sons that in him trust
He knows our frame, how weak at best,
Remembers we are dust.

The days of man are as the grass
Or wild flower fresh and bright ;
It blooms in beauty, but, alas !
It withers in a night.

Where late it raised its gentle head
And summer blossoms bore
The ground on which its fragrance spread
Remembers it no more.

But still the Lord's unchanging grace
Thro' ages doth endure ;
To all who fear Him and their race
His truth remaineth sure—

To all whose hearts His laws observe,
His statutes who obey,
Who never from His precepts swerve
Nor from His pastures stray.

His sovran throne is over all.
Ye angels, bless the Lord,
Ye mighty ones that hear His call
And execute His word !

Oh ! bless the Lord, ye hosts on high,
That in His presence stand,
Ye ministers of His that fly,
Fulfilling His command !

And bless the Lord, ye works Divine,
Where'er His sceptre sways.
The rapture, O my soul, be thine
To swell Jehovah's praise !

PSALM CIV.

'THE IMAGE OF THE WHOLE KOSMOS' (*Humboldt*).



Y soul, Jehovah's goodness bless.
My God, exalted high,
How shall my feeble tongue express
Thy might and majesty ?

Enwrapping Thee in robe of light,
Thou dost Thy presence hide,
And, like a tent, the curtains bright
Of heaven Thou spreadest wide.

Who in the waters of the sky
His chamber-beams makes fast,
His chariot-cloud He yokes to fly
And rides the swift-wing'd blast ;

Who makes the winds His couriers
His ministers the flame,
And gave the earth, that never stirs,
Its time-resisting frame.

The spreading garment of the deep
Thou didst around it fold ;
Above the mountain-summits steep
The surging billows roll'd.

At Thy rebuke the waters shrank,
Before Thy thunder fled ;
The mountains rose, the valleys sank,
And ocean found its bed.

A limit hast Thou set to show
The seas their fix'd domain,
Lest they should turn and backward flow
To cover earth again.

In vales where torrents rush'd at first
Fresh springs supply the rill,
And there wild asses quench their thirst
And oxen drink at will ;

And there the fowls on peaceful wing
Their cunning nests have made,
And there the feathered minstrels sing
Beneath the branching shade.

His rain from gathered clouds on high
He pours upon the hills,
And earth the bountiful supply
With glad contentment fills.

The grass for cattle He provides,
And herb for human use ;
The grain within the ground He hides
That He may food produce.

With wine that cheerfulness imparts,
And face-illuming oil,
With bread that strengthens drooping hearts
He crowns successful toil.

The trees of God on Lebanon
With plenteous sap are fill'd,
The cedars which His hands have sown,
Where birds in shelter build.

The pious stork her house hath found
Within the cypress grove ;
On mountain-peaks the wild goats bound ;
The sea-cliffs conies love.

The moon He hath for seasons made,
The sun his setting knows ;
Thou makest darkness, and her shade
Night o'er the forest throws.

The savage beasts that shun the day
Creep forth from their retreat ;
Young lions roam the woods for prey
And seek from God their meat.

But when the sun begins his race
On eastern skies again
They skulk away with stealthy pace
And crouch them in their den.

Man goeth forth at duty's call,
His daily task renews,
And till the shades of evening fall
His round of work pursues.

The works how manifold, O Lord,
Of Thy creative skill !
What treasures in the earth are stor'd,
Her lap what riches fill !

In yonder ocean glorious, wide,
Life moves in myriad form ;
Within its depth huge monsters glide
And tiny insects swarm.

There go the ships, with plumage fair,
Their course like sea-birds keep ;
The dread leviathan is there
And gambols in the deep.

All wait from Thee with longing eyes
Thy gifts of daily food ;
They gather what Thy hand supplies
Till satisfied with good.

Thy face Thou hidest ; then they pine :
Thou takest back their breath ;
The soul Thou gavest they resign
And turn to dust and death.

Thou dost Thy quickening spirit send ;
New creatures people earth :
The life of nature cannot end,
For death revives in birth !

Thy glory shine for ever clear !
Thy works be Thy delight !
For at Thy look—earth thrills with fear,
Thy touch—the hills ignite.

Thy love while this poor heart shall beat
My music shall employ.
Oh ! let my thoughts to Him be sweet,
In Him be all my joy !

Let wickedness from earth be cast,
Its head no more be rais'd.
Bless God, my soul, from first to last ;
His holy name be praised !

PSALM CV.

ISRAEL'S HISTORY, A GROUND FOR
PRESENT THANKFULNESS AND FUTURE OBEDIENCE.



H, give thanks unto Jehovah, call upon His
sacred name ;

Tell His doings to the people, all His
wondrous works proclaim.

Sing unto Him psalms melodious, praise Him with
your harpstrings loud ;

Let your hearts rejoice that seek Him, of His holy
name be proud.

Ask ye after God, and humbly saving strength from
Him implore ;

And enquiring for His presence, seek His face for
evermore.

Wonders, tokens, judgments, mercies, by His pro-
vidence designed,

Seed of Abr'am, sons of Jacob, let His chosen bear
in mind.

For our God is God Jehovah ; all the earth His
judgments fill,

And His covenant unchanging hath the Lord re-
member'd still.

Stands the promise which a thousand generations
were to share ;

Stands His league with Abraham, the oath which
He to Isaac sware.

He established it in Jacob as a statute solemn,
sure,

And a covenant in Israel that for ever should
endure,

Saying, 'I will give thee Canaan, measuring by line
thy share.'

When they were but small in number, very few and
strangers there.

Then from nation unto nation went the wand'ers
to and fro ;

From one kingdom to another did our pilgrim
fathers go.

Wrong from no man would He suffer ; kings for
their sakes He reprov'd :

' Mine anointed and My prophets touch not ; spare
My priests belov'd.'

Dearth He call'd for ; and a famine, thin-lipped,
came at His command ;

Brake the staff of their existence, all the bread-
stuffs in the land.

Then He sent a man before them, Joseph, bartered
as a slave ;
To his feet, thro' fraud imprison'd, sore the galling
fettters clave.

Lingered he in chains, awaiting the fulfilment of His
word,
Tried with dreams of future glory and the promise
of the Lord.

Then the monarch sent and loos'd him, chief of
peoples set him free,
Made him have dominion over house and stores
and treasury.

Bind he might at will and pleasure all the princes
in the land,
And the teachings of his wisdom make the elders
understand.

Then, as guests to Egypt bidden, came the famished
Israelite ;
Sons of Ham to share their plenty Jacob's children
did invite.

Soon the Lord increased His people, now a host,
so late a band,
Stronger by Jehovah's blessing than the natives of
the land.

These, by Him to hatred hardened, practised
subtlety and art :

Then appeared His servant Moses ; Aaron too He
set apart.

They bestowing prompt obedience to Jehovah's
high behest,
Wrought in Ham strange signs and tokens, made
their mission manifest.

Darkness summoned, gloom of horror spread obe-
dient to His word ;
Fish lay dead in blood-stained rivers ; frogs thro'
royal chambers poured.

At His signal flies tormenting, vexing gnats in
myriads came ;
Hail for rain He gave them ; lightning burned
their harvest with its flame.

Smote their vineyards, crush'd their fig-trees, all
that in their borders grew ;
Stately oaks within their forests, shady groves He
overthrew.

Flocked the locusts at His bidding ; caterpillars
next He showered :
Herb of garden, fruit of orchard, all the green crops
they devoured.

Last of all destroying angels through the land com-
missioned sped ;
Firstborn both of men and cattle, all in home or
field lay dead !

Then He brought them forth enrich'd with gold and
silver, borrowed wealth.
Richer still that none were feeble ; all their tribes
marched out in health.

Egypt's people gladly bade them, as they left their
land, farewell,
For they feared fresh plagues impending from the
God of Israel.

Then a cloud to shade His people as a canopy He
spread ;
Fires celestial thro' the night time showed the
way Jehovah led.

Flesh they asked for, quails in showers through the
startled camp were strewed ;
Bread they wanted, and He rained them heavenly
manna, angels' food.

Lo ! He cleft the rock, and waters from the gaping
fissure teem,
O'er the sands and arid places coursing with re-
freshing stream.

For the word was still remembered which to
Abraham He spake,
That from bondage He His chosen would to joy
and freedom wake.

So He rooted out the settlers, gave the nations as
a spoil,
Gave His people in possession all the fruit of heathen
toil,

That, His laws and statutes keeping, they might
with His will accord.
For His mercies, oh ! be thankful. Hallelujah !
praise the Lord !

PSALM CVI.

ISRAEL'S NATIONAL SINS AND GOD'S UNCHANGING
MERCY.



GIVE thanks to God and laud His name,
His goodness and His love proclaim,
The benefits we share :
Who can recount what He hath plann'd,
The mighty workings of His hand,
Or all His love declare ?

How blest are they, eternal Lord,
Who keep Thy judgments, trust Thy word,
And always walk aright !
The favour that Thy people feel
In mercy unto me reveal,
And show Thy saving light.

Then shall my soul enraptured see
In full tide of prosperity
The people of Thy choice ;
Mine and the nation's joy the same,
Proud that we both one heirship claim,
I shall with them rejoice.

But, oh ! we are a guilt-stained race ;
Their fathers' steps the sons retrace ;
We have dealt wickedly ;
Thy signs in Egypt they forgot,
And, of Thy mercies mindful not,
Were rebels by the sea.

Yet, that His name might be made known,
His strength to smite or save be shown,
He worked a marvel new.
At His rebuke the Red Sea dried ;
He bade its coral depths divide,
And march'd His people through.

He saved them from pursuing foes,
Who 'twixt the banking waves that rose
Rush'd on, of sense bereft ;

Then backward rolled the whelming tide,
And horse and foot and Egypt's pride—
Not one of them was left.

Then they believed ; but, ah ! not long !
And sang His praise ; too short their song :
They soon His works forgot ;
They would not let the Lord fulfil
In His own way His holy will ;
His times they waited not.

While yet the wilderness they trod
With selfish lust they tempted God.
‘ Provide us flesh,’ they said ;
But while they ate the quails He sent
Their soul, on appetite intent,
Grew leaner while they fed.

With envy against Moses full
And holy Aaron's priestly rule,
Their camp to plots they gave ;
But at their tent-doors while they stood
Proud Dathan and Abiram's brood
Sank in a living grave.

The chiefs who did like them conspire
Beheld amazed the kindling fire
And perished in the flame.
In vain the wicked nobles tried
To turn their dreadful doom aside ;
They too a prey became.

On Horeb's mount a calf they made
And to their molten idol prayed ;
From bad to worse they pass,
Their glory barter'd, to their shame,
For likeness of a stall'd beast tame,
An ox that eateth grass !

Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all His works in Egypt wrought,
Or Ham's astonish'd sight ;
The mighty marvels of His hand,
The story of that famous strand—
Forgot the Red Sea flight.

Destroy them then He said He would,
But in the breach His prophet stood
And asked the Lord to spare ;
So earnestly did Moses plead
Jehovah heard him intercede
And granted him his prayer.

And yet they loathed His pleasant land,
Nor would obey His just command ;
As loud their murmurs grew
With lifted hands Jehovah swore
That they should now be scatter'd sore,
Their guilt in exile rue.

Our fathers in their madness fed
On sacrifices of the dead
'Neath Ba-al Pe-or's yoke.

When He beheld His worship spurned,
Afresh Jehovah's anger burned,
And plagues among them broke.

Then rose Phi-ne-has. Aiming well,
A judgment on two culprits fell ;
The pestilence was stayed ;
And thro' the ages evermore
His race the priestly office bore—
By faith a hero made !

At Meribah to anger new
They tempted God, and Moses grew
Impatient for their sake :
His faith was for a moment weak ;
Their taunts so tried that temper meek,
The prophet rashly spake.

Nor when within the promised land
Did they obey the Lord's command,
Nor keep themselves apart ;
They did not, as He bade, employ
Their strength the nations to destroy,
But clave to them in heart.

The heathen He had doomed they spared,
And mingling with the godless shar'd
Their practices profane ;
In fatal snares by sin betrayed
God's people adoration paid
To Canaan's idols vain :

To death their sons and daughters led,
And blood of innocence was shed
 False demons to appease ;
The soil that lately verdure bore
Was now polluted with the gore
 Of victims such as these !

Nor sated by such savage deeds,
From guilt to guilt invention leads.
 Oh ! false, adult'rous race !
To anger they provoked the Lord,
And from His heritage abhorr'd
 He turned away His face.

He gave them to their heathen foes
To rule them as their hatred chose ;
 Their misery to crown
Their enemies upon them press'd,
Such heavy loads did on them rest
 They bow'd as vassals down.

And yet how oft He set them free
And gave them back to liberty !
 But still they would rebel ;
Then, by iniquity brought low,
By weight retributive of woe,
 In depths of anguish fell.

But to the last He heard their cry
And look'd upon their misery,
 Nor could His league forget ;

So while His justice did reprove,
Tho' deep their guilt, more deep His love,
Survived His promise yet.

With pity then He touched the breast
Of those whose chains their souls depressed,
And rais'd their sympathy,
And they who had them captives made
The genial influence obeyed
And set their prisoners free.

And now, O God, with speed restore
Thy people to their land once more,
The scattered to their fold,
That we may thank Thy holy name
And in Thy temple loud proclaim
Thy mercies manifold !

Oh ! let us join and bless the Lord !
The God of Israel be adored
With everlasting praise !
Amen ! let all the people cry,
Amen ! in pealing symphony
The hallelujah raise !

PSALM CVII.

AMID THE TRIALS OF LIFE THERE IS A PERSONAL
PROVIDENCE THAT HEARETH PRAYER.



H, give thanks unto Jehovah,
Ever good and ever kind ;
Let His own redeem'd ones say so,
Whom no longer fetters bind.

Home the exiles hath He gathered
From the east and from the west,
North and south, from all sides flocking
Come the pilgrims, seeking rest.

Through the wilderness they wander'd
In a parch'd and desert way ;
Peopled city there they found not,
Human haunt where they might stay.

Faint with thirst and weak with hunger,
Sank their spirit in despair ;
Then they cried to God in trouble
And Jehovah heard their prayer.

He from their distresses freed them,
Mark'd them out a level road ;
Straight He led them to a city
Where some living souls abode.

Oh that men Jehovah's goodness
Would with grateful hearts declare,
Praise Him for His wondrous mercy,
Own the love His creatures share !

For the soul athirst with longing
He provides sustaining food,
And His pity never-failing
Fills the hungry soul with good.

Those that sat in death's dark shadow,
By the iron fetters tried,
Punish'd for His law rejected
And His counsel cast aside,

Humbled He their hearts with sorrow ;
Stumbling, no assistance gave :
Then they cried to God for mercy
And His arm was raised to save.

Death is vanquished ; bonds are sundered ;
Oh that men would praise Him more,
Praise the wondrous hand that breaketh
Iron bars or brazen door !

Fools, the prey of wayward passions,
Sow the penalties they share,
And when wreck'd by self-indulgence,
Cry to God in their despair :

And the Lord in pity hears them,
Hastes to cheer them in their gloom,
Sends His word of grace and healing,
Lifts them from an opening tomb.

Oh ! then praise Him for His goodness,
For each wonder-working plan ;
Offer freely thank-oblations ;
Sing Jehovah's love to man.

Mariners that sail the ocean
Wealth of other climes to reap,
These the works of God have witness'd
And His wonders in the deep.

Lo ! He speaks—the tempest rises !
Pilot's hand no more controls ;
Now the vessel mounts to heaven,
Then in seething waters rolls.

Melts their soul because of trouble,
Slips the foot, and fails the knee ;
As a drunkard reels and staggers
Dazed they toss upon the sea !

Then they cry to God in danger ;
He relieves the crew distressed :
Gentle airs succeed the tempest,
Surging waves are lull'd to rest.

Then their hearts are full of gladness,
Thinking of their terrors past,
And the good ship lies at anchor,
In her haven safe at last !

Praise the Lord for all the blessings
That He pours before your feet !
Praise Him in the congregation,
Praise Him in the elders' seat !

Flowing streams He turns to desert,
Fountains gleam in thirsty ground ;
Fruitful land He makes a salt-marsh
For the sins that there abound ;

Floods a wilderness with water,
Bids dry land with springs be fill'd ;
There He gives the hungry dwellings,
Homes and city there they build.

Sowing fields or planting vineyards,
Corn and fruit are well supplied,
While His blessing swells their number,
Flocks and herds are multiplied.

But again brought low and minish'd,
Wrong'd, oppressed, and sad they lie :
Then in wrath He drives their tyrants
In the trackless wilds to die ;

Lifts the poor from his affliction ;
Happy flocks of children come ;
Good men view the scene with gladness
And iniquity is dumb.

Who is wise enough to notice
Everywhere His guiding hand ?
Who Jehovah's lovingkindness,
Full and free, can understand ?

PSALM CVIII.

A RECAST OF PSALMS LVII. AND LX.



WITH steadfast heart, O God, I sing
And strike to Thee the chords of praise ;
And all the gifts my soul can bring
To Thee I raise.

My harp, my lute, your notes unite
A matin sacrifice to make ;
The sleeping dawn from lap of night
My song shall wake.

Among the peoples far and near
To Thee, O Lord, my thanks I pay,
And in Thy praise shall nations hear
Thy minstrel play.

For high as heaven's blue dome above
We view Thine arching splendour rise ;
The very vastness of Thy love
Doth fill the skies !

Above the heavens, O God, be Thou
Exalted o'er this earthly frame ;
Let all before Thy glory bow
And own Thy name.

That Thy belovèd may be free
From captive's bonds or anxious care,
Stretch forth Thy hand and answer me
And hear my prayer.

For me, saith God, fair Shechem yields
The produce of her fertile plain,
And I shall measure Succoth's fields
With rod and chain.

Gilead's mine, Manasseh's mine ;
I take for helmet Ephraim bold ;
The sceptre of my royal line
Shall Judah hold.

In Moab shall I wash my hands,
My sandals unto Edom fling,
And o'er Philistia's conquered lands
My voice shall ring.

By whom shall now my feet be sped
The ramparts on yon heights to win?
Who erst to Edom's fortress led
And brought me in?

Oh, didst not Thou cast us away?
And wilt not Thou go forth again
And with our hosts in battle stay?
Man's help is vain!

Thro' God we shall make valiant fight,
In whom for victory we trust;
Our foes, when He maintains the right,
Shall lick the dust!

PSALM CIX.

AN OUTBURST OF IMPRECATIONS ON THE HEAD OF
AN ARCH-TRAITOR.



GOD, to whom I raise
My heart in constant praise,
Do Thou no more forbear
Thy sentence to declare,
For mouths that fraud distil
And tongues that falsehood fill
Discharge their reckless spite
My life and peace to blight.

With words by hatred taught
My ruin they have sought ;
Without a cause my foes
My blameless steps enclose,
And, growing desperate,
My love repay with hate ;
But plots while they prepare
I give myself to prayer.

Some fiend malignant get
And over this one set,
And close to his right hand
Let Satan prompting stand ;
Whenever tried is he
The verdict ' Guilty ' be ;
Should he to pray begin
His very prayer be sin.

His days be few and ill,
His rank another fill ;
His children orphans make,
His wife a widow wake,
And let his offspring roam
As outcasts from their home,
And by their hunger led
Beg, vagabonds, for bread.

Let money-lenders' grip
Their hapless victim strip,
And let a stranger spoil
The firstfruits of his toil ;

Let none to him be kind,
His sons no favour find ;
When brought by trouble low
Let no one soothe his woe.

Their name the coming age
See cancell'd from its page ;
For sins his sire hath done
Let God requite the son,
And let his mother's stain
On him a blot remain ;
Nor God the debt forgive
While one of them shall live.

For he no pity taught
Nor felt one kindly thought,
No mercy practised here
And wiped no mourner's tear,
But trampled on the poor
And drove them from his door,
The broken-hearted gave
One solace—'twas a grave !

Since curses pleased him so
Let curses on him flow ;
Since blessings gave him pain
No blessing let him gain ;
For curses fitted him
As raiment suits the limb ;
'Twas water for his thirst,
And marrow—when he cursed.

Let curses therefore pour
And drench him to the core ;
As oil the bones anoints
Let curses fill his joints.
Since raiment-like he wore
The curses that he swore,
Let them with girdle fast
Cling round him to the last.

Such doom upon my foes
Jehovah's hand bestows ;
And such their pay who wait
To wreak on me their hate,
And, lost to all control,
Speak evil of my soul.
But Thou, for Thy name's sake,
My cause, oh ! undertake !

Thy love is great and free ;
Do Thou my Guardian be.
In sorrow and in need
My wounded heart doth bleed ;
As evening's length'ning shade
I blend with night and fade ;
I flutter wild about,
A locust shaken out !

My knees have fasts made weak,
Health leaves my shrunken cheek,
And abjects at my gate
Insult my wretched state.

I look for help above ;
Oh ! save me by Thy love,
And tell the world 'twas done
By Thy right hand alone !

Tho' foes may still oppress
And curse me, Thou wilt bless.
If they Thy name defy
Let them dishonoured lie,
And let disgrace enfold
Mine enemies of old ;
As mantle wraps the frame
Let them be clothed with shame.

But I a joyful song
Shall mid th' assembled throng
As sweet thank-offering raise
And chant Jehovah's praise ;
For close to his right hand
The poor shall see Him stand,
From doom unjust to save
The soul His Spirit gave !

PSALM CX.

AN ORACLE OF THE MOST HIGH TO THE PRIEST-KING
ON ZION.



HUS to my Lord Jehovah spake :
‘Throned on My right be this Thy seat,
Until Thy vanquished foes I make
A stool on which to rest Thy feet.’

The sceptre of Thy royal might
Jehovah shall stretch forth, and say,
‘Rule Thou from Zion, King by right ;
Thy foes around shall own Thy sway.’

In holy garb at war’s alarms
Thy soldier-priests to battle stream ;
Thy youth exulting rush to arms
As dew-drops in the morning gleam.

Melchisedech by solemn vow
A priest and king in Salem reigned ;
God’s oath must stand, ‘Like him art Thou
By Me for ever Priest ordained.’

The Lord, thy Helper as of old,
In wrath shall sceptred monarchs smite,
And nations wide shall soon behold
The dead in heaps, their chiefs in flight.

By roadside brook the Victor bends
To cool the brow or wash the stain ;
The genial wave fresh vigour lends,
So He shall lift His head again !

PSALM CX.

ANOTHER VERSION.



THUS to my Master,
The Lord whom I own,
Thus saith Jehovah :
‘Sit Thou on My throne
Here at My right hand,
Till, crush’d with defeat,
Necks of Thy foemen
Bend low at Thy feet.’

Out of Mount Zion
Thy sceptre shall wave
Over the conquered
The rule that He gave.
Loyal retainers
Are must’ring to war :
Holy their vestments ;
They shine from afar.

Bravely the young men
Thy standard surround,
Dews of the morning
That gleam on the ground.
Priest-king in Salem
Melchisedech reigned ;
Priest for all ages
Thou too art ordained !

Kings shalt Thou conquer
(The Lord at Thy right),
Smiting the nations
And rulers of might.
Brooks by the highway
Thy strength shall sustain ;
Soon shall Thy head be
Uplifted again !

PSALM CXI.

A SAINT'S EPITOME OF PRAISE.



RAISE ye the Lord ! With heart entire
My praise shall rise in secret choir,
And where the congregations come
Beneath the Temple's sacred dome.

Jehovah's works, if studied right,
Yield earnest seekers true delight.

In all His doings mercy shines ;
His righteousness no bound confines.

The marvels of creation seem
Memorials of His hand supreme ;
The Lord is pitiful and kind ;
He bears our daily wants in mind.

His covenant unchanging stands ;
He drove the heathen from their lands
And led His chosen there to live,
That men might know 'twas His to give.

His works are verity and right ;
With faithfulness His laws are bright ;
Based on eternal pillars sure
His truth and justice shall endure.

Redemption to His own He gave ;
His promise still is strong to save.
In love, in dread let all proclaim
His reverend and holy name.

The fear of God which grace supplies
Is man's beginning to be wise ;
He reasons best who best obeys
And lifts his voice in ceaseless praise.

PSALM CXII.

THE HAPPINESS OF THE GOD-FEARING MAN.



OW happy he who holy fear
With thoughts of God unites,
Who in Jehovah's statutes clear
Unweariedly delights !

His seed upon the earth shall spread
In might and fair renown ;
His race, by his example led,
Shall constant blessings crown.

Within his house an ample store
Of wealth and riches lies ;
His name shall flourish evermore,
For virtue never dies.

Upon the righteous often shines
In gloom a dawning light ;
Compassion he with grace combines,
With both a love of right.

A good man feels for others' cares,
Knows when to give or lend,
Discreetly guides his own affairs
And can his cause defend.

When in one life such virtues meet
Their record never fails ;
The memory of worth is sweet
And fragrance long exhales !

When evil tidings float around
He shall not be afraid :
His heart a sure Support hath found ;
His trust on God is laid.

His heart upheld, he shall not fear,
But wait in faith to see
A stronger arm than his appear
To smite his enemy.

With open purse and opened heart
His charity is spread ;
His righteousness shall not depart
And honour crowns his head.

The wicked shall with grief survey
The triumph of the just,
Shall gnash their teeth and melt away,
Convinced their hopes are dust.

PSALM CXII.

ANOTHER VERSION.



LET Jehovah be praised ! Oh ! the blessings
outpoured
On the faithful who walk in His sight,
On the man in whose heart is the fear of the Lord
And who takes in His statutes delight !

For the race of the upright shall ever be blest,
And his seed upon earth shall prevail ;
On his house shall the smiles of prosperity rest,
And his righteousness never shall fail.

Tho' a curtain of gloom over others may fall
To the just there ariseth a light.
He hath pity for some, he is gracious to all ;
'Tis the aim of his life to do right.

A good man knows when he should favour bestow
And when it becomes him to lend ;
He will guide his affairs with discretion and show
It goes best with the just in the end.

He shall not assuredly quickly be moved,
For his cause he will boldly maintain,
And a life that has constant to rectitude proved
Must a place in man's memory gain.

Never tidings of evil shall make him afraid,
Nor misgivings shall ruffle his breast,
For his heart's fixed resolve on Jehovah is stayed
And he doth on His providence rest.

Yes ! his heart is established, unshaken by fear,
Tho' his enemies gather around,
For he knows that the God he hath served will be
near
And the plans of the wicked confound.

To the poor he extends his beneficence wide,
By his bounty the hungry are fed,
And his righteousness long shall unfading abide
And with honour shall circle his head.

Such a happy career when the wicked survey
They shall gnash with their teeth in despair,
When they think how the pleasures of sin pass away
As a phantom that melts in the air !

PSALM CXIII.

GOD IS PRAISED FOR HIS GREATNESS, HIS CONDESCEN-
SION, AND HIS GOODNESS.



ALLELUJAH ! Saints, unite
To praise Jehovah's name ;
Oh ! make His honour your delight,
His praise your ceaseless aim !

That sacred name be ever bless'd
While time its course shall run ;
His glory spread from east to west,
From dawn to setting sun.

Above all nations, land or sea,
Jehovah's throne excels ;
Above yon star-lit canopy
His holy presence dwells.

Oh ! who with God our Lord can dare
In majesty to vie ?
Unseen or seen, what power compare
With Him who rules on high ?

Yet He looks down from heaven on earth
And cares for mortal things,
And patient want and struggling worth
He setteth among kings.

And she who, childless and unblest,
A lonely woman sigh'd,
Now clasps her infant to her breast
And feels a mother's pride !

PSALM CXIV.

A PICTURE OF NATURE CONVULSED BEFORE THE
MAJESTY OF GOD.



WHEN Israel quitted Egypt's strand,
And Jacob left a strange-tongued land,
In Judah was His holy place,
And Israel owned His ruling grace :

The sea beheld and backward fled,
And Jordan bared his sandy bed ;
The trembling mountains leaped like rams,
And skipp'd the hills like newborn lambs.

What ails thee, sea, retreating so ?
Why, Jordan, dost thou backward flow ?
Like rams why, mountains, do ye leap ?
Why skip, ye hills, like timid sheep ?

O earth, the Lord adore in fear
And quail when Jacob's God is near,
Who made the rock a rippling pool,
From flintstone drew a fountain cool !

PSALM CXV.

PSALM FOR THE RETURNED EXILES, IN HONOUR OF GOD
AND CONTEMPT OF HEATHEN TAUNTS AND BABYLONISH
IDOLS.

The Congregation.

NOT unto us, good Lord! the praise,
Not unto us the honour raise,
But let Thy name the glory take,
For Thine own truth and mercy's sake!

Why say the nations unreprieved,
'Where is the God these people loved?'
And yet our God in heaven resides,
Whence all below His wisdom guides.

The deities that they parade
Are only toys men's hands have made;
Their idols—wrought, or cast in mould—
Are silver saviours, gods in gold.

Mouths have they, not designed for speech;
Blind eyes, and ears no tones can reach;
Nostrils that cannot odours scent,
And hands for handling never meant;

Through their closed throats no voice or sound
Hath ever yet a passage found.
Who make them, or obeisance pay,
Are quite as blind and dull as they !

Levites and Choir.

O Israel ! trust in the Lord ;
Let Aaron's house their trust accord :
At home, abroad, by flood or field,
He is their Helper and their Shield.

Ye that Jehovah's name revere,
Oh ! trust in Him with holy fear,
Confess His power to man revealed ;
He is your Helper and your Shield !

The Priest.

He hath been mindful in the past,
And He will bless us to the last ;
Will Israel bless in time of need,
And blessings pour on Aaron's seed.

O ye that fear Him, great and small,
His love suffices for you all ;
Both you and yours in wealth and peace
May more and more the Lord increase !

The Congregation.

He who the universe hath made
For you His blessings be displayed ;

In heaven God chose His own abode,
But earth's green fields on man bestowed.

From buried lips no praise can come,
Nor hymns of joy from silent tomb,
But we with living hearts adore
And bless Thy name for evermore !

PSALM CXVI.

THANKSGIVING FOR ESCAPE FROM DEATH.



LOVE the Lord, for He is nigh,
He hears my voice, He heeds my cry ;
To Him my prayer shall upward fly
While life shall last.

The cords of death enclosed me round,
With pains of hell my limbs were bound ;
On Him, oppressed with grief profound,
My cares I cast.

‘ My soul,’ I cried, ‘ from danger free ! ’
The Lord is gracious unto me ;
The fulness of His sympathy
My spirit cheers.

Jehovah doth the simple keep ;
When plung'd of late in sorrow deep
He saved me, bade me cease to weep,
And dried my tears.

Tho' waves of grief did o'er me roll,
He came the tempest to control.
He hath dealt well with thee, my soul ;
Resume thy rest.

For Thou the hand of death didst stay,
And Thou my couch didst smoother lay,
And kept my feet, lest they should stray.
Thy name be blest !

While I am spared to life and light
My aim shall be to choose the right,
To walk before Jehovah's sight
Until I die.

I do believe—for I must speak
What I was taught when sick and weak ;
I said in haste, ' If truth you seek
—The world's a lie ! '

How can I God repayment make ?
The cup of blessing I will take,
His name, while solemn mem'ries wake,
I will repeat !

Where all His people meet to pray,
I will before their sight to-day
My off'rings to Jehovah pay,
My vows complete.

The death a saint of God may die
Is no light thing before His eye,
Nor flows his blood unheeded by
The Judge Divine !

Lord ! I am Thine ! Thy will be done !
Thy servant I, Thine handmaid's son ;
For riven bonds, for freedom won,
The praise be Thine !

To Thee my sacrifice I bring,
A yearning soul's thank-offering,
And to Thy name my voice shall sing
And call in prayer !

I will my vows pay openly
Within Thy courts, where crowds shall see—
Yes, in the very midst of thee,
O Salem fair !

PSALM CXVII.

AN UNIVERSAL INVITATION TO JEHOVAH'S WORSHIP.



YE nations, give Jehovah praise,
His majesty proclaim ;
Your voices, all ye peoples, raise
To glorify His name.
To us His lovingkindness pure
Remembered mercies prove ;
His truth is, as His kindness, sure
And changeless as His love.
Hallelujah !

PSALM CXVII.

ANOTHER VERSION.



H ! praise the Lord, ye nations, praise ;
Your tribute, all ye peoples, raise :
By every tribe, in every tongue,
Jehovah's name be blest and sung !
To us, He cares to call His own,
His lovingkindness hath been shown ;
To us, to all, unchanged and sure,
His truth for ever shall endure.
Hallelujah !

PSALM CXVIII.

FESTIVAL PSALM AT THE DEDICATION OF THE NEW
TEMPLE.

At the setting out.



TH ! thank the Lord, for He is good ;
Unchanged His mercies stay ;
His love hath sure for ages stood
And shall not pass away !

Let Israel His kindness bless,
Which rolling time defies,
His saints, with Aaron's house, confess
' His mercy never dies ! '

On the way.

When late, in straits of sorrow bound,
I cried to Him to save,
Lo ! He enlarged my narrow ground
And space and freedom gave :

The Lord, my Help, is by my side ;
Why should I be afraid ?
From man what evil can betide
If God be near with aid ?

He takes my part along with those
Who rally round me true,
And He upon my vanquish'd foes
Shall wreak their utmost due.

Far better in the Lord to rest
When storms or troubles lour,
Than lean on men, tho' kings—at best
Frail reeds in such an hour !

When neighbouring tribes about me came
In league on every side,
I call'd upon Jehovah's name
And slew them in their pride.

And when again they pressed me sore
And closed in circling line,
I called upon Thy name once more,
And victory was mine.

They cluster'd thick as swarming bees :
Thy name my soldiers shout,
Like thorns that blaze before a breeze
Their flame dies quickly out !

Yes, thou, my bold and restless foe,
Didst thrust me sore indeed,
But God forbade my overthrow
And helped me in my need.

To God, my saving Strength, belong
All powers that I can bring ;
The tents of saints in joyous song
With His salvation ring.

The Lord's right hand achieveth strength ;
It is exalted high ;
The Lord's right hand achieveth strength
And doeth valiantly.

I shall not die, but live to tell
The works to man He gave ;
Tho' sore His chastenings on me fell
He spared me from the grave.

At the going in.

Oh ! wide the Temple's portals throw,
That I may worship there
And offer in His courts below
The sacrifice of prayer !

This is the gate, Jehovah's gate ;
The righteous enter here :
Here shall my faith an answer wait,
And find a Saviour near !

The stone the builders deemed unfit
Head corner-stone is placed ;
Jehovah's hands have fashion'd it,
The block His choice hath graced.

Such wonders in our sight displayed
Must all our thoughts employ.
This is the day the Lord hath made ;
Let us exult with joy !

Men of Jerusalem within.

Save now, O Lord ! Thy servants hear !

Men of Judah without.

Send now, Lord, peace and rest !

Men of Jerusalem within.

Blest he who in God's name draws near !

Men of Judah without.

And you, God's priests, be blest !

Men of Jerusalem within.

Jehovah is our God, in whom
Is majesty and might.

Men of Judah without.

His grace our darkness doth illume ;
He shows His pilgrims light.

Men of Jerusalem within.

Let your unstinted offerings teach
Your faith to all mankind,
And till the altar's horns you reach
With cords fresh victims bind.

Men of Judah without.

My God, I will Thy glory raise
In Zion's courts above !

Both together.

Oh ! let us all His goodness praise,
Eternal as His love !

PSALM CXIX.

'THE CHRISTIAN'S GOLDEN A, B, C OF PRAISE, LOVE,
POWER, AND USE OF THE WORD OF GOD' (*German
version*).

ALEPH.



H ! what blessings rich and sure
Wait on those whose steps are pure,
Walking where the saints have trod
In the perfect law of God !
Those who seek Him not in part,
But with undivided heart,

Who have done no wilful sin,
But have kept His ways within.
Thou on us the charge hast laid
That Thy precepts be obeyed.
Oh ! that all my ways were true,
With Thy statutes full in view !
Then no shame my breast should fill
While I lived to do Thy will.
Thee I thank with upright heart,
Knowing, Lord, how just Thou art.
I will keep Thy statutes right.
Oh ! do not forsake me quite !

BETH.

How shall youth his course begin
Undeiled by shame or sin?
Watching well his steps untried
Let him make Thy Word his guide !
Thee with all my heart I sought ;
Oh ! to err not by a thought !
In my heart Thy word I store,
So might I not grieve Thee more.
O Jehovah, Thou art bless'd ;
Let Thy statutes fill my breast.
Loudly I the world have told
All Thy edicts manifold.
In Thy testimonies fair
Joy and amplest wealth I share ;

On Thy precepts I shall muse
And Thy paths devoutly choose.
Pleasure shall Thy laws afford ;
I shall not forget Thy word.

GIMEL.

Richly, Lord, Thy bounty give ;
Let me keep Thy word and live ;
Open Thou mine eyes to see
All Thy law's deep mystery.
Here a stranger I abide ;
Do not Thy commandments hide.
While Thy judgments' depths I seek
Longing makes my spirit weak.
Thou hast uttered plain and loud
Thy rebuke against the proud ;
Those who Thy commandments slight
Curses sure upon them light.
Blush of shame from me remove,
For to keep Thy laws I love.
Princes, in their chambers met,
Aim their slanders at me yet ;
But Thy laws my thoughts employ,
Both my counsellors and joy.

DALETH.

Prone in dust my soul is laid ;
Hasten with Thy quickening aid.
I to Thee my ways have told ;
Thou to me Thy laws unfold,

Make me know Thy precepts well,
On Thy wonders let me dwell.
Melts my weeping soul away ;
Let Thy promise be my stay.
Purge all falsehood from my heart ;
Graciously Thy law impart.
Onward I resolve to press
In the path of righteousness ;
Clear before mine eyes displayed
All Thy judgments have I laid.
To Thy records while I cling
Let not shame my bosom sting ;
Running as Thou dost command,
Let my heart with joy expand.

HE.

Teach me where Thy statutes tend ;
I shall keep them to the end.
Give me wisdom, that I may
With my heart Thy law obey.
Oh ! let Thy commandments be
Paths to lead me up to Thee !
Make me walk in them aright,
For therein is my delight.
Let me to Thy will incline,
Covet not what is not mine ;
Lest for wealth my heart should sigh,
Turn my eyes from vanity.
Serving Thee with holy fear,
Make Thy promise sure and clear ;

Save me from the charge that I
Pass'd Thy ordinances by ;
To Thy precepts while I press
Quicken me in righteousness.

VAU.

Lord, in lovingkindness speed
With redemption long decreed ;
So can I an answer make
Those who taunt me for Thy sake.
In Thy word my trust I lay ;
'Take it not from me away ;
Hoping in Thy judgments still,
I shall best Thy law fulfil.
Yea, Thy law shall guide my feet
Till my heart shall cease to beat ;
Wider space expands my view
Since Thy precepts I pursue.
From my lips, unchecked by fear,
Kings shall of Thy judgments hear.
Loving Thy commandments bright,
I in them shall take delight,
Lift my hands to Thee and pray,
Search Thy statutes night and day.

ZAIN.

Let not Thy injunction fade,
'All thy hopes on Me be laid.'
This makes sorrow's pressure less,
This brings comfort in distress.

This revives the sinking heart :
From Thy word Thou canst not part.
Tho' the proud against me war
From Thy law I turn not far ;
I recall Thy ways of old,
And find comforts manifold.
Flames of wrath within me rise,
That men should Thy laws despise ;
For, like music, they assuage
E'en the gloom of pilgrimage.
I have named Thee while I slept,
Night and day Thy law have kept.
This has been Thy gift of grace,
That Thy precepts I embrace !

CHETH.

Yes, ' My portion is the Lord ;
I shall keep,' I said, ' Thy word.'
All my heart with Thee did plead,
For Thy promised grace I need.
When I thought upon my way,
Knew my steps had gone astray,
Then Thy testimonies shed
Light that back to safety led.
Pressing onward, nor delayed,
Thy commandments I obeyed.
Wicked hands their snares did make,
And Thy law they sought to break.
Midnight hymns to Thee shall soar,
While I muse Thy judgments o'er.

Those are comrades of my choice
Who in Thy commands rejoice.
All the earth Thy mercies reach ;
Lord, to me Thy statutes teach.

TETH.

Well hast Thou dealt with me, Lord,
Kept the promise of Thy word.
Better sense and skill supply ;
On Thy precepts I rely.
Ere my faith by grief was tried
Wandering I went aside ;
Now within my bosom deep
I Thy treasured sayings keep.
Good Thou doest, good Thou art ;
Plant Thy statutes in my heart.
Let the proud forge falsehoods still ;
I Thy precepts shall fulfil.
Gross as fat their souls are grown,
But I love Thy law alone,
Trial did to profit turn
That I might Thy statutes learn.
Minted gold or silver fine
Pale before Thy law Divine.

YOD.

Lo ! the creature of Thy hand,
Give me grace to understand,
Strength of mind to know and keep
Thy commandments wise and deep.

Glad Thy saints will hear me say
That my hopes on Thee I lay ;
Thine I own were judgments right
And in justice Thou didst smite.
Let the fulness of Thy love
Promised source of comfort prove ;
In Thy mercies let me live,
Then Thy law shall solace give.
Pride and calumny confuse ;
On Thy precepts let me muse.
Those who fear Thee let them turn
And from me Thy records learn ;
Let my heart, from censure free,
Perfect in Thy statutes be.

CAPH.

Lord, my soul doth droop and fade,
Waiting for Thy saving aid ;
On Thy word my hope relies
While I watch with failing eyes.
'Where's the promised balm ?' I cry.
Like a wine-skin smoked am I !
Still Thy statutes I obey ;
Here how long have I to stay ?
When shall vengeance strike a blow
On my persecuting foe ?
Pits for me the proud prepare ;
For Thy law they have no care.
That the truth Thy words may crown
Help ! or wrong shall drag me down.

I, tho' they well-nigh prevailed,
Never from Thy precepts failed ;
Grant me quickening grace to keep
All Thy testimonies deep !

LAMED.

Writ in heaven Thy word is set ;
Stands Thy truth unchanging yet ;
Earth, tho' rolling years have pass'd,
Thou hast made for ever fast ;
And in both Thy judgments shine,
For the universe is Thine !
Did Thy law not joy bestow
I had perish'd in my woe.
Since new life Thy precepts give
In my mem'ry shall they live.
Thine am I ; oh ! save me still !
I have sought to do Thy will.
Cruel foes have, undismayed,
Deadly ambush for me laid,
But when enemies are nigh
On Thy promise I rely.
All perfection sees decay,
Fadeless Thy commandments stay !

MEM.

Oh ! how I Thy law adore !
All day long I search it o'er.
Thy commandments make me know
Wisdom more than wisest foe ;

E'en my former teachers own
I am far more subtle grown,
For Thy testimonies bright
Fill my thoughts by day and night ;
More than sages knew of old
Thy commands to me unfold.
I have shunned each evil way
That Thy word I might obey ;
From Thy judgments have not turned :
Thou hast taught what I have learned.
Oh ! how sweet Thy sayings are !
Sweeter than rock-honey far !
Through Thy precepts wisdom taught,
Lies I hate in act or thought.

NUN.

Yes ! Thy word my way doth show,
Lamp and light where'er I go ;
And my vow shall never sleep
That I would Thy judgments keep.
Sorrow presses on me sore ;
Fainting, I can bear no more.
Speak, O Lord, the promised word ;
With new life let me be stirr'd ;
Take the sacrifice I bring,
Loyal lips' thank-offering.
Let my gift Thy favour find ;
Teach Thy judgments to my mind.
Daily perils round me press,
Yet Thy law I love not less ;

I, tho' snares are round me laid,
From Thy precepts have not strayed.
Deathless joy Thy records give ;
Let me in Thy statutes live.

SAMECH.

Double-minded men I shun ;
In Thy law I love to run.
Thou my Shelter art, and Shield ;
I believe Thy word revealed.
Evil-doers, hence ! away !
I must God's commands obey.
As Thou didst the promise give
Hold me up, that I may live ;
Since my only Trust art Thou
Let not shame suffuse my brow.
So, upheld and saved from fear,
I Thy statutes shall revere.
Those that from Thy laws have strayed
Trodden in the dust are laid.
Wickedness and self-deceit
Melt like dross before Thy feet.
I, with love and trembling awe,
Fear Thy judgments, keep Thy law.

AIN.

Walking righteous in Thy sight,
Leave me not when foes unite ;
When the proud Thy servant try
Be for good my Surety !

Dim, my eyes begin to fade
While they wait Thy saving aid,
Wait till Thou Thy word fulfil.
Deal with me as Thou dost will ;
But, as Thou art lovingkind,
Teach Thy statutes to my mind ;
Give me intellect to know
What Thy testimonies show.
Time for God to act hath come,
Time to strike the rebels dumb.
How Thy precepts, Lord, I love,
Gold, yea, finest gold above !
Thou dost order all things best ;
Ev'ry false way I detest.

PE.

Wonders more than tongue can tell
In Thy testimonies dwell ;
So their riches pure and deep
Hath my soul resolved to keep.
Light Thy word revealed supplies,
Light that makes the simple wise.
Panting, faint, I longed with pain
Thy commandments to attain.
As Thou didst to saints of old,
Turn to me, Thy grace unfold ;
Fix my steps with faith in Thee ;
Let not sin my master be.
Safe from mortal wrong and pride,
Let Thy precepts be my guide ;

Let Thy face upon me shine,
And Thy statutes teach Divine.
Tears mine eyes in rivers steep
That Thy law men will not keep.

TZADDI.

Righteous art Thou, Lord, alone ;
Justice doth uphold Thy throne ;
Faith and truth their seals unite
On Thy testimonies bright.
Full of zeal, I burn and fret
That my foes Thy words forget.
Tho' Thy promises are weighed,
Tho' Thy very truth's assayed,
In my heart Thy sayings dwell,
And Thy servant loves them well.
Small, despised, Thy precepts yet
I, tho' weak, do not forget.
Justice hath unfading youth !
Law Divine is changeless truth !
Grief and anguish round me cling ;
Thy commandments solace bring.
With Thy righteous statutes give
Grace to know them and to live.

KOPH.

All my heart was full of Thee
When I called, 'Oh ! answer me !'
When I uttered, 'Save, I pray,
So will I Thy laws obey !'

Ere the break of dawn I cried,
Early on Thy word relied ;
While my hopes Thy promise fed
I the midnight watch outsped.
Sleep my wakeful eyes refused,
For on Thee my spirit mused.
In Thy love, oh ! hear my prayer ;
Tho' Thou judgest, comfort spare.
Sons of mischief near me draw,
Far from Thee and from Thy law.
Thou art nigh, Jehovah, too ;
Thy commandments all are true.
Time may tell a changeful tale,
But Thy records never fail.

RESH.

Looking on my sorrows, Lord,
Swift deliverance afford.
From Thy law I do not stray ;
Plead my cause, my ransom pay ;
Let Thy promise cheer my woe
And new life on me bestow.
Far from them is saving love
Whom Thy statutes never move.
Fall Thy mercies fast and free ;
In Thy justice quicken me !
I, tho' foes in troops appear,
Hold Thy testimonies dear,
Grieved the faithless I survey
From Thy sayings gone astray.

How I love Thy precepts see ;
Let Thy favour quicken me.
Lord ! Thy word is Truth Divine ;
Changeless all Thy judgments shine !

SCHIN.

Wrongs on me have princes poured,
But my heart reveres Thy word.
In Thy promises of old
I rejoice with joy untold,
As a victor views his spoil
After battle's heat and toil :
Lies I loathe and cast away ;
On Thy law my hopes I stay.
Seven times a day I praise
All Thy good and righteous ways.
Peace have they who love Thy law ;
Them no hidden dangers awe.
Knowing Thy salvation near,
I have kept Thy laws with fear,
Kept Thy testimonies right,
For they are my soul's delight ;
Kept them and Thy precepts too,
For Thou seest all I do !

TAU.

Lord, my plaint to Thee would rise !
In Thy wisdom make me wise ;
Let Thine ears my prayer attend ;
Thy redemption promised send.

Taught Thy statutes deep to know,
Let my lips with thanks o'erflow.
I Thy praises would recall ;
Just are Thy commandments all.
Let Thine hand my weakness aid.
Thy decrees my choice I made ;
Yearning for Thy saving light,
In Thy law is my delight.
Let me live Thy praise to sing ;
Let Thy judgments succour bring.
I have wandered from the way
Like a lost sheep gone astray.
Seek Thy servant ! Tho' I rove,
Thy commandments still I love !

PSALM CXX.

PRAYER AGAINST THE LYING TONGUES OF TREACHEROUS
NEIGHBOURS.



O God, who heard me crying
In sorrows past, I call,
'Save me from lips of lying,
From tongues of craft and gall !'

What measure shall requite thee,
What punishment of wrong,
What added torture blight thee,
O thou deceitful tongue?

Sharp arrows from the shoulder
Of mighty Archer shot,
Broom coals, that slowly smoulder
And live mid ashes hot !

Ah ! woe is me, sojourning
Where Meshech's brigands roam :
Behold—to Kedar turning—
In savage tents my home !

Too long have I been staying
With those who peace abhor ;
For peace, when I am praying,
Wild shouts go up for war !

PSALM CXXI.

A PILGRIM'S SOLACE IN DIVINE PROTECTION.



O yonder mountains grand and blue
I lift my longing eyes ;
I know I have a Helper true
Where Zion's turrets rise !

For help on God I have relied,
Who heaven and earth has made ;
Thy foot shall surely never slide,
Supported by His aid.

The Power Divine whose guardian care
Doth watch o'er Israel keep
Disdains the mortal joys to share
Of slumber or of sleep.

Jehovah is thy Keeper sure,
And at thy right hand found ;
His shadow doth thy life secure
And curtain thee around.

No sun with scorching beam by day
Thy fevered brain shall smite ;
No moon with cold, deceitful ray
Shall sap thy strength at night.

His arm shall every danger ward,
Thy soul shall He defend ;
Thy going and thy coming guard,
And keep thee to the end !

PSALM CXXI.

ANOTHER VERSION.



U P to yon hills my eyes
I lift for light ;
When shall the dawn arise
From lap of night ?

Comes from Jehovah's love
Alone my aid,
From Him who heaven above
And earth has made.

Thy feet may He sustain,
Nor let them slide,
Long to thy steps remain
A constant Guide.

Lo ! He on Israel's foes
Doth vigil keep ;
Thy Watchman doth not close
His eyes in sleep.

Within thy Maker's sight
Be not afraid ;
He spreads upon thy right
His guardian shade.

No scorching sun by day
Shall quench thy sight ;
No moon's deceitful ray
Thy strength shall blight.

Thy soul in weal or woe
Shall He defend,
And be while ages flow
Thy changeless Friend.

PSALM CXXII.

A LOVING GLANCE BACK AT THE PILGRIM'S CITY.



LAD was I for those who said,
‘Let us to the Temple go ;
Let the wearied exiles tread
In the house of God below.’

There our pilgrim feet have stood,
Bonds no more enslaving them,
While we joined the multitude
In thy gates, Jerusalem !

Fair Jerusalem ! thou art,
As a city planned with skill,
Built compact in every part,
Crowning Zion's sacred hill.

Whither for appointed prayer
Israel's tribes united came,
Bearing public witness there
How they feared Jehovah's name.

Judging there by right Divine,
Kings of old their people met ;
There for David's royal line
Were the thrones of justice set.

Oh ! for peace in Salem pray !
Favoured shall thy lovers be ;
Peace within thy bulwarks stay,
In thy courts prosperity !

For my friends', my brethren's sake
Long may peace within thee dwell !
For God's house this promise take,
I will ever serve thee well !

PSALM CXXII.

SECOND VERSION.



H ! the joy at hearing
All the people say,
'To Jehovah's temple
Let us haste to-day.'

Salem, late rejoicing
In thy gates we stood,
Heard the festal service,
Joined the multitude.

Stately art thou, Salem,
Crown of Zion's hill,
Built compact together,
Plann'd throughout with skill !

Whither by commandment
Used the tribes repair,
Offering Jehovah
Sacrifice and prayer.

There did thrones most sacred
Set for judgment stand,
While the house of David
Ruled in all the land.

Peace for sacred Salem,
Oh ! with fervour pray,
For with those that love her
Shall a blessing stay.

Long within thy bulwarks
Peace extend her reign !
Long thy courts palatial
Prosperous remain !

For my dear companions,
For my brethren's sake,
Peace I pray within thee
May her dwelling make.

For God's holy temple,
For Jehovah's name,
I shall all my lifetime
Make thy good my aim.

PSALM CXXIII.

AN UPWARD GLANCE OF PATIENT FAITH.



THOU whose throne is in the skies,
To Thee in hope I lift mine eyes !
As servants by their master stand
And watch the motion of his hand,

As maiden on her mistress waits,
Her eye each want anticipates,
So turn we towards Jehovah's face
And mark the inklings of His grace.

Thy grace, O Lord ! Thy grace bestow !
Contempt and shame have brought us low.
The pampered scorn, the proud despise ;
Our troubled soul dejected lies.

PSALM CXXIV.

JOYFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF VOUCHSAFED
DELIVERANCE.

HAD the arm of the Lord not been raised
on our side,
Let the ransom'd of Israel say,
Had His arm not defeated our enemies' pride
When they faced us in battle array,

Then the flames of their wrath would have circled
 us round,
 And have swept us alive in the grave ;
 Then the torrent resistless our forces had drowned,
 And our soul had been sunk in the wave.

Yes, the proud-swelling stream had gone over our
 soul,
 And had carried us lifeless away ;
 But Jehovah be bless'd, whose almighty control
 To their jaws did not give us a prey.

As a bird that from snare of the fowler hath flown,
 We are free, for our fetters are riven ;
 There is help in the name of Jehovah alone,
 The Creator of earth and of heaven !

PSALM CXXV.

ISRAEL'S BULWARK AGAINST TEMPTATION TO APOSTASY.



THEY that in Jehovah trust,
 Firm as Zion, shall not move ;
 Storms may rave, but stand they must,
 Rooted in His depths of love !

As for Salem, mountain-chains
 Circle her approaches round,
 So His arm, while it sustains,
 Clasp'd about His saints is found !

Soon shall rod of wicked pride
Cease upon this land to lie,
Lest the righteous, over-tried,
Lapse into apostasy.

On the good, Lord, good bestow !
Those that choose their crooked way,
Down to ruin let them go !
But let peace in Judah stay !

PSALM CXXV.

THE SAME IN THE SAPPIC STANZA.



LIKE to Mount Zion, sheltered and un-
shaken,
Standeth the man who trusts upon
Jehovah,
Building his hopes on adamant foundations,
Lasting for ever.

Round about Salem, lo ! a range of mountains
Closes the sacred city from invaders ;
So the Lord's arm is round about His people,
Guarding them always.

Soon shall the rod of tyranny be broken,
Soon the land freed from godless domination,
Lest, over-strained, the righteous should to idols
Offer obeisance !

Such as are good, may good to them be render'd !
But for the traitors, crooked paths preferring,
Let them, Lord, take their way with the trans-
gressors !

Peace be in Judah !

PSALM CXXVI.

THE HARVEST OF JOY AFTER THE SOWING OF TEARS.



WHEN, her sons from bonds redeeming,
God to Zion led the way,
We were like to people dreaming
Thoughts of bliss too bright to stay.

Fill'd with laughter, stood we gazing,
Loud our tongues in rapture sang ;
Quickly with the news amazing
All the startled nations rang.

'See Jehovah's works of glory !
Mark what love for them He had !'
'Yes, FOR US ! Go tell the story.
This was done, and we are glad.'

Lord ! Thy work of grace completing
 All our exiled hosts restore,
 As in thirsty channels meeting
 Southern streams refreshing pour.

They that now in sorrow weeping
 Tears and seed commingled sow,
 Soon, the fruitful harvest reaping,
 Shall with joyful bosoms glow.

Tho' the sower's heart is breaking,
 Bearing forth the seed to shed,
 He shall come the echoes waking,
 Laden with his sheaves instead.

PSALM CXXVII.

IN HOUSE OR CITY EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON GOD'S
 BLESSING.



UNLESS the Lord its walls sustain,
 To build a house is labour vain ;
 In vain the city watchman's care
 Unless the Lord keeps vigil there.

Vain else to rise with morn's first ray,
 Vain else to work till close of day ;
 The selfsame bread your labours reap
 The Lord provides His saints in sleep.

Your sons are good gifts of the Lord ;
The fruitful womb is His reward ;
As arrows in a strong man's hand
Are sons that by their father stand.

The man is blest who lives at ease
With quiver full of shafts like these ;
No shame shall sons or sire await
When enemies beset their gate.

PSALM CXXVIII.

THE SAINT AT HOME.



OW blest is he whose loving fear
Jehovah's will obeys,
Who keeps to His commandments near
And walks in all His ways !

For Thou the labour of thine hands
Shalt eat in sweet content,
In peace shalt till thy fertile lands,
Thy days in bliss be spent.

Thy wife within her household sphere
Shall bloom, a fruitful vine,
Thy children round thy board appear
And like young olives shine.

Behold his family and home
 Who lives in fear of God ;
 And may to thee like blessings come
 From Zion, His abode !

May all thy days prosperity
 Undimm'd on Salem rest !
 May thou thy children's children see
 With peace in Judah bless'd !

PSALM CXXIX.

THE END OF THE OPPRESSORS OF ZION.



REATLY have they—Israel witness—
 Up from youth my peace assailed ;
 Greatly fighting, greatly failing,
 For they have not once prevailed.

Down my back the heartless ploughers
 Sharp and long their furrows drew,
 But the Lord's just wrath was kindled
 And their yoke asunder flew.

Shame be theirs and route disgraceful
 Who would Zion's peace invade ;
 Let them be as house-top grasses,
 Withered ere you pluck the blade.

For the mower not one handful,
Nor for reaper sheaf to bind,
Not a passing stranger's blessing,
Not a 'God-be-with-you' kind !

PSALM CXXX.

A CRY FOR FORGIVENESS OUT OF THE DEEP WATERS OF
AFFLICTION.



FROM care's dark depths I called, O Lord,
on Thee.

Hear Thou my voice ; to Thee my
prayers ascend.

Oh ! let Thy gracious ears attentive be ;
With humbled knees before Thy throne I bend.

If thou, O Lord, shouldst mark iniquities,
Who could the terror of Thy judgment stand ?
But, ah ! we know with Thee forgiveness lies,
That Thou may'st fear and honour due command.

I waited for the Lord. My soul meanwhile
Found in His word fresh hope her fears to stay.
My soul still waits more wistful for Thy smile
Than watchman peering for the dawn of day.

Thy hopes, O Israel, on Jehovah rest ;
His plenteous mercy let thy heart recall.
Oh ! lay thy grief on thy Redeemer's breast ;
Tho' dark thy sins His love can cancel all !

PSALM CXXXI.

CHILDLIKE RESIGNATION TO GOD.



HAVE not, Lord, a haughty heart
Nor lofty eye ;
Nor do I meddle for a part
In things too high.

My soul doth like a weanling rest ;
I cease to weep ;
So mother's lap, tho' dried her breast,
Can lull to sleep.

Cease not, O Israel, thy trust
On God to lay ;
Hope elsewhere laid is only dust,
And flits away !

PSALM CXXXII.

PRAYER FOR THE HOUSE OF GOD AND THE HOUSE OF
DAVID.



ORD, do Thou remember David,
All his weight of anxious care ;
How he vowed the God of Jacob,
How unto the Lord he sware.

In my house no more I enter,
Tho' my tent be softly spread.
Vain my gentle couch invites me ;
I will climb not on my bed.

Sleep I give not to my eyelids,
Slumber from mine eyes I chase,
Till for God I find a dwelling
And for Jacob's King a place.

Lo ! we heard of it at Ephrath ;
In the forest field 'twas found.
Let us come into His temple,
Bow before Him to the ground.

With Thine ark of strength, Jehovah,
Rise into Thy place of rest !
Let Thy chosen saints be joyful,
Righteousness Thy priests invest !

Oh ! rejoice in Thine anointed
For Thy servant David's sake.
What He swore the Lord will change not ;
Thus His voice to David spake :

‘ Children from thy loins begotten
On thy throne shall I maintain,
And thy sons, my statutes keeping,
Shall thy heirs through ages reign.’

For the Lord hath chosen Zion,
There hath set His heart to dwell.
‘ Here shall I abide for ever ;
Here I rest ; I love her well.

‘ With abundance shall I bless her,
And her poor with bread supply,
Robe her priests with My salvation,
And her saints with joy shall cry.

‘ David's horn I there shall nourish,
There his lamp shall set and fill :
Shame his enemies shall cover,
But his crown shall blossom still.’

PSALM CXXXIII.

THE BLESSINGS OF UNITY IN FATHERLAND.



H ! how good a thing and fair
When one hope a people share,
In the fatherland to see
Brothers dwell in unity !

So the ointment that was spread
On the high-priest's saintly head
From his mitre and his crown
On his wavy beard ran down.

Yes, the oil by Levites stored
Priestly hands on Aaron poured,
Streamed in perfumed runnels sweet,
Reach'd the skirts that swept his feet.

So the dews on Hermon's hill,
Which the summer clouds distil,
Floating southward in the night,
Pearly gems on Zion light.

There the Lord His blessing gives,
There the precious promise lives,
There the gift ordained of yore,
There the life for evermore !

PSALM CXXXIII.

ANOTHER VERSION, A PARAPHRASE.



Q H ! the picture how fair, and the vision
how cheering,
When the exiles return to the hill and
the glen,
When the pilgrims of Zion, at home reappearing,
In the fatherland settle as brothers again !

How diffused are the blessings that union is sowing,
Like the chrism from which exquisite perfume
was shed,
And which gently the crown of the saint overflowing
Trickled down on his beard while it gleamed on
his head !

Yes, that oil, with rare balms odoriferous blended,
By a rite ceremonial on Aaron was poured ;
Then in rills to his robes the sweet essence de-
scended
Till it fill'd with its fragrance the courts of the Lord.

Like the dews that the clouds first on Hermon
distilling,
Upon Zion at evening refreshingly fall,
So is brotherly love, the Lord's purpose fulfilling,
For a life everlasting is offered us all !

PSALM CXXXIV.

NIGHT-WATCH GREETING AND COUNTER-GREETING.

The Greeting.

H ! bless the Lord, ye servant band,
Your songs of praise unite !
Ye priests who in His temple stand
And minister by night !

The Answer.

Your hands lift towards His temple high,
To God your prayers address ;
May He who made both earth and sky
Your souls from Zion bless.

PSALM CXXXV.

MANY-VOICED HALLELUJAH TO THE GOD OF ISRAEL.



RAISE the Lord, ye servants ; raise
To your God the hymn of praise ;
Priests and Levites stationed there,
Ye who crowd His courts for prayer.
He is good ; His praise proclaim.
Sweet in psalms to laud His name.

Jacob for Himself He takes,
Israel His treasure makes.
For I know God ruleth wide,
Far above all gods beside.
Guided by His sovran will,
Heaven and earth His laws fulfil ;

His commands the seas obey ;
Nature's depths confess His sway.
He from earth's remotest end
Bids the vapour-clouds ascend ;
Lightnings flash across the main,
Heralds of the coming rain :

Lo ! from out His storehouse deep
Tempests at His summons sweep ;
Who Egyptia's firstlings slew,
Man and beast His vengeance knew,
Signs and wonders in her coast
Wrought on Pharaoh and his host.

Nations far and near He smote ;
Slain were divers kings of note :
Amorites for Sihon wept ;
Og from Bashan's throne was swept ;
Canaan's kingdoms one and all
Saw their boasted rulers fall.

Lord, Thy glory time defies,
Thy memorial never dies !

Thou wilt judge Thy people yet
And Thy wrath once more forget ;
Heathen idols stand confess'd
Gold and silver toys at best :

Mouths have they that cannot speak,
Eyes thro' which no light can break,
Ears that sound have never heard,
Lips that breath has never stirr'd.
Those who make them, wood or clay,
Are as senseless blocks as they !

Bless the Lord, O Israel !
Bless Him, Aaron's house, as well !
Him, ye house of Levi, bless !
Saints, with fear your praise express !
Out of Zion God be blest,
Who in Salem loves to rest !

PSALM CXXXVI.

PRAISE TO JEHOVAH'S GOODNESS AS MANIFESTED IN
CREATION AND HISTORY.



H ! give thanks with one accord !
For His goodness bless the Lord !

Chorus.

For His mercy,
Changing never,
Still endureth
Sure for ever.

God of all the gods above,
Thank Him for His grace and love,
For His mercy, &c.

Lord of lords, alone supreme,
Bend in homage to His name,
For His mercy, &c.

Count the wonders He hath shown
By His mighty power alone,
For His mercy, &c.

Thank Him by whose hands were spread
Yon blue curtain overhead,
For His mercy, &c.

Who the waters backward drove,
Till green earth emerged above,
For His mercy, &c.

Who aside the darkness flung
And in heaven His lustres hung,
For His mercy, &c.

Gave the sun his primal ray,
Source and ruler of the day,
For His mercy, &c.

Crowned the moon the queen of night,
Gemm'd the twinkling stars with light,
For His mercy, &c.

Him whose wrath through Egypt swept
When her firstborn she bewept,
For His mercy, &c.

Who led Israel safe and free
From his dark captivity,
For His mercy, &c.

Strong the succour that He gave,
Strong the arm He stretched to save,
For His mercy, &c.

Who the Red Sea's foaming tide
Bade withdraw on either side,
For His mercy, &c.

And for Israel marching there
Made the deep a thoroughfare,
For His mercy, &c.

But on Pharaoh and his men
Roll'd the whelming tide again,
For His mercy, &c.

Who His chosen safely led
Thro' the sandy desert dread,
For His mercy, &c.

Who the strength of monarchs brake,
Smitten for His people's sake,
For His mercy, &c.

Mighty kings, in war renown'd,
Laid He lifeless on the ground,
For His mercy, &c.

Sihon shall no more to fight
Lead the quivered Amorite,
For His mercy, &c.

Calling on his gods in vain,
Og o'er Bashan ceased to reign,
For His mercy, &c.

Lands from which the foe He drave
Heritage to us He gave,
For His mercy, &c.

There His servant Israel
Placed as rightful lord to dwell,
For His mercy, &c.

Who in all our griefs of late
Pitied much our low estate,
For His mercy, &c.

Who when exiled or oppressed
Gave us liberty and rest,
For His mercy, &c.

Author Thou of every good,
Source Divine of life and food,
For His mercy, &c.

Oh ! let thanks and praise be given
To Jehovah, God of heaven !
For His mercy,
Changing never,
Still endureth
Sure for ever.

PSALM CXXXVII.

BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON.



Y Babylon's waters,
On banks Euphrates swept,
With hearts that yearned for Zion
We sat us down and wept.

The chords we touched so often
Were tuneless and unstrung ;
The harps we used to waken
Were on the willows hung ;

For foes that led us captive
Required a mirthful lay ;
The soldiers that despoiled us
Cried, ' Sing to make us gay.

' Some lyric of your nation
We pray you to repeat,
Some air you sang in Zion.
Old melodies are sweet.'

‘ How in a land of strangers
God’s songs can we profane ?
Our music must be silent
Till we are home again.’

If, Salem, I forget thee,
This hand forget its skill ;
When I shall blush to name thee,
My tongue be mute and still,

When fails Thy sacred beauty
My mem’ry to employ,
When, Salem, thee I prize not
Above my chiefest joy.

Lord ! Edom’s sons remember,
Forget not Salem’s fall ;
‘ Down with it to its basement !
Down with it ! ’ was their call !

O Babylonia’s daughter,
Thou too shalt ruin see ;
For us a cup thou mingled :
As bitter thine shall be.

How pleased shall our avenger
Prepare thy fatal shock !
How happy when he dashes
Thy sucklings on the rock !

PSALM CXXXVII.

ANOTHER VERSION.



WE sat by Babel's riverside,
A mourning band with tears undried,
Our harps upon the willows hung,
While thoughts of home our bosoms wrung.

There they that carried us away
Required of us a mirthful lay,
And they that riveted our chains
Demanded of us joyous strains.

'Come, cease to brood upon your wrongs
And sing us one of Zion's songs.'
'How shall we on a foreign strand
Revive the airs of fatherland?'

If, Salem ! from thy cause I swerve
Let my right hand a blight unnerve !
If other joy like favour gain
My craven tongue let silence chain !

Remember, Lord, to Edom now
The day that saw the city bow :
How pitiless arose the sound
Of 'Rase it ! rase it to the ground !'

Doomed Babel's daughter, happy he
Who brings as dread a fate on thee,
Who where thy rock-built ramparts frown
Shall dash thy suckling infants down !

PSALM CXXXVIII.

HOPES FOR THE FUTURE FROM GOD'S CHARACTER IN
THE PAST.



O Thee with undivided heart
Shall I a grateful off'ring raise,
Before all powers confess Thou art
Entitled to Thy minstrel's praise,
And bowing at Thy holy shrine
Shall own Thine attributes Divine !

Yes, I will thank Thy name, O Lord,
Thy love, but most Thy truth, proclaim,
For Thou hast magnified Thy word
Above all glories of Thy name !
Thou, when I called, didst hear my cry
And with new strength my soul supply.

The kings on every earthly throne,
By hope and fear their bosoms stirr'd,
Shall offer thanks to Thee alone,
For they Thy gracious words have heard ;

Thy name in song shall celebrate,
'The glory of the Lord is great !'

For tho' Jehovah dwells on high
He sees where humblest saints abide,
And with the same far-seeing eye
He marks the steps of human pride.
In trouble Thou wilt strength provide ;
In danger Thou wilt be my Guide !

God sees how all things for me tend ;
I live dependent on His will ;
He works His purpose to the end,
And Thy right hand shall save me still !
Lord, since no years Thy love outrun,
Forsake not what Thou hast begun !

PSALM CXXXIX.

HYMN TO THE OMNISCIENT, OMNIPRESENT, AND OMNI-
POTENT GOD.



ORD, Thou hast searched me through and
through,
My inmost life unroll'd :
I rest, I rise ; but all I do
Thy watchful eyes behold.

My path, my couch Thou compassed,
Familiar with my ways ;
My thoughts before they are express'd
Are open to Thy gaze.

Before the word the ear can reach
Or from my lips escape,
To Thee it is already speech
And syllabled to shape.

Around me spreads Thy circling care ;
I feel the viewless chain.
Oh ! thoughts too deep for me to share,
Too lofty to attain !

For whither shall I try to run
Thy Spirit should I flee ?
Or if Thy presence I would shun
Where shall my shelter be ?

If up to heaven my wings I spread
I see Thee reigning there ;
In Hades if I make my bed
Its gloom with Thee I share.

If, shooting swift as morning light,
I reach the western sea,
Thy hand anticipates my flight,
Arrested there by Thee.

If to the darkness I should pray
To shroud me from Thine eyes,
Lo ! thro' the gloom a piercing ray
That scatters my disguise.

The dark is not too dark for Thee ;
Night shines as day hath done ;
For dark and light in this agree,
That both to Thee are one.

My reins from Thee their network claim,
And, as a weaver's loom,
Thy hands did knit this cunning frame
Within my mother's womb.

In fear and wonder am I wrought,
So I shall praise Thee still ;
My soul reviews in silent thought
Thy miracles of skill.

My broidery of nerve and vein
Thy eyes already met
Where hid I lay, like seedling grain,
An embryo as yet.

Thine eyes the mass imperfect saw,
Thy book contained the plan,
The time when I by nature's law
Should quicken into man.

O God, when on Thy thoughts I dwell
They awe me with their weight ;
Their excellence, oh ! who can tell ?
The sum of them how great !

Their number is so vast it vies
With sand beside the sea ;
Yet when I wake fresh thoughts arise
And I am still with Thee !

Oh that the wicked Thou wouldst slay
(Avaunt, ye blood-stained band !),
The rebels who devices lay,
Who Thee in vain withstand !

Thy haters, Lord, do I not hate ?
Who grieve Thee cause me grief :
The foes of God I designate
My enemies-in-chief.

Lord, search and know my heart within,
My secret thoughts survey ;
See if my course inclines to sin
And show the living way !

PSALM CXL.

PRAYER FOR PROTECTION FROM THE CRAFT OF THE
WICKED.



LORD, save me from the evil man
Whose thoughts on violence are bent,
Who in his breast doth mischief plan,
On war intent.

As sharp as serpents have they made
Their tongue, the weapon of their spite ;
Beneath their lips is poison laid,
As adder's bite.

My life from wickedness defend ;
From lawless might, O Lord, preserve,
From men who on my steps attend
To make them swerve.

The proud for me have hidden snares,
With roadside cords my way beset,
With gins to catch me unawares
Have spread their net.

Then to Jehovah did I cry,
'Thou art my God ! Oh ! lend Thine ear !
Do Thou be to Thy servant nigh,
His prayer to hear !'

O Lord, I knew Thy saving might
That day upon the battle-field,
When round me in the hottest fight
I felt Thy shield!

Grant not the wicked his desire,
And further not his guilty aim ;
His boastful crest, oh ! lift not higher
In deeds of shame.

Their crafty plots they now combine
To compass me with dangers round,
Oh ! let the mischief they design
Themselves confound !

Let burning coals upon them fall ;
In furnaces let them be cast ;
Let water-floods engulf them all
In ruin vast.

Let earth for malice find no place ;
On slanderers let good men frown ;
The violent let evil chase
And hunt them down.

I know Jehovah will befriend
The cause of worth that suffers wrong ;
He will the poor man's rights defend
Against the strong.

The righteous shall Thy name adore,
Their thanks with grateful lips shall tell,
And in Thy presence evermore
The just shall dwell !

PSALM CXLI.

EVENING PSALM IN THE TIME OF ABSALOM.



ORD, I have call'd ; Thy answer speed.
Oh ! hear my voice ! I sorely need
Thy succour to receive.
Oh ! let my prayer as incense rise,
My lifted hands be in Thine eyes
A sacrifice at eve !

Before my mouth set watch and ward
The portals of my lips to guard,
My heart make pure and chaste ;
From works of sin, oh ! keep my feet,
Let me not wicked-doers meet,
Nor of their dainties taste.

A just man may my faults reprove :
His rod is sharp, but smites in love,
He wounds yet oils my head.
'Gainst wickedness, when most abhorred,
My best defence is not the sword,
I trust to prayer instead !

When, hurled adown the beetling rock,
Their chiefs have felt the fatal shock,
 My words shall then be sweet ;
When, as the clods by plough-share turned,
Their graveless bones, unwept and spurned,
 Lie whitening in the heat !

Lord ! save me, for I lift mine eyes
To Thee, on whom my soul relies,
 From snares around me laid.
Since wicked men their traps prepare,
Let their own feet be tangled there,
 While my escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

A CRY OF DAVID WHEN HE WAS IN THE CAVE.



EARNEST to Jehovah crying
I will bend before His throne,
And upon His love relying
Tell my griefs to Him alone ;
 All my troubles
To His ear shall I make known.

Clouds upon my spirit weighing,
From my path I sometimes slide ;

When Thou knowest I am straying,
Then Thou walkest by my side,
And to safety
Dost my erring footsteps guide.

Foes at times, fresh mischief weaving,
For my feet a net prepare ;
But their plans Thine eyes perceiving,
Thou dost guard me from the snare.
Hidden dangers
Vanish by Thy watchful care.

At my right hand none to show me
Succour in my utmost need.
Not a friend who dares to know me ;
Helpless am I left indeed.
Thrice deserted !
No one for my soul takes heed.

Yes ! one Refuge : *Thou* art left me !
Thou canst still my hopes sustain.
Of all else had time bereft me ;
I am rich if Thee I gain,
If my portion
While life lasts Thou dost remain !

Lord, my sad condition viewing,
Hear me, for I am brought low.

From my enemies pursuing
 Save me, for too strong they grow.
 My Deliv'rer,
 Be my Shield from every foe!

From the weight of cares distressing
 Set my prison'd spirit free ;
 Then, with thanks Thy name confessing,
 Saints shall throng my joy to see,
 See how gracious
 Have Thy dealings been to me !

PSALM CXLIII.

AN EXTRACT OF MOST PRECIOUS BALSAM FROM THE
 OLD DAVIDIC SONGS (*Delitzsch*).



LORD, my anxious prayer attend,
 And let my wants invade Thine ear ;
 In faithfulness an answer send,
 In righteousness let justice hear.
 Yet judge me not, for in Thy sight
 There lives not one who doeth right.

Sore hath the foe my spirit tried,
 And sought in dust my life to tread ;
 Hath made me in the dark abide,
 As sleep the unreturning dead.
 My soul is sinking 'neath the weight ;
 My heart within is desolate.

I have recall'd the days of old,
And thought on all that Thou hast done ;
The deeds that faithful tongues have told,
These have I meditated on ;
To Thee have spread my outstretched hands
As yearn for rain the thirsty lands !

O Lord, Thy gracious answer speed.
My spirit fails, my heart is faint ;
Thy smiling countenance I need ;
Oh ! turn Thine ear to my complaint !
Lest, if Thou shroudest Thy face in gloom,
I might as lief be in the tomb.

Thy love at daybreak let me hear,
For all my trust on Thee is laid ;
And make my path of duty clear ;
To Thee my soul looks up for aid.
Oh ! save me, Lord ! In danger tried,
I flee beneath Thy wings to hide !

Instruct me in Thy holy will ;
I look to Thee for guiding light ;
Thou art my God ; be with me still ;
Help me to do and know the right.
On even road, from pitfalls free,
My Guardian Thy good Spirit be !

New life for Thy name's sake bestow ;
My trust is in Thy righteousness ;

Uplift the weight that keeps me low ;
 Bring out my soul from its distress.
 In love mine enemies destroy ;
 Thy service ever is my joy !

PSALM CXLIV.

TAKING COURAGE IN GOD BEFORE A DECISIVE COMBAT.



EVER bless'd be Jehovah,
 The Rock of my might,
 Who my hands trains to warfare,
 My fingers to fight !

My Friend and my Fortress,
 My Saviour, my Tower,
 My Shield, and my Helper !
 I rule by Thy power !

What is man, O Jehovah,
 To merit Thy care ?
 Is the son of man worthy
 Thy counsels to share ?

Man at best is a vapour,
 So short is his stay ;
 As a fast-fleeting shadow
 He passeth away.

Bow Thy heavens, Jehovah,
Come down in Thy might ;
Let the rays of Thy glory
The mountain-tops light.

With the bolts of Thy thunder
Discomfit my foe,
With the flash of Thine arrows
Their force overthrow.

Let Thy hand be extended
To rescue my soul
From the strangers that round me
Like waterfloods roll,

From the mouth in which falsehood
With treachery vies,
From the right hand that's only
A right hand of lies.

Then a song to Jehovah
With lute of ten strings
Shall we sing, for Thou givest
The vict'ry to kings ;

Thou who David Thy servant
Hast saved from the sword,
And from danger more hurtful,
From falsehood abhorr'd ;

We, whose sons, full of vigour,
Grow manly and free,
As the hope of the sapling
Matures in the tree ;

And our daughters are pillars
Whose outlines we trace,
As the cornices sculptured
A palace to grace ;

We, whose garners are bursting
With all kinds of store,
While our sheep in the pastures
Bear thousands and more ;

And our herds are prolific ;
No breach do we fear ;
'Gainst besiegers no sally,
No war cry we hear.

Oh ! how happy the people
Who this can record !
Oh ! how happy the people
Whose God is the Lord !

PSALM CXLV.

HYMN IN PRAISE OF THE ALL-BOUNTIFUL KING.



RAISED be Thou, O God, my King !

I Thy name shall laud and sing,

Every day with love adore,

Praise and bless Thee evermore.

God is great ! Oh ! who can tell

Greatness so unsearchable ?

Age to age the tidings run

Of the wonders Thou hast done.

All the honour due to Thee,

All Thy glorious majesty,

All Thy works in earth or air

Heart shall muse and tongue declare.

Men will on Thy terrors dwell ;

I will of Thy greatness tell.

They Thy bounteous hand will bless ;

I will sing Thy righteousness.

Gracious is the Lord and kind,

Pitying, to love inclined ;

All His works His goodness share

And receive His constant care.

Thanks to Thee Thy works express ;
Thee Thy saints adore and bless,
Tell the splendour of Thy throne,
Laud Thy mighty hand alone.

So that man Thy power may see,
Own Thy glorious majesty,
Time Thy sceptre cannot bend,
Thy dominion cannot end.

Sinking heart doth God sustain,
Failing knees He lifts again ;
All from Thee with wistful eyes
Wait the food Thy care supplies.

What the wants of life demand
Flows from out Thine open hand.
Just and righteous are Thy ways ;
Nature wide Thy love displays !

God is ever near to all
Who in faith upon Him call,
Grants the prayer of them that fear
Helps when sorrows reach His ear

His beloved Jehovah guards,
Doom of death to guilt awards ;
Let my mouth His praise proclaim,
Let all flesh adore His name !

PSALM CXLVI.

PRAISE BE TO GOD, THE ONE TRUE HELPER.



ALLELUJAH ! praise Jehovah !
O my soul, thy tribute bring !
While I breathe among the living
I will to Jehovah sing.

While this heart within me beating
Strains of sacred music sway,
I will to my God unwearied
Strike my harp and tune my lay.

Put not confidence in princes :
Faith in mortal man is vain ;
Soon his little breath escapeth,
Soon he turns to dust again.

Happy who the God of Jacob
Trusts alone for timely aid,
And whose hopes, all else rejecting,
Are upon Jehovah laid !

He who made the earth and heaven,
Sea and all that swim the deep,
He alone and He for ever
Will His truth unchanging keep.

Who is He that wreaketh judgment
For the wronged and the oppress'd ?
Who is He whose bounty feedeth
All the hungry and distress'd ?

Who is He that looseth prisoners ?
Bolts and bars Jehovah bends.
Who can cure the eye of blindness ?
Salve and sight Jehovah sends.

Whence is mercy for the fallen ?
From Jehovah's founts above.
Where shall pilgrims look for comfort ?
In Jehovah's boundless love.

He sustains the mourning widow,
Orphan's tears by Him are dried,
But the aims of the ungodly
He defeats and turns aside.

Yes ! Jehovah reigns for ever !
Loyal hallelujahs sing.
Crowned an everlasting Monarch,
Zion, shout ! Thy God is King !

PSALM CXLVII.

HYMN TO THE SUSTAINER OF ALL THINGS, THE RESTORER
OF JERUSALEM.



ING to God, for it is meet
Voice and harp in tune to raise ;
Music is in worship sweet,
Comely is the hymn of praise.
Jehovah builds up Salem's walls,
Her sons from exile homeward calls.

He who heals the broken heart,
Binds the wounds of them that fall,
Counts the stars and knows by heart
Names distinctive of them all,
The Lord is great, of endless might
And understanding infinite.

He relieves the couch of woe,
Raises those with sorrow bound,
But the wicked layeth low,
Casting them upon the ground.
With thanks to God together sing,
Your harps unto His service bring.

Who the clouds of heaven outspreads?
Who prepares the timely rain?
Who on arid mountain-heads
Makes the herbage green again?

The same whose care the herds supplies,
Who hears the fledgling raven's cries.

Horses have no charm for Him,
Nor the athlete's rapid flight ;
Smoking flank or active limb
Cannot give the Lord delight.
The virtues that He holdeth dear
Are prayerful hope and loving fear.

O Jerusalem, His praise
Let Thy streets re-echo wide ;
To Thy God, O Zion, raise
Sacred hymns from every side.
His hands thy massive gates have braced
And with new bars their beauty graced.

Blessings in thy midst increase—
Happy homesteads, children sweet.
He hath made thy border peace,
Feeding thee with fat of wheat.
His commands through sea and air
Herald angels swiftly bear.

Like the wool at shearing time
Fall His snowflakes on the field,
Spreads around His frosty rime
Like the ashes wood fires yield.
His hail in icy fragments flies ;
His piercing cold what frame defies ?

Speaks the word, and lo ! a thaw ;
Sends His wind, the waters swell ;
Jacob doth He teach His law,
And His statutes Israel.
To us He hath His counsels shewn ;
His judgments elsewhere are unknown.

PSALM CXLVIII.

CREATION'S HALLELUJAH.



HALLELUJAH ! Let us raise
To the Lord a psalm of praise.
First let heaven extol His love,
Praise Him in the heights above !
Angels, ye who serve Him most,
Praise Him, praise Him, all His host !
Praise Him, sun, the orb of day,
Praise Him, moon, with softer ray,
And, ye twinkling gems of light,
Praise Him, all ye stars of night,
Praise Him, heavenly vault on high,
Waters banked above the sky !
Let the Lord their glory share ;
He commanded and they were,
Fix'd them where they still shall be
Changeless as His own decree.
Praise Him next, O teeming earth !
Monsters vast of ocean birth ;

Deep, uplift your thund'rous roar,
Roll His praises to the shore !
Hail and lightning I invoke,
Fleecy snow, and vapoury smoke !
Stormy winds that come and go
As Jehovah bids them blow,
Hills and mountains great and small,
Fruitful trees and cedars tall,
Beasts of forest, ox of farm,
Insect things that creep or swarm,
Fowls that soar the clouds above,
Birds that charm the evening grove,
Kings and peoples of the earth,
Princes, judges, rank and worth,
Young men, maidens, child and sage,
Ev'ry sex and ev'ry age,
Praise Him and His name extol,
Name the Best, the First of all !
He transcends in majesty
Depths of earth or vault of sky.
He His people's horn doth raise ;
Saints confess it while they praise ;
Pours on Israel's sons His grace,
Saves His own adopted race !

Hallelujah !

PSALM CXLIX.

SONG OF HIS SOLDIER-SAINTS TO THE GOD OF VICTORY.



LET us sing to the Lord a new song with
glad voice,
To His praise in the midst of His wor-
shippers sing ;
Let Israel in God, his Creator, rejoice,
Let the children of Zion exult in their King !

In the festival dance let them honour His name,
And with tabret and harp in His presence appear,
For Jehovah takes pleasure His people to claim,
With the light of redemption the mourner to
cheer.

Let the hearts of His loved ones with glory beat
high,
Betwixt slumber and song the night watches divide,
With the praise of the Lord on their lips as they lie
And a two-edged sword in their grasp by their
side,

To administer vengeance the nations among,
And to lay on the peoples a chastisement just,
Until chains round the necks of their monarchs are
hung
And in fetters of iron their nobles are thrust ;

Yes ! to execute judgment, not uttered by voice,
But a written decree in the book of His word ;
'Tis an honour in which His belovèd rejoice
To be militant saints in the Church of the Lord !

PSALM CXLIX.

ANOTHER VERSION.



ING, ye people, to Jehovah
Song of joy unsung before ;
Let the saints in their assembly
Hallelujahs loud outpour !

Israel to Him that made him
Music of rejoicing bring ;
Let the ransomed sons of Zion
Chant an anthem to their King !

Praise Him with the festive dances ;
Let the harp and tabret speak.
For His people give Him pleasure ;
He adorns and saves the meek.

Hark ! upon their beds at midnight
Songs of soldier-saints outpour'd !
On their lips Jehovah's praises,
In their hands a two-edged sword ;

Grasped for vengeance on the heathen,
To rebuke their worship blind,
Chains upon their kings to fasten,
Fetters round their chiefs to bind.

Such the mission of the righteous—
To avenge and not to spare :
Strike for God ! since it is written,
‘ All His saints that honour share.’

PSALM CL.

THE CLOSING HALLELUJAH.



RAISE the Lord ! His name confess !
Praise Him in His holiness !
Praise Him in His heavenly height,
Praise Him for His glorious might !
As His greatness all exceeds
Equal praise His service needs.
Praise Him with the trumpet's blast,
Battle-calls to triumphs past ;
Praise Him on the sacred lute,
Nor let festal harp be mute ;
Praise Him, and on timbrels beat
Time to dancers' rhythmic feet ;
Praise Him while the cithern vies
With the flute's soft harmonies ;

Praise Him with your fingers set
On the tinkling castanet ;
Praise Him, and with sound and flash
Let the brazen cymbals clash :
Horn, wood, metal, hide, and string,
All to swell the concert bring.
Things that breathe, your voices raise !
Tongues of men, Jehovah praise !

PSALM CL.

ANOTHER VERSION.



RAISE God within His holy shrine,
Praise Him in heaven, His work Divine,
Praise Him for all His acts of might,
Praise Him for greatness infinite,
Praise Him with stirring trumpet's bray,
Praise Him while harp and lutes you play,
Praise Him with dance and timbrel's beat,
Praise Him with flute and cithern sweet,
Praise Him with tinkling castanet,
Praise Him with cymbals louder yet ;
Let every living breathing thing
The praises of Jehovah sing !
Hallelujah !

THE APOCRYPHAL PSALM.

In the LXX the following psalm is appended to the 150 which compose the Hebrew Psalter. It will be found with slight alterations in the Syriac, Arabic, and Æthiopian versions. There is no sufficient reason to pronounce it Davidic, but it has all the character of a translation from a Hebrew original. It bears this title : 'This Psalm was written by David's own hand, and is excluded from the canon. When he fought single-handed with Goliath.'

The following is a literal rendering from the Greek :—

1. *I was small among my brethren and the youngest in my father's house.*
2. *My hands made an instrument of music, and my fingers attuned a psaltery; and who shall tell out to my Lord [His praises]?*
3. *He is the Lord; He will hearken to me.*
4. *He sent forth His angel, and took me from my father's sheep, and anointed me with His oil of anointing.*
5. *My brethren were handsome and tall, and the Lord had no pleasure in them.*
6. *I came out to encounter the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols*

[Here the Arabic version has, *And I cast at him with a stone upon his forehead, by the strength of the Lord, and overthrew him*];

7. *But I drew his sword from beside him and smote off his head, and took away reproach from the sons of Israel.*

This sweet though apocryphal lyric justifies an attempt to render it in a form that endeavours to preserve the simple beauty of the original.

[PSALM CLI.]

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF DAVID BY HIS OWN HAND.



WAS within my father's hall,
A fair and ruddy lad,
Of least account among them all,
The youngest son he had.

My hand, its tuneful skill to try,
An instrument did make ;
I fashioned out a psaltery
That could sweet music wake.

How can I touch the trembling chord
To reach Jehovah's ear?
I know that the all-gracious Lord
My faltering tones will hear.

Call'd by His angel from my toil,
The sheepfold I resign,
For soon the consecrating oil
Upon my head would shine.

My brothers were of stalwart height,
And fair to look upon ;
But in Jehovah's watchful sight
They had no favour won.

God's enemy 'twas mine to dare,
The glorious lot was mine ;
In vain by Gath's false gods he sware,
I smote the Philistine.

Five pebbles from a mountain brook
My armoury supplied ;
Then, sling in hand, good aim I took,
And so Goliath died.

To sever his grim head as well,
I drew his doughty sword ;
I swept the cloud from Israel,
A victor thro' the Lord !

Errata.

- Psalm iv. p. 9, line 1, omit the comma after 'know.' *Ib.* verse 2, line 1,
for tremble then *read* tremble ye.
- Psalm xliii. p. 107, verse 4, *for* joyful *read* sounding.
- Psalms xlii. and xliii. p. 108, heading, *for* Ditzlich *read* Delitzsch.
- Psalm xlv. p. 113, line 1, *for* These thoughts most *read* Such
reflections.
- Psalm lii. p. 130, verse 3, *for* ruin *read* downfall. *Ib.* line 3, *for* fall
read fate.
- Psalm lvii. p. 139, verse 3, lines 1 and 2, *for* What dangers, &c., *read*
Dangers round me gather fast,
With the lions am I cast.
- Psalm lx. p. 146, line 9, *for* O Philistia, why, &c., *read*
O Philistia, to Me must thou bow,
Cry aloud as thou humblest thy head !
To the fortress what guide have I now ?
Who my feet unto Edom hath led ?
- Psalm lxii. p. 148, verse 3, *for* How will ye longer, &c., *read*
How long will ye press, one and all,
Against a man ye fancy weak,
To level him, like bulging wall,
Or as a tott'ring fence ye break ?
- Psalm lxvii. p. 160, verse 7, line 2, should read, Unto us His blessing
send.
- Psalm lxviii. p. 161, verse 1, line 4, *for* cower *read* scatter.
- Psalm lxix. p. 173, line 3, *for* That which, &c., *read*
What was my own I can't retain ;
I robb'd not — yet restore !
- Ib.* p. 177, verse 2, line 3, *for* Tho' prayer, &c., *read*
Whether from cottage prayer ascends.
- Psalm lxxii. p. 187, verse 1, line 4, *for* Do homage *read* Be humbled.
Ib. p. 188, verse 2, *for* His name, &c., *read*
O let His name in honour live
Until the sun grows dim,
To Him let men their blessings give,
And bless themselves in Him !
- Psalm lxxiv. p. 193, line 10, *for* lust *read* rage. *Ib.* last line but
one, *for* Impelled, &c., *read* Flung by unholy hands.
- Psalm lxxvii. p. 202, line 3, *for* clouds *read* rain.
- Psalm lxxxviii. p. 235, verse 4, line 1, *for* eye *read* eyes.
- Psalm cxiv. p. 305, verse 2, line 3, *for* liked *read* like.
- Psalm cxxvi. p. 341, verse 3, line 3, should be comma after 'story.'
- Psalm cxlii. p. 369, verse 4, line 3, omit semicolon after 'me.'



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